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Overland Monthly

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JULY
1914

The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXVI—Second Series

July-December 1914

OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

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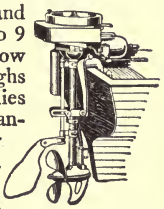

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MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 441 FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO.
San Francisco Show Rooms, 233 Post Street.

EL CAMINO REAL

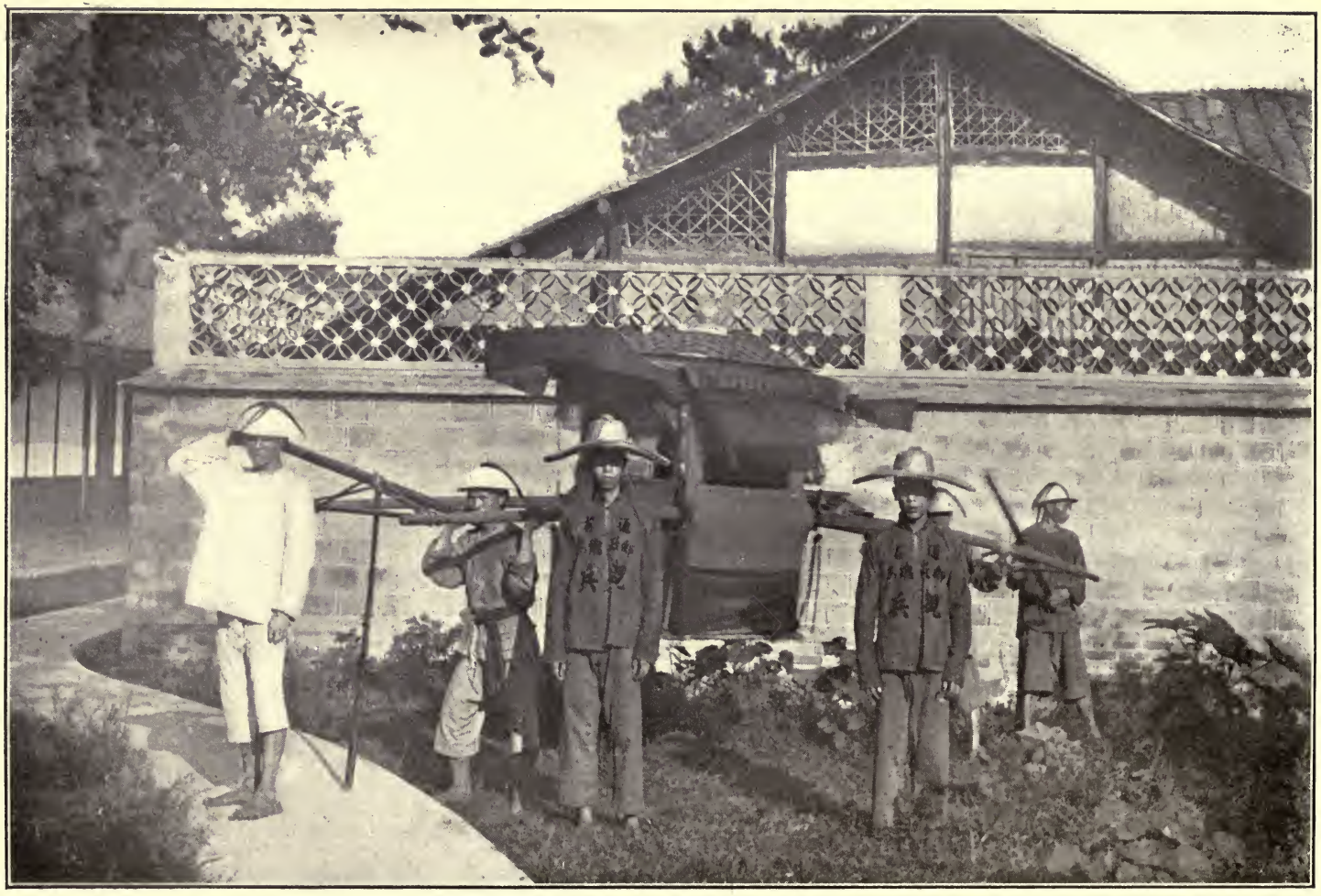
I close mine eyes and watch the pageant pass—
The mighty pageant! Hours long in the grass
Beside the ancient way, I, silent, stand.
It is the same, yet not the same dear land:
Great forests rustle in the lightsome breeze,
The Open Country calleth through the trees,
To seaward silver rivers swiftly run;
A thousand scented slopes shine in the sun,
Whereon the plenteous sheep and kine abound,
Some shepherd's song their single human sound.

Northward and southward toward the unknown vast
Journey the countless forms from out the Past:—
Franciscan priest, brown-robed, with earnest face,
Devout of purpose, sets his sandaled pace;
The Spanish soldier, clad in brave array,
Guideth his horse adorned with trappings gay;
The stalwart, dark skinned Indian neophite,
Alcalde, commandante, acolyte,
The Mexicano—revolutionist,
Vaquero, caballero, colonist:
The peoples of three races and three lands,
Zealots alike, the common roadway bands.

A strange, new tongue!—new faces now appear,
The proud pathfinder and the pioneer;
The rolling prairie schooner, rumbling coach,
Close crowd the well worn way with their approach.
Across yon snowy peak the puissant East
Hath found the West; the old regime hath ceased.

I ope mine eyes upon the lovely land,
Prosperity with Plenty hand in hand;
With rush and roar the great steel steeds speed by;
Towers of thronged cities I descry;
Yet hark! Upon my ear the subtle strain,
Slow-swelling, from the scattered chimes of Spain.

BESSIE PRYOR FLETCHER.



Chinese runners employed to carry away treasure to safe quarters after the household had been warned of approaching pirates.

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CHASING CHINESE PIRATES

By

Lewis P. Freeman

IT WAS ABOUT a fortnight after my arrival in Hongkong that the following item in the Canton correspondence of the "South China Morning Post" caught my eye one day:

"The Tung Yuen Pawnshop, in the market town of Sin Lam, in Nam Hoi district, is well known to be a very prosperous concern, carried on with an enormous amount of capital, and has been watched for a long time by pirates as an object of prey.

"On the evening of Saturday last a gang of over 200 pirates attacked this pawnshop with a view to robbing it. They had broken into the room where the counter for transacting business was; but fortunately for the brokers, the walls of the strong room of the pawnshop were so high, and the foundation so firm and solid that the robbers could not undermine any part of them, although they rammed them for about two hours under the protection of some thick boards which they employed to shield themselves while they were at work. During the progress of the attack, the pawnshop people fired at the pirates from the top of the stronghold, and the latter returned the compliment from below with their Mauser rifles, which smashed even the iron windows. The stronghold would have been taken had not the fighting men recollected that they had some dynamite bombs kept in their shop. They immediately threw several of

Kuan training his "bow chaser."

these bombs at their enemies, and killed more than a dozen of them on the spot. The pirates then got scared, and turned their way to the neighboring shops and houses, and ransacked nearly the whole lot of them. They afterwards set the pawnshop's business room on fire, which spread and burnt six other houses.

"There were only four constables in the market, of whom one, Wong Hoi, was dragged out from the station and shot dead. Before the pirates retired, they seized many bed boards from the neighboring houses to carry their dead comrades away. On Tuesday last the complainants reported their case to the magistrate, and asked him to survey their loss."

From another paper I learned that Colowan pirates were supposed to have led the gang in question, and that a fleet of gunboats was immediately to be despatched against the offenders —who had been traced to a village in the West River Delta called Hai Ning.

I had been busy for several days collecting data regarding the Colowan war of last summer, my interest increasing with my regret that I had arrived in China too late to see anything of this remarkable affair, in which the Portuguese "cornered" two hundred or more of the robbers in a large cave, only to have them vanish as into thin air. Neither a careful search of this cave, nor a two weeks' "combing" of the rest of the island, revealed any trace of the pirates. That they had escaped to the mainland of China was generally believed, but the manner of their going has never been discovered.

From the time of the breaking up of the Colowan gang, however, small pirates in all parts of the Canton and West River deltas increased at an amazing rate, until at the time of writing—January, 1913—depredations by these outlaws have become more frequent than at any other time in the last decade.

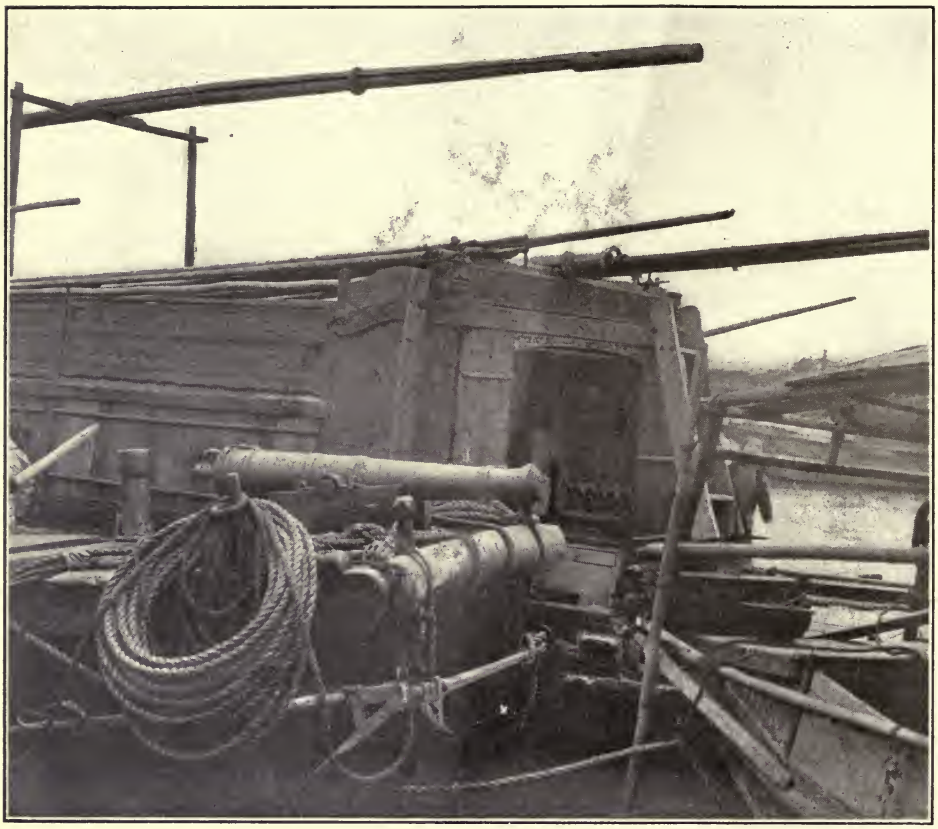
Piracy is so well established in this part of the Chinese littoral that it might almost be classed as an institution, and it is a matter of common knowledge that many of. the lower mandarins derive the best part of their incomes as a result of "inactivity"

Forward battery of a war junk.

in dealing with these offenders. It is beyond doubt that there is a certain amount of connivance in the practice, reaching to the highest officials in Kwantung, and it is only in the most flagrant cases of piracy and kidnaping —as when a launch or steamer under a foreign flag is attacked, or members of a prominent family carried off and held for ransom—that any really seriously intended move is made against the audacious outlaws.

These depredations are carried on under the very walls of Canton, and often actually within cannon shot of the big fleet of gunboats anchored off the new Admiralty Building. It was but a few days previous to reading the item I have cited that I was spending the night at Canton College as a guest of Dr. Joe McCracken, the famous University of Pennsylvania footballer, and for a short time holder of the world's sixteen pound hammer throw record. In the middle of the night a dozen or so shots rang out in the direction of the half mile distant Canton River, followed by some minutes of shouting, and finally by quiet.

Excited shouting is common enough in China at any hour of the twenty-four, but gun volleys struck me as being so unusual that it was only by the exercise of considerable restraint that I was able to defer investigation until morning.



"Stern chaser" of a war junk.

"Shooting again last night?" Mrs. McCracken raised an interrogative eyebrow as she poured the coffee. "Oh, yes, so there was; I had forgotten that we were awakened. It happens so often nowadays that we seldom notice it. Probably it was some of the pirates from Tai Tong plundering another launch."

McCracken entered to explain that Tai Tong was a small village of bad reputation a couple of miles down the river. A number of pirates were known to rendezvous there, but as long as they had never operated on a large scale, and apparently had things "squared" with the prefect anyway, there had never been any attempts to "clean out" the place. Whenever an offense occurred, a few boat loads of soldiers were sent down and quartered upon the people until a certain amount of "squeeze" was exacted from the village. Then they moved back to Canton and the affair was closed. Doubtless, if his surmise was correct, we would see a few loads of soldiers go down during the morning.

And thus it transpired. About ten o'clock in the morning, just as we were getting out for a knock-up on the tennis courts, a long drawn "too-ra-loo" came floating up from the river, and presently we saw two large junks, black with men, being sculled down stream with the tide. Red war pennons were aflutter from the mast heads, the jellow dragon ensign flapped defiantly astern, and up on the high poop, with their great horns standing out clear against the sky, two trumpeters were announcing to the world that the expedition was on vengeance bent.

On the mandarin's "flagship." Showing one of his soldiers and the long trumpet with which the coming of the troops is announced.

"Execution party?" I asked of McCracken. "No," he replied dryly; "only a surprise attack on Tai Tong. That trumpery is not exactly suited to the purpose, but Confucius, or one of his contemporaries, approved of that method, and the local authorities are a little reluctant to change it on that account."

"As a matter of fact," he added, "a surprise is really the last thing they desire here. They can act as quickly, and with as much secrecy, as any one if it suits their purpose. We can ride down this afternoon and watch the course of the Viceroy's 'vengeance,' if you like."

Unluckily, I was called to Hongkong by a cable within a few hours, and my experience with punitive expeditions against pirates had to be deferred. All to have been seen, however, would have been a dirty little Chinese walled fishing-farming village, with the people keeping more closely than usual to their houses, and in the streets an unorganized patrol of unkempt soldiers. It is a notorious fact that Tai Tong, four miles from the Admiralty Building, and the heart of Canton, is "squared," and that its piratical offenses, if not committed against foreigners, will not seriously be investigated.

But when I read the telegram I have quoted, I realized at once that, if correctly reported, the affair which it described was not one which the Chinese authorities would be likely to ignore, especially as some of the Colowan escapes were supposed to be among the depredators. A couple of dozen or more executions, and no signs of a slackening of endeavor to bring about more, was sufficient evidence of the "good faith" of the Chinese in following up the Portuguese island affair; besides, the pawnshop mentioned was undoubtedly a concern of influence, which would do its utmost to bring about the punishment of the robbers.

No one from whom I sought advice in Hongkong seemed to think that there was the least hope of inducing the decidedly anti-foreign Cantonese to permit me to go along on one of the gunboats which it was reported would be sent to punish the pirates. "The Chinese like to do these things in their own little way," I was told, "and some of their 'little ways' are not of the kind they like to have reported to the outside world. They will not answer a letter or a cable. Your only chance is to go up and 'make a nuisance' of yourself until they get tired of you, and in this case you won't have time to do that; the gunboats are reported to be going to-morrow."

But I had in mind a Chinase naval officer of American education whom I had met at several of the functions given for the Commercial Commission from the Pacific Coast, and who had begged to be commanded if he could ever be of use; and also the puissant Admiral L—— himself, with whom I had pledged the "long life of the Chinese Navy" on several occasions, and who, with true Oriental politeness had assured me that his whole fleet was at my disposal whenever I found use for it. Surely some "seed" could be winnowed from this amount of "chaff."

I caught the night boat and was in Canton at daybreak. A dozen or more gunboats were at anchor off the Admiralty Building, but there was no way of knowing whether the ones I wanted had sailed or not. The Consul at Shameen, whom I broke in upon at breakfast, promptly said "No hope; quite unprecedented; get yourself and me in trouble if you try it; might just as well give up the idea." I saw at once that no help would come from that source. A half hour later I had rickshawed down to the Admiralty Building, only to be told by an apologetic little middy that Admiral L—— was very, very busy, and was very, very sorry that he was unable to see me. "Planning the expedition," I said to myself; "something must be done quickly." A hurriedly penciled note (I had the "nuisance" program well in mind) elicited, after half an hour, the reply that the Admiral would see me next week. Next week would not do at all. I was just settling down in a quiet corner to incubate a plan for becoming an instant and tangible nuisance, when out through the corridor, with his hands full of long red envelopes, came swinging my old friend, Captain Chu. In a wink I had him backed into an angle of the stairway and listening to my troubles; but when I came to the "intercede with the Admiral" part, he shook his head decisively, and I realized that my last hope was slipping away.

"No use trying to see the Admiral," he said. "He is just about to be appointed Governor of Shantung, and he is so busy settling the financial details of the job" (Chu had spent many years in America, and we had talked before at some length on the comparative merits of the graft systems of the United States and China) "that he would hardly take the time to give my orders. Simply said to finish up the work in the way I thought best, always bearing in mind that executions are cheaper in the country than in Canton. Rather primitive in his ideas, the Admiral. A young man, but one of the old school. Well, sorry I've got to rush off. We sail as soon as I get aboard. See you when I come back."

So much upset was I at the thought

of my last hope of influencing the Admiral being gone, that it was not until Chu had swung out of the door, down to the landing, and put off in his cutter that through the enveloping fog of my torpid comprehension burst the light of the fact that it was he who was in command of the flotilla to which I was endeavoring to attach myself, and that the flotilla was to sail in five minutes. That once clearly through my head, my action was marked by less hesitancy, and before the five minutes were up I had landed from a swiftly-sculled sampan upon the gangway of the Po Bik, and started clambering to the deck.

A bo'sun stopped me rather peremptorily at the rail, and two perturbed young officers with very little English pointed to the capstan winding in the anchor chain, and intimated that I must call back my sampan and go ashore, or to some other boat, or anywhere as long as I left the Po Bik. Then good old Chu appeared, an odd smile of comprehension twitching at the corners of his mouth.

Chinese village of West river delta, showing watch tower used in reporting the approach of pirates. The square topped building to left is the village pawn shop, similar to the one attacked at Len Lam.

"Came off to bid me good-bye, old man, did you? That's very good of

you. Sorry there isn't more time."

"Nothing of the kind," I said, edging past the truculent bo'sun and stepping down upon the deck. "I came to go along with you. Didn't realize until a minute ago that this was your show. Hope it won't put you out."

"Not at all," was the unperturbed answer. "I was wondering why you didn't propose it before. Got your camera, have you? All right; come below and make yourself at home."

The Po Bik, Loon Shan and Pin Cup made up the "punitive flotilla," and these various units got up their anchors and were under weigh before we came on deck from our tea. For several hours we dropped down stream with the tide, and then spent the rest of the day threading winding side channels and delta "canals." About dark the Po Bik, which was large enough for a sea going gunboat, grounded in the mud, and the whole fleet was compelled to anchor for the morning tide. In the forenoon we came out into open water, ran up this for a couple of hours with the tide, and spent the rest of the day in winding side channels again, anchoring at dusk. A half day's sail in fairly open river would land us at our destination, where it was planned to spring our surprise about noon.

I had learned nothing new regarding the affair of which I had read in the papers, except that the pirates who committed the offense were the members of several small gangs of the district which had been united under the leadership of several notorious Colowan escapes. No especial scheme of operation had been determined upon, the plan being merely to swoop down upon the village as suddenly as possible and endeavor first to capture such of the people as tried to run away, shooting such as resisted, or who could not be taken otherwise. After that the houses and junks were to be searched, and all suspicious characters arrested. It was a comprehensive program, and, if successfully carried out, bade fair to put an end for some time to Hai Ning as a pirate rendezvous. Everything depended upon the completeness of the surprise, said Chu; and that night the three gunboats unobstrusively lay in the lee of a little rock island, with all their lights out.

At daybreak I heard the rattle of the anchor chains coming in, and presently felt the slow throb of the engines as we got under weigh. There was plenty of time, is was supposed, and the gunboats, to reduce noise and smoke to a minimum, were to proceed at half speed. This was fast enough to distance any junks met with, and make it impossible for them to give the alarm. Arriving in sight of Hai Ning, the Pin Yup was to go under forced draught, dash past the village and land a force above the farther wall. The Loon Shan was to land her men below, half of whom were to march swiftly to the rear of the village while the others deployed in front of the lower gate. The Po Bik was to batter in the main or water gate with her guns, and then land a force to march into the village through the breach. Thus the plan, the whole success of which, as will readily be seen, depended upon the village being taken completely by surprise.

A lowering morning had given way to a clear and sunshiny forenoon, and the air was crisp under the first touch of the late-coming winter. It was an ideal day for the work. At about eleven o'clock the distant but unmistakable note of a trumpet came floating down from up the river, and at the sound of it, Chu, with a look of quick comprehension flashing up in his keen eyes, rushed upon the deck, and disdaining the wigwag man who stood ready to serve him, began shouting sharp orders to the other boats through a megaphone. Instantly the quiet which had enfolded us all morning was broken by the bustle of hurried activity, and in a few moments the three boats were racing up river at their top speeds. Evidently something had happened to upset the plans.

"Have they got wind of us?" I asked Chu, where I found him leaning

Guns at the gate of a pirate village.

on the bridge rail and staring ahead in annoyed perplexity.

"No," he answered impatiently, "but they might just as well have. Did you hear that confounded horn? There it goes again! Well, as nearly as I can figure it, the Admiral has failed to send word to the Taotai of this district that he was despatching the gunboats, and that imbecile is making one of his usual 'dummy' attacks on his own account. After his 'squeeze,' as usual."

Two dull, muffled booms sounded from up the river, followed by volleys of musketry firing, and then scattered shots coming at intervals. Chu's bearing changed instantly from disgusted dejection to hopeful expectancy. He jangled the engine-room telegraph and shouted something in valuble Cantonese down the speaking tube, immediately after to set the semaphore bobbing with an order to the other boats, which were floundering along a quarter of a mile astern.

"I was partly wrong in my diagnosis," he explained to me after he had noted with a smile of satisfaction the effect of his order, showing in increasing spoutings of smoke from the funnels of his own and the pursuing boats. "They're not after 'squeeze;' they're fighting; and if the pirates are minded to make a stand, there is a chance that they may be caught between two fires. In that case the extra men from up river may come in handy."

The next quarter hour was an anxious one. The old Po Bik, with her throbbing engines bidding fair to shake her rusty plates apart, went reeling along at a speed of nearly fif-

teen knots. The wildly kicking screw was throwing up almost as much mud as water, but the pilot, glancing sharply at the landmarks to port and starboard, gave no sign of apprehension. No more cannon were heard, but the shooting still continued, and shortly shouts and cries became audible.

The Po Bik was a good mile in advance of the other gunboats when she rounded the last cypress crowned point and headed up toward the center of interest. Chu's face fell in an instant. "Too many soldiers," he muttered disappointedly. The pirates are not trying to make a stand. Just look at 'em scattering; and all by land, too. No, there goes a big junk now. Straight through that bunch of boobies. See 'em sheer off, the cowards. They're going to let it get away."

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! The old iron cannon on the mandarin's war junks had been trained upon the fugitive and fired. The white smoke puffs spread and mingled in a great curling cloud which obscured them all for a few moments; then out of it, apparently unscathed, shot the clean lined pirate junk, driven by a dozen or more scullers and oarsmen, to go speeding off toward a narrow side channel whose entrance could barely be guessed a mile or so ahead. Its poop and forward deck were black with prone figures, and we caught the blinking glint of moving rifle barrels.

The war junks started in half-hearted pursuit, and a lively rifle fire was exchanged between pursuers and pursued. It was but a few moments before we noticed that while the reports from the soldiers' arms were dull and heavy, and preceded by great puffs of dense smoke, those from the rifles on the pirate craft were sharp and ringing and as unheralded—and propably as deadly—as bolts from the blue. "Tower muskets versus Mausers," snorted Chu contemptuously. "No wonder the 'soldiers' don't want to catch those fellows. Can't make out, though, why the pirates should have wanted to run away at all from that rabble. We must look into that later."

He swept the fortress like village hurriedly with his glass, and then turned it to where the encompassing paddy fields were dotted with the dark figures of pirates in rapid flight and soldiers in irresolute pursuit. "No use trying to catch any of that lot," he muttered. "They're probably going to unite in a rendezvous back in the hills from which nothing short of field artillery could dislodge them. I wonder why that bunch stuck to the junk. Probably a lot of booty too heavy to carry—silver most likely. They're certainly the ones we want," and he turned and ordered the man at the wheel to head up after the flying junk.

Instantly the pilot had grasped his arm in alarmed protest. "That side no can do, cap'n," he warned. "Plenty water no b'long. Must wait littl' boat. He can do so fashun." (I have neglected to state that Chu and the pilot, being natives of different provinces, were compelled to converse in the useful Volapuk known as pidgin English.)

Chu glanced irresolutely to where the remaining units of his fleet were just poking their noses around the point a mile and a half astern; then to the oil-glistening hull of the swiftly moving pirate, where it was beating the clumsy war junks two to one.

"B'long mud? b'long rock?" he asked the pilot curtly.

"Plenty mud—one piecee rock Rock this side. No hittee, go so fashun," and the pilot indicated the course that must be taken to avoid the submerged rock.

Chu gave some orders in Chinese to the wheelman, and the old gunboat swung up a couple of points and went lunging off on the course indicated by the pilot. "It's up to the old Po Bik," he explained; "the other boats cannot possibly come up in time, and once that junk gets inside the side channel even they cannot follow. We may be able to get near enough to hit it, anyhow."

On the forward deck a young officer and some men were busy training an antiquated ten-centimeter gun upon the "enemy." At last he had it to suit and a heavy bang followed the pulling of the string. The "battle" was on.

Breathless we waited. One, two, three seconds went by. "Hurrah!" The young officer gave voice to a loud English cheer, turning round for our approbation, as a shower of splinters flashed up in the sunlight and a junk was seen to swerve and reel under the impact of the shell. "Hurrah!" I echoed. "Well don, Kuan." Then to Chu: "Didn't expect a hit the first shot, did you? Why don't you yell?"

The color was mounting to the captain's temples, but there was the trace of a repressed smile at the corners of his humorous mouth.

"Well, hardly," he replied, "and certainly not where that one struck. Serves 'em damn right, though, the boobies." Chu, it seems, had observed what young Kuan and I, in our excitement, had failed to note, that the shell had plugged the staring eye —or somewhere near it—not of the pirate junk, but of one of the mandarin's leading warships.

Mauser bullets were bad enough but four inch shells were worse. The pursuing fleet drew back like a pack of whipped curs, and the Po Bik had the chase to herself. She was now doing better than two feet to the junk's one, and bade fair to head the fugitive before it reached the side channel and safety.

Kuan tried a couple of more shots as we closed up the distance, but at about half a mile the audacious piratess opened up on the Po Bik with their rifles at a rate which made the unprotected forward deck too hot for him. Chu and I retreated behind the shield of the starboard Nordenfeldt, while a young middie and his crew manned the port one, quickly driving the pirates below and allowing Kuan another chance with his erratic bow-chaser. Once he overshot them, once clipped the tips of some of the port sweeps, and then, with a stinging ricochet, bored a diagonal hole clearly through the saucily upturned poop, bringing a chorus of dismayed howls from the discomfited pirates.

"Next time a little lower," laughed Chu, "and I think we have them." We were out on the bridge again, watching the plucky efforts of the pirates to stand to their sweeps. The machine guns were jamming, or going wrong in some way, every few seconds, and in their quiet intervals the pirates would come back with their Mausers, but firing without deliberation and rather wildly. Kuan fired again and overshot badly.

Chu laughed again. "The boy's not consulting his range finders," he chuckled. "That shot was calculated for two miles, not two hundred yards. Well, if we can't hit 'em any other way we'll try it with the old Po Bik. Run 'em down, quartermaster," and he repeated the order in Chinese.

The machine guns were humming again, and from the lower decks some of the soldiers we were carrying had begun peppering at the unlucky pirates with their rifles. The splinters were flying in showers from stem to stern of the graceful junk. The last dare-devil oarsman was driven from his sweeps, and the clean-lined craft swung helplessly broadside to the onrush of the Po Bik. We had just time to note the man who had been working the tiller, lying where he had fallen, with two or three other prostrate figures about him to show that not all of our shots had flown wide, when she disappeared under the gunboat's high bows.

We struck with a thud, which all but threw Chu and me over the bridge rail, sent all the soldiers sprawling, discounted the bowchaser and started the rivets of every plate in the rickety old gunboat. We picked ourselves up to find the Po Bik stuck in a mud bank, and the slightly grazed junk, black with energetic oarsmen and helped by a four mile tide, getting away up river on the double.

The manner in which the impurturb-

able and resourceful Chu met what to almost any one else would have been a confounding situation was one of the finest things I ever saw. The bow-chaser was out of commission, while the machine guns were quite useless as far as checking the junk was concerned. On the afterdeck, however, were two old guns of about a four-inch bore, which had been kept principally for the good they had done and for firing salutes. There chanced to be some shells for these at hand, and in less time than I am taking in the telling of the event, Chu had one of them wheeled into position on the heeling but now perfectly steady deck, and fired two shots after the jeering pirates. The first, just missing, threw a foam fountain over the bow rowers, and the second, entering at the great rudder slit astern, tore a water line hole big enough to have sunk the Po Bik. The junk floated for five minutes; just long enough for the other gunboats to come up and take part in picking up the twenty-five or thirty pirates that were left floundering in the water when she sank.

The junk contained the most valuable part of several months' loot of the pirate band, all of which finally was recovered. It appears that the Taotai had actually received news of the gunboat expedition, and had sent down his own forces to anticipate it and get first chance at the loot. Finding themselves unable to make any headway, these had sent the pirates word that the gunboats were coming, hoping to induce them to abandon their silver before the fleet arrived. The pirates seemed but to have half-believed the story, and did not make a serious break for liberty until the Po Bik hove in sight, and then with the best of their loot. All of those who scattered landward got clear, but probably with not much more than their arms.

At high tide, the Po Bik, undamaged, was floated from the mud bank into which she had rammed her nose. The next three days, which were spent in searching the village and the junks belonging to it, were productive of nothing more exciting than a number of harmless fights between the naval men and the mandarin's force, which still persisted in hanging round on the chance of something turning up. On the fourth day we started back to Canton, carrying about fifty prisoners. Several of these, who were identified as figuring in the Colowan piracies, have already been executed, and most of the others doubtless will encounter a similar fate.

Chu's parting injunction to me was not "to tell the Admiral" of my little excursion, but as I note by a recent Peking despatch that he has been promoted to the governorship which was pending when I called upon him, it can make little difference to any one concerned if the matter now comes to him through these columns.

THE LOG OF A 49er

ON HIS TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN—JAN. '49 *to* JULY '49—FROM THE DIARY OF THEO. MESSERVE

Theodore Messerve, from whose journal of a sea voyage around the Horn the following excerpts were taken, felt the call of the "lure of gold" which drew so many thousands, young and old, to the land of the great bonanza. An adventure that meant quick fortune for a few, but which for the vast majority ended in ruin and disaster.

From the time of his arrival in California at the age of twenty-two, he worked as pressman or compositor on the daily papers, and was well known to all the pioneer newspaper men in Sacramento and Stockton, as well as in San Francisco. He printed the first copy of the old Daily Alta California, and was connected with it for years. At the date of his death in 1878, he was on the staff of compositors of the San Francisco Morning Call, and a member of the Association of Pioneers.

Introduction.

The discovery of the Gold mines in the territory of California, the news of which arrived in New York the first part of December 1848, found me a victim of the gold mania. I was then working at my trade, printing; for some time previous I had had a notion of leaving New York. At length, about the 25th of January, 1849, I engaged passage on the ship Panama, Captain R. H. Bodfish. This vessel was owned and fitted out by an association called the "California Mutual Association," composed of one hundred members. The officers and crew numbered nineteen, cooks and stewards nine. Seventy-three passengers; among these were four ladies. The vessel was ready for sea at the time of my taking passage, but owing to bad wind and weather, we did not get away from New York until the 3d of February. My brother, who had the "fever" also, and who had paid his passage to Vera Cruz, intending to take the "across Mexico" route, by persuasion and little argument was induced to accompany me. On the 3d of February it cleared off, and a fine breeze sprang up from the northwest. The captain announced early in the morning his intention of sailing at 11 o'clock, which we did. Bidding friends good-bye, inside they can see what followed.

THEODORE MESSERVE.

On Leaving New York.

Where the Sacramento's waters roll
their golden tide along,
That echoes in the mountains like a
merry drinking song,
Where the Nevada lifts its crests far
into the sky;
A home for freedom's eagles when the
tempest's sweeping by.
Where the bay of San Francisco, the
Naples of the West,
Lies sleeping like an infant beside
the ocean's breast;
There we go with dauntless spirits,
and we go with hearts elate,
To build another empire—to found an-
other State.

Ho! Ye who love adventure, and ye
who thirst for gold,
Remember ye the story of the Castil-
lians of old?
From the Mississippi Valley, to the
mountains' snowy land,
From beyond the Mississippi to our
own Atlantic strand,
The Yankees are arousing, they who
never dreamed of fears,
The sons of hardy Puritans and gal-
lant cavaliers,
Who go with dauntless spirits and who
go with hearts elate,
To build another empire—to found
another State.

Then good-bye to old Manhattan, our
ship is on the tide,
Farewell to father, sister and all kind
friends beside,
And when her shores are fading, we'll
bless her with our tears,
She filled our cup of happiness, thro'
many happy years,
And the friends who dearly love us
within our hearts are set,
Whose sympathy and kindness we
never can forget;
Yet we go with dauntless spirits, and
we go with hearts elate,
To build another empire—to found
another State.

Theodore Messerve's Journal.

Wednesday, January 24, 1849.—A fine, clear, cold day. About 10 o'clock this morning I went aboard of the ship Panama, lying at pier No. 6 N. R., and bought a share of the Mutual Association stock for $215. I think the Panama to be as good a vessel as is now up for California. After consideration and advice from father, I came to the conclusion this morning to launch out. In the afternoon I went up to Mr. Egbert's office and informed the partners of my toil what I had been about, and Uncle Elias, Cousin Sam and Mr. Arkenbury took tea with me, and spent the evening, at which time California was the great question for discussion.

Thursday, January 25.—I arose this morning at five. 'Tis a much warmer day than yesterday. I have been busily engaged during the day making purchases for my journey. This afternoon my dear Aunt Ann was up at my house, took tea and stopped a while in the evening. I accompanied Aunt Ann home, and spent the evening until 11 o'clock with Aunt Ann and Martha.

Monday, January 29.—To-day has been a gloomy rain and snow stormy day. The walking is horrible. Brother William, who intended going across Mexico, as father was much displeased and had much anxiety about his going that way, gave up the idea of going that way to-day. He had paid his passage to Vera Cruz, which he let go, this morning I accompanied him down to the Panama, and after a look around we found a share for sale of the Mutual Association, which he bought of Mr. M. Hutchingson for $200. The afternoon has been spent helping William to make his purchases. I took tea with Aunt Ann, and in the evening I accompanied Miss E. R. up to Miss E. D., where I spent the evening enjoying myself.

Friday, February 2.—To-day has been a continuation of the northeast storm of snow and rain which has raged for several days past. I spent the morning on board of the Panama —at noon I saw no signs of the weather's changing, and recollecting that today is Friday, I concluded that we would not sail, as it was thought unlucky by sailors, so I went home,

Theodore Messerve. This photograph of Mr. Messerve was taken about the time he was undergoing the unusual experiences which he sets forth in "The Log of a '49er."

stopping on my way up into Mr. Egbert's office. In the afternoon I stopped into Aunt Ann's, and spent the afternoon. Poor Aunt Ann seems, nay is, very sorry I am going. She took me from my mother's arms, just before she died, when I was but eight months old, brought me up, and could not have used me better if I had been her own son. She cares much for me, and I love her as I do my life. My heart has been overflowing all the afternoon; she has given me good advice, and we changed thoughts freely upon things for my welfare. God bless her, and may she have but few tribulations and suffering while I am away, and may I return to see her well. I took tea with her, and went home, where I stopped until about half-past eight with father, sister and brother, talking of what may come hereafter. Feeling melancholy I bethought me I would go down and see Miss D., who is always light hearted, and who I think a great deal of. We spent the evening exceedingly agreeably, chit-chatting, and about half-past nine we went down to Miss G. I took the two dears a-walking—promenaded Broadway, and on our way up, stopped in Tom Blake's, where we

took our last stew together. Accompanied the ladies to their homes and made track for my own domicile. I sat down on arriving home, and thought for two hours; looked at my watch, found it three o'clock, laid down on my bed for the last time for a year at least, but sleep was not mine for this night.

Saturday, February 3.—I arose this morning about six. The wind had changed during the night to the northwest. The clouds which had been above for several days previous, had dispelled, and old Sol shone out in all his glory. Bidding sister a last farewell, I left home about 8 o'clock. Stopped in Aunt Ann's on my way down, and gave her and Aunt Martha a last shake of the hand. William, who accompanies me, was with me. We jumped in the omnibus in Chatham street and hastened aboard of the ship. On reaching the ship, I found that preparations were fast making for departure. Most of the company were aboard, and already a large crowd of friends and acquaintances had collected on the pier to witness our departure. William and myself took our stand on the cabin, better to see what was going on. I saw Uncle Elias, Uncle George, father, Cousin Abraham and John together with many acquaintances. About ten o'clock two steam tow boats made their appearance; considerable time was spent making them fast to us, and it was about 12 o'clock before we began to haul off. By this time the crowd was very large on the pier and surrounding shipping. As we were moving out, some of our upper rigging got foul of a Dutch vessel lying alongside of us. One of our sailors, reaching over the side to "fend off," was struck by one of the men on the Dutch craft. Immediately half a dozen of our boys sprang on board the Dutch vessel and the offender received a good drubbing, but as the offender cried for pardon, he was let off. Having got clear, the steam tugs slowly took us toward the stream. Nine cheers greeted our ears; my feelings at that moment were indescribable. My heart was in my throat and my blood boiled. Poor father seemed much moved; he trembled and was speechless with emotion. How much better emotion is represented by action than words. As we moved away, I beheld father and others waving their handkerchiefs. I kept my eyes towards the pier till we were off the Battery, when friends on the pier had become specks: still could I see handkerchiefs moving. I with friends and New York must for a time part. New York never looked so pretty, although in the dead of winter. How many times I have passed the piers and Battery on pleasure excursions, but never so longingly did I look ashore before. As we neared Staten Island, two steamboat bells saluted us with a merry peal. As we got along by the lower end of the island we began to hoist sail. The steam tugs left us and we soon moved out of the harbor. About three o'clock I saw the pilot boat making toward us, when a search was commenced for smugglers. There was but one found —a boy about 16 years of age, a German. We requested the pilot to take him with him, but he advised and persuaded the captain to take him along. It was now four o'clock; the land was moving from us rapidly. At 5 o'clock the "Highlands of Neversink" were just discernible, appearing like a cloud on the horizon. After dark I stopped up on deck until ten o'clock, looking out upon the waters, thinking of home and the many incidents of the past. About half-past ten I laid down in my bunk—No. 78—but no sleep had I; the motion of the vessel was new to me. I found it very close in the cabin, but had to be thankful to think I had an under berth. To end this eventful day's history, I can use the words of Claude Melnotte on his return from abroad to Pauline when he says: "Oh, how the old times comes o'er me."

Sunday, February 4.—We have had a clear, cold day, with a fine breeze off our quarter. I went on deck this morning and found nothing but sky

Relief map of California. The oblong smooth section running through the center represents the extensive Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, the Sacramento Valley occupying the northern half. The mountain chain along the Pacific Ocean side is dotted with rich and fertile valleys.

and water to be seen. We had church service this morning. Dr. Carpentier acted as parson. After church service was over, I spent a couple of hours pleasantly in company with a crowd around the mainmast, singing hymns. In the evening we had a beautiful moon.

Monday, February 5.—We have had a rainy, squally morning and a cloudy afternoon to-day. We still continue to be propelled by a good stiff breeze from the Northwest. This morning we entered the Gulf Stream. This afternoon we had a favorite sea dish for dinner, beans. While I was busily eating my allowance, old Neptune called me to an account for entering upon his dominion. Having but one place of deposit, I was under the ne-

cessity of leaving my beans and going up on deck, where I passed three hours with my head over the side of the ship, then went below and turned in and slept well for the night. One peculiarity about the Gulf Stream is that there is no regularity about the waves: they come dashing up in all directions. After I had been in bed an hour or so, Cousin Sam informed me that Brother William was paying his debts.

Tuesday, February 6.—This morning, after washing myself, I felt, I may say, well, but weak. We have had a very heavy wind off our quarter; we have been making eleven knots per hour under close reefed topsails. Many are sea sick; any quantity of good caricatures to be had. We have had miserable food to-day, and I must say it's hard and miserable, but those that go to sea must expect such trifles.

Wednesday, February 7.—The wind has been to-day as yesterday, almost a gale; ship making ten knots several times through the day by the log. In the afternoon we had a very heavy squall strike us aback, which made the ship tremble like a leaf. A sail was seen a long ways off this afternoon, which attracted a great deal of attention. This morning we had some regulations made in respect to meals. Previous to this, it has been helter-skelter or who comes first has it; now the following arrangement is to be the order: The upper berths take first table one week and the lower berths next week; each man has his particular seat to sit at table. The first and second tables are divided into seven messes of ten men each, and one mess, No. 8, of fourteen men. Each mess has its carver and waiter. I spent this evening playing whist with William, Samuel and T. Coffee.

Thursday, February 8.—We have had another squally day. The wind has changed three times through the day. At noon we were 1,015 miles from New York. This morning while I was standing aft with several others talking to the captain, seeking information of what was on our way, when a heavy sea struck us on the quarter astern, drenching us completely. I found myself under the wheel stand with a mouth full of salt water; the captain picked himself up from the deck, soaked; as for the other lookers-on, they were busily engaged trying with me to gain their pegs, which we at last succeeded in doing. For dinner to-day, we had a favorite sea meal —bean soup for the second time; and it would have made even Mr. Graves, who loved the sainted Maria so, laugh to see the company balance their plate of beans while at table. I belong to one of the large messes, No. 8. We have elected a young man by the name of Stillwell, from St. Lawrence County, N. Y., as our carver. He is a fine, strapping fellow, and has a voice like Forrest's, which, with no exertion, he will make the length and breadth of the ship ring with. We have an eye to business in placing him at the head, for when he speaks, the waiters generally are liable to hear a call the first time. I went to bed early to-night, having a light-headed, giddy feeling. In the night I was awakened by the sailors singing while at work at the ropes on deck. It sounds strange to one not accustomed to the sea, to hear the tars as they jump and run around, performing their duty, and the song engaged my earnest attention.

Friday, February 9.—We have had a squally, windy day, sailing under close-reefed topsails. Ripped our mainsail to-day during a heavy squall. This morning I was sitting in front of the cabin on a camp stool which had arms and back to it. I have not altogether got my sea legs working to perfection yet. On arising from the stool by a sudden lurch of the ship the stool tripped me; I rolled over to one side—about half picked myself up when I lost my balance and got started down hill again to the other side of the ship, where I fetch up after striding and rolling from one side, to the amusement of everybody, myself included, although I received several

Prospecting along a Sierra mountain stream.

hard knocks in my travels. A sail in sight about an hour before dark.

Saturday, February 10.—To-day finishes one week on our way, and find most of us pretty well over our seasickness; we all begin to look about now; are pretty well acquainted. For the start we have been very fortunate. Our fare has been poor, but this is owing to the stewards and waiters being sick, and we having no regulations to go by. We know our places now, and for the future I hope to see things get along swimmingly. Those who have been sea sick, like little children are about learning to walk. An amusing incident occurred this morning. A party of those just out were standing in front of the cabin, where I fell yesterday. One falls, and to save himself, seizes the legs of another, and the other grabs with another until about a dozen were rolling from one side of the ship to the other.

Sunday, February 11.—I arose this morning just after daylight, and went on deck, where I sat myself down on the rail until breakfast time, enjoying the fresh morning air. The day has been warm and clear. About half-past seven sleepers pretty much all up below. It was amusing to see the individuals as they made their appearance up the hatch with a wash-bowl in one hand and soap and towel in the other. One draws a bucket of water, when half a dozen or more gather around, holding up their wash basins like so many little children. About 8 o'clock the bell rings for breakfast, when the first table sits down and the second table begin to crawl out of their bunks and go on deck, where they go through with the washing. About 10 o'clock a sail was to be seen over the starboard bow—she was supposed to be bound to the West Indies. Our dinner to-day consisted of a celebrated Sunday dinner on shipboard called duff, or dough. I spent this evening with a young man by the name of William Stratton, who I picked out for a companion among the many the second day out. I have passed an unusually pleasant evening talking of home and many incidents which took place there.

Monday, February 12.—We have had a fine wind all day from the Northeast, and the day has been exceedingly fine. I have spent the best part of the day on top of the cabin reading Lord Byron's works. This evening we had quite a curious and unusual phenomenon. In the west a heavy black cloud was rising just af-

ter the moon rose, and we saw what is called a luner rainbow. It is a sight only seen at sea.

Tuesday, February 13.—We have had a lovely, fine, pleasant day, but unfortunately the wind has been ahead, and we have made but little progress. The Association had a meeting to-day, and appointed a store keeper, who is to serve out the provisions to the cooks, stewards and waiters. This morning I had the misfortune to have my hat blow overboards. The sea has been smoother than I have seen it before, and in the evening we had a lovely moonlight. I sat on deck until about nine o'clock, when I went below and brought my blankets and bedding on deck, and slept on the cabin between the boats where I could breathe the pure air of heaven, and where I slept beautifully.

Friday, February 16.—I arose this morning at four bells (six o'clock). It has been a most lovely day, not a cloud has been seen, and the sea is almost as smooth as a river. A meeting of the Association to-day was hold on deck for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing month which resulted in the election of the following gentlemen: Mr. George N. Whitman, president; Capt. R. S. Bodfish, treasurer; Mr. Moses Martin, secretary, and Mr. Wm. Goodspead, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Pierson, Wm. Newell and Mr. H. Minor as directors. As much excitement has existed on our little floating republic to-day in proportion to its size as the great United States for president and other officers. After the election was decided, a meeting was held to deliberate upon our welfare. A motion was made to banish a certain dish called "Lobscouse," which we have had upon our breakfast table for three or four mornings past, and that it shall not be used again aboard except in case of sickness, and then by order of the doctors. Lobscouse was banished by the unanimous voice of the great people. Lobscouse is composed of a mixture of odds and ends which have been upon the table and have passed away, together with a sprinkling of soaked hard bread. This evening we had just enough wind to say we were moving. The moon shone forth in all his glory. About half-past seven we obtained some music on deck, and spent the evening very happily dancing cotillions, jigs, reels and breakdowns. 'Tis a lovely sight. A moonlight night at sea, nothing to be seen but the blue sky above and the blue water below. The heaven spotted with stars, and the sparkle of the water is a sight to make one happy. The dancing was kept up until about eleven, when I turned in.

Wednesday, February 21.—A very pleasant day. The sun arose clear, after considerable rain during the night. Wind from the west. This morning about eleven o'clock saw a brig bound to the east. The bill of fare for the week appeared on the cabin bulletin to-day. This is to be our daily edibles. We have often ludicrous scenes occur about our fare. Some like certain things more than others, and a barter comes off: for instance, one Sunday one person, not being over fond of duff, bargains with another person who is fond of duff for his butter on the following day if he will give him his duff to-day. The individual who is to forfeit his butter on the following day is to forget it if not reminded by the other. So the fellow who had all the duff yesterday has to confine himself to-day unto "old horse" and hard bread.

Thursday, February 22 (Washington's Birthday).—A clear, warm day, with a gentle breeze blowing—running two points free. In honor of the immortal Washington this morning the flag was hoisted, and we had an extra dinner; the music was brought on deck, and we spent considerable time pleasantly; from dancing we got to singing patriotic songs; from this, two fellows speechified, and quite a firewater spree finished the observance of the day. A number of schools of flying fish have been seen to-day, one of which flew aboard the vessel. It was about nine inches in length, re-

sembling a smelt. They have a long fin on each side, which they raise themselves from the sea with when playing or when pursued by the dolphin.

Friday, February 23.—Clear and calm. This morning one of the chickens belonging to Mr. Everton got away and flew overboard; poor chick had not went one length of the ship before one of the inhabitants of the regions below made a breakfast of him. This morning a proposition was started to organize a debate and lecture club. This evening a meeting was held on deck, and it was resolved that a subject for debate be selected. Tuesday evening was selected for the debates, and the first question is "Is war a necessary evil?"

Sunday, February 25.—This has been a warm smoky day, with hardly a breath of wind stirring. This morning Dr. Carpentier read prayers and a chapter from the Bible, after which a hymn was sung, when he read a very interesting sermon by Dr. Chalmers on the "Christian Sabbath." The services closed by a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Haddock; just as concluded his prayer we were startled by the cry of Sail Ho! The mate looked at her with his glass and told us to "get our letters ready, as here was a vessel bound to the States." Nearer and nearer she came; about one o'clock we sent a boat aboard. Below, the following took place: out came paper, pens and ink, and at it they went. Some could not find paper, pens and ink, and would borrow. The mate was bawling below, "hurry with your letters: the boat is waiting." Mr. Mulligan went with his boat. He related on his return that it was the British bark Borneo, ninety-three days from Calcutta. She had no news from England or the States in 15 months. Mr. M. says they took us for soldiers, and they supposed we were at war with some of the South American republics. They were much surprised on our informing them of the abdication of Louis Philippe and of Lamartine and Louis Napoleon. They inquired about the Mexican war, and how Ireland had succeeded in her strike for liberty. We passed quite a number of papers to them, which will post them about California, and no doubt give them the "fever." A beautiful moonlight night with all hands lying around on deck.

(To be continued.)

NIGHT

Sweetheart, what of the night?
I saw a pallid moon arise,
A wind swept street, and cloud wracked skies,
Without, and beating drops of rain,
Lashing the window pane.

Sweetheart, what of the night?
Oh, come to me, shut out the storm,
Within, the room is sweet and warm.
I hear your heart, my spirit slips
To yours, as lips meet lips.

LUCY BETTY MCRAYE.

Indian Bread Makers in Yosemite

By Frank T. Lea

WE SOMETIMES think in this progressive land of ours that things are always changing and that before long nothing will be as it was "in the good old days."

In many respects this is true, and even among the Indians many old things and customs have vanished. Where to-day are the flint tipped arrows of the California Indians? Where the bark and buckskin clothing? Gone —never to come into use again. One thing, however, still remains just as it was generations ago. The making of acorn mush and bread among the Yosemites does not seem to have changed since the white man first saw them in their wonderful valley home sixty years ago.

When the Mariposa Battalion entered the Yosemite in 1851 they found many Indians living there who had never before had their homes disturbed by the outside influence of civilization. They were armed with bows and arrows, and spears, the points of which were tipped with obsidian, a black volcanic glass or slag obtained from over the high mountains to the east, and wonderfully chipped into shape with a punch made of deer horn. In form these points were much like those in use at an earlier date by nearly every tribe in North America.

For meat, the Indians, who were expert hunters, depended upon deer and other game, as well as an occasional horse captured from some white miner down in the foothills. Indeed, it was partly this fondness for horseflesh that impelled the soldiers to subdue this Yosemite Valley band.

The Indians there do not seem to have raised much grain, but depended on pine nuts, berries, roots and acorns, the latter being the great staple article of food. As much of the timber in the valley was oak, it was not difficult to lay in a big supply of acorns in the fall, enough to last the whole year.

Visitors to the Yosemite to-day, if they take the time, can see the same process of collecting and preparing acorns for food that has been followed by the Indians perhaps for centuries. There are not many of the real Yosemite Indians left, and they live in the valley only during the summer, and spend the winter down where it is less cold, for three or four feet of snow on the level is not an uncommon thing up in the mountains.

About the first of October, you can see the squaws with their conical carrying baskets, supported by a strap over the forehead, picking up acorns under the oaks.

The several varieties of acorns gathered are much like those in the East, and just as bitter. Since Yosemite Park has been under the Federal government no shooting is allowed, and the grey squirrels are very numerous and tame. They, too, are fond of acorns, so it is harder to get and keep a good supply than it was when the squirrels were meat for the people and fine practice shooting for the young archers.

Great piles of acorns are collected and dried in the sun by the Indian squaws, some to be eaten at once, some to be stored in the "chuckahs" or store houses for the winter's supply. These chuckahs are built on four posts about ten feet high, with a short post set in the center to carry the most

of the weight. Around the posts is woven a basket of willow, and on the outside of this is woven another layer made of pine boughs with the long needles pointing down, which serves a double purpose of shedding the rain and keeping out the squirrels and mice. The acorns are put in at the top, and then it is carefully thatched with grass or covered with a piece of canvas. When a supply is needed for food, a small hole is worked in the bottom, from which the required amount is drawn out in a basket or sack.

The younger generation are just as fond of this nourishing food as the older ones, but they have not the patience to make it up, so that part always falls to the older women, and it is a long, hard task to make up a supply to satisfy the demand for any length of time.

Many times during the summer we would go up to see Lucy, one of the old timers, said by her people to be a hundred years old. She is quite stout in appearance, but can only walk a few steps at a time, and then only with two canes. We nearly always found her sitting out under a tree on a pile of acorn shells, with several squirrels and a lot of sparrows to keep her company and pick up what kernels they could steal. In front of her was a flat stone, and in one hand another round one about the size of an egg, with which she cracked the nuts. On one side, a sack full ready to be cracked, and on the other a basket for sorted kernels, for it was late in the year and many acorns were mouldy, which she threw away.

There she would sit hour after hour cracking and sorting, always happy and ready to smile, and charge you half a dollar if you wanted to take her picture. Just back of her hut is a large flat rock, with a number of mortars on its surface, worn by many years of patient pounding acorns by the Indian women.

This particular rock is not in use now, for no Indians have lived near it for years, but as a proof that it was once the center of a large camp, we found about it over a dozen fine arrow heads and many small chips of obsidian, where arrow makers had once worked.

When the shelling of the acorns is complete, then comes the heavy part of the process. One of the women sits down on the rock in front of a deep mortar, or simply a place worn smooth, and makes a pile of acorns between her feet; then with a round stone of ten or twelve pounds weight she begins to pound away. Up and down goes the stone, until the poor old back and arms ache; it takes many a blow to get the meal reduced as fine as required. By her side is a little broom. When some of the meal has collected on her feet as it flies from the blows of the pestle, she pauses long enough to pick up the broom and brush back into the pile again; then bang, bang, goes the heavy stone until all is fine enough to sift.

This sifting is not done with a sieve as we would do it, but with a flat basket like a platter or shallow bowl. In this the meal is shaken up and down with a peculiar twisting motion which separates the fine from the coarse. The fine part goes into the finished basket, and the balance goes again through the pounding process. When all is sufficiently fine the day is nearly done, and the cooking must go over to the next day.

Many of us have tried to eat an acorn and remember how bitter it was. This bitter taste is done away with and the nourishing quality is not destroyed in this process of the Indians. Years ago they learned the secret that water will carry away the acrid taste. This washing and cooking requires plenty of water, so rather than carry water to camp they carry baskets and meal to the river, and select a nice lot of clean sand for the kitchen. A large, shallow hole is scooped out in the sand and carefully lined with leaves or a piece of cloth; on this the meal is poured and carefully covered with cold water. As the water soaks through the meal and down into the

One of the Indian breadmakers posed in her cabin.

sand, more water is added. This process goes on until the bitter taste is all gone, and the wet meal is as sweet as corn meal.

While this washing, which takes several hours, is going on, a fire is built close by, and a number of smooth stones about the size of large apples, are made hot.

The meal is now gathered out of the pit, care being taken not to get any sand in it, and placed in a basket; no pots or pans are used in the whole operation. Some of the baskets are woven water-tight, and some are coated with rosin to make them tight.

One of the large, coated baskets is now partly filled with water. Then, with two sticks bent to make loops at the end, and used as a pair of tongs, a hot stone is picked from the fire, dipped quickly into a basket of water to rinse off the ashes, and then dropped into the large basket of water. Stone after stone is thus dropped, until the water begins to boil; wet meal is added, handful at a time. All the while the pot is kept boiling by adding more hot stones as the cooling ones are taken out.

At the proper time all the stones are taken out, the cooking is finished, and only the cooling remains, which is done in one of two ways; if the meal has been cooked very stiff it is made into round loaves and put into the river to cool, or if the cooking had not been carried quite so far, cooked meal is put into baskets to cool like blanc mange.

By the next morning all is ready to be eaten; a pale pink, rather insipid mush, or stiff cake that is always eaten without any seasoning except the grit which comes from the stones in the grinding process. That acorn bread is both nutritious and nourishing is self-evident when we look at the people who make it their chief article of food.

Tales of the Golden Trail

III--Sophie La Vere Pays a Visit to the Snow-Shoe Claim

By Harry Golden

FOR SEVERAL days Sophie la Vere remained obscurely enough about Portola. With wavy, brown hair done in tight plaits under a broad-brimmed Panama hat, her shapely feet encased in prim walking boots; a close-fitting khaki skirt that accentuated the graceful charm of her form, she lured trout from the swirls and eddies of the Feather River with the dexterity of the finished angler, scaled to the summit of Beckwith Peak, that grim, snow clad old sentinel, the friendly land mark of the pioneers who trailed their oxen at a snail's pace about its lower reaches. The view from the icy crest of this mountain bewitched her, filled her with that vague and nameless longing that stirred the breasts of the '49ers and drew them on when it seemed that the very magnitude of the earth would be their ruin. Far to the eastward stretched the green floor of the Sierra Valley, meeting the timber line in a vague and misty distance. Southward the gnarled and jagged pinnacles of the Truckee Range split into the blue dome of the sky like the weird configurations of an Oriental dream. Off to the westward lay mile upon mile of undulating woodland, the monotony of its sameness broken only by emerald meadows flung promiscuously here and there by the indiscriminating hand of the Wonder Maker.

It was with reluctance that she at last packed her belongings and departed for Quincy, where she arrived late in the afternoon, and made herself comfortable in the Grand Central Hotel. She called at the postoffice, and found a formal letter awaiting her from Sully, her partner in the Snow-Shoe Mine. As he had been instructed, he had enclosed complete instructions and a diagram of the route into the claim.

As she sat that evening, half hidden in one of the big, soft chairs, looking through the glass front of the hotel lobby out across the main street to the quaint old court house among the trees of the grass carpeted square, a sense of contentment crept over her.

"If only," she murmured to herself, "they would let me alone—let me rest here for a while. But already I have taken quite a chance. Even this place is hazardous for me. Tomorrow I must go to the remote wood."

She thought of Sully—big, open-hearted Sully, and sighed softly like one who wistfully longs for an improbable thing made only of dreams.

The early morning found Sophie la Vere seated beside a chauffeur rolling out across the American Valley, up over the spring gardened hill, along the canyon walls of the Feather River, down into the Mohawk Valley, where she lunched in the picturesque dining room of the Mohawk summer hotel. Then, with a knapsack adjusted firmly to her shoulders, she set forth along the trail westward through the tall pines, up the mountain slope, she walked with a youthful, springy stride. As the glorious spring afternoon wore away, she climbed steadily up the needle cushioned floor of the

forest under the darkening arms of great pines, her tireless young body flushed with the boundless joy of solitude, security and hope.

The shadows lengthened, the trail, with a sudden pitch, emerged upon a little plateau—a buck sprang from the side of the trail and plunged headlong down the mountain, parting the underbrush with great antlers; from a distance the drumming of grouse mingled with the purring of the breezes in the tree tops. Then she caught her first glimpse of the log cabin of the Snow-Shoe.

Sophie la Vere paused a moment, en raptured with the scene. The cabin, half hidden by massive trunks, sent aloft a rift of smoke which curled lazily into the evening glow of the heavens. A deep pleasant voice came to her from the doorway, singing, "Carry me back to old Virginy."

She advanced noiselessly, and tapped gently at the side of the opening. The man within, startled from his labors of preparing the evening meal, turned a surprised face towards the open door.

"I wasn't expecting you yet, Mrs. Sprague," he said, hastily buttoning his blue flannel shirt across his bronzed chest and extending a great, calloused hand in greeting.

"Evidently not, or you would have put more bacon in the pan," she returned gaily, taking in with a swift glance of her blue eyes both the interior of the cabin and the rather perplexed features of Sully.

"How are things progressing on the Snow-Shoe, partner?" she continued, laughingly. "You look hale enough yourself."

"Oh, fine, fine!" ejaculated Sully. "Prospects better every day. I have not brought in a crew yet, as I don't want to create any excitement. I have been busy locating some extensions to the Snow-Shoe. The Plungers' Investment and Improvement Company has enlarged its holdings."

"I am pleased to hear that," replied the little woman, "but what have you got to eat? I am more interested in that just now. Let's hurry that supper along." She threw her pack into a corner, and rolling up her sleeves, began to assist him.

"Who brought you in?" he asked, peeling another potato into the frying pan.

"Why, I walked up alone from Mohawk."

"Why didn't you get a saddle horse?" asked Sully.

"I feel more secure on foot; besides I love to walk—it keeps me up physically. You can't imagine how much good this walk has done me," she cheerfully assured him.

"But how will you get back? You can't walk in and out again so easily. It is lucky we have a moonlight night."

Sophie la Vere laughed softly, and turned her great confident eyes upon him. "I am not going back to-night," she said. "Do you think I made this long trip to say how do you do, goodbye?"

"But—but," stammered Sully, reddening to the roots of his hair.

"But—nothing," cut in Sophie la Vere, somewhat tartly. "I am an equal partner in this mine. I hope I have the privilege of staying as long as I want on my own property. If I haven't, I'll take it anyway."

"But," again remonstrated Sully uneasily, "people will talk."

"Who knows I am here? Anyway people who have so little to talk about are not worthy of a thought from us. I wish that was all I had to worry me," she finished, with a catch in her voice.

Sully looked at her incomprehensively, but refrained from questioning her.

"Oh!" she cried quickly, as she met his eyes. "I hadn't thought of you. I am selfish. You must guard your own reputation, of course."

"That was not in my mind at all," said he, slowly. "I was considering only you."

"We will not let the matter worry us, then," said she naively. "I was once a stenographer in an office in

Far to the eastward stretched the green floor of the Sierra Valley.

Chicago. And, frankly, I think I can take care of myself."

"As you say, partner," replied Sully. "We'll shake hands on that."

She placed her little hand in his and squeezed his index finger as hard as she was capable, and springing back, said lightly:

"We'll screen off this corner with that piece of canvass and move one of those bunks into my room, as it shall serve until we build an addition."

When they had arranged her quarters, and the supper dishes were washed and put away, they seated themselves before the open log fire with an air of domestic peace and comfort.

"Now, don't allow me to break in upon your habits, in the least," said she, pleasantly, handing him his pipe from the mantle. "I like the smell of smoke, and I like the look of contentment that comes over a man's face when he lights his pipe. If I thought I was restrictly you in any way by my presence I would leave."

"Of evenings, I smoke and read," said he, pointing at a shelf well filled with books.

Sophie la Vere gave a little gasp of delight as her eyes lit upon the shelf.

"And favorite authors of mine, too —O. Henry, Stevenson and Omar. Here he is smiling from among the lot like an old friend."

She lifted the little book of verse from the shelf with a loving hand and added:

"So this is the kind of reading you like! Who would have thought it of a great big out of doors man."

Sully smiled rather self-consciously, but soon they were launched upon a literary discussion that took all of Sully's intuitive reserve away.

"You have a well chosen collection of books, but where are the romances? The French romances of Flaubert, Balzac, Daudet and all that rank and file of penetrating diagnosticians who look into the hearts of women—where are they?"

"Ah!" said Sully emphatically, "that's it. They write of women, and they overlook the strong, adventurous, heroic element in the character of men. Their works are puerile—fit only for green girls—full of sentimental, even risque material. No, I could never read one of their books through. I read the rough stories of the North with the greatest delight. I like Joseph Conrad, Jack London, Stevenson and O. Henry—they can turn a tale to make a fellow feel glad he's a man."

"You pay generous tribute to my sex," laughed she. "Don't women have any place in books?"

"Oh, yes!" returned he. "But their treatment at the hands of these men are shameless, indeed. They are always weak women, and even weak men. They are the slushy vicissitudes of story book love and bear the only excuse for the books having been written."

The little woman looked up coyly:

"Have you never been in love, partner?" she asked.

Sully was taken somewhat aback. He fidgeted nervously, and all his eloquence went out, leaving him silently pondering. She did not press her victory, but with a bright good-night, retired to her room behind the screen.

Several evenings later, Sophie la Vere and her partner sat beneath the overhang of the new addition. They were arguing as had become their pastime and delight. Suddenly the woman looked up and saw a man approaching along the trail. He was a squat, heavy shouldered man who rode with the graceless stiffness of a man unusued to the saddle. As he came up to the door and dismounted, Sophie la Vere gave him a careful appraisement.

"Is this Mr. Sullivan?" he bluntly asked, ignoring the woman.

"It is," answered Sully, simply, arising.

"I am Amos Barton, a mining man of San Francisco," said the new comer extending his hand. "I understand that you own the Snow-Shoe mine, and that the property is for sale. I have

come to look it over with the idea of buying if it is as good as reported. Can you put me up for the night?"

"Surely," answered Sully. "But we are not particular about parting with the Snow-Shoe. However, we have our price."

So far the new comer was apparently oblivious of the presence of Sophie la Vere.

"Allow me," began Sully, "to introduce my par——"

Then he received a smart kick on the leg from behind.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Barton. I am Mrs. Sprague, a health seeker in these parts, temporarily disabled by a sprained ankle. Hastily she put forth a dainty foot, the boot of which she had hurriedly unlaced, unobserved by the two men.

The new comer acknowledged the introduction with seeming indifference; and glanced carelessly at the injured ankle which she displayed with almost immodest abandon.

Sully met the eyes of the woman in frank surprise, but somehow he divined her subtle appeal anxiously calling to him from the depths of her great blue eyes. Instantly his face became expressionless. He could not conceive of the cause of her prevarication, but he determined to play her game, whatever it might be.

"I have been importuning Mrs. Sprague to spend the night here," he lied easily. "The sprain is not serious, but it must be painful. I am glad that you happened along, Mr. Barton. It will throw a more conventional aspect upon her remaining."

A big, full moon had risen, and it showed brightly upon the trio. As if by accident, the new comer moved to the left side of the woman and drew quite close; at the same time, Sophie la Vere brought her hand to her chin and rested her head in the open palm.

"Would you mind," she said, addressing Sully, "going to the spring for a bucket of fresh water? I believe I have become a bit feverish."

Sully, realizing that, for some inconceivable reason she was scheming to be alone with the stranger, got the bucket and went down to the spring a few hundred yards away, determining not to return until he was called.

When he was out of ear shot, Sophie la Vere turned to the new comer, whom she had been watching intently, and said:

"Well, have you looked carefully enough? No?" She turned the left side of her face to him and withdrew her hand. "There! You see, the mole is gone. I threw it away quite some time ago. Often you detectives are easily fooled."

With an amused smile she watched a hint of surprise flit across his face, as he said, bluntly:

"You are very clever, aren't you, Mrs. Sprague," putting sarcastic emphasis upon the name. "How do you know I am a detective?"

"Do you suppose I couldn't read the advertisement in your actions? Your pretending to ignore me and yet knowing of the mole? Oh, I have met a few of you before now." Her voice fell dispiritedly: "Yes, I am Sophie la Vere, and you are from the Mulroy Agency of Chicago. Here to arrest me on that, by now, wearisome charge of embezzlement. I thought I had foiled your office, for a while at least, but I find you are pretty hard to elude." Her voice grew low and melancholy. "And now, just when I have become contented and happy, you come upon the scene. Perhaps there may be some other way—perhaps you could see me as I am, a poor, friendless little woman who has committed no crime against you, or any one, for that matter——"

"Remember!" broke in the detective harshly, "that anything you say will be used against you at the trial. I am not a rattle-headed amateur like that Burke you slipped one over on in San Francisco. I'm an old hand in the game. I came here to take you back with me and I'm going to take you back, understand!"

Sophie la Vere shook convulsively.

Her clear blue eyes filled with tears, and she laid her hand in an odd, appealing way upon the detective's arm.

He shook it off roughly, saying:

"No more of that sob stuff, Miss. It won't get you anything. You're not the little iron woman with me."

She began to speak in a shaky voice:

"No, I am not the iron woman any longer. My nerve is gone. I am ready to accompany you on one condition—don't tell him." She indicated down toward the spring. "I have no folks—no friend but Sully——"

Her voice died away in a choking sob, and she turned a pale, bloodless face toward the detective. "I—I—am growing faint——" Her graceful form swayed, gained for a moment its equilibrium, then pitched prone upon the floor of the porch.

The detective sprang to catch her, but too late. He started back, calling sharply in the direction Sully had gone:

"Hurry up with that water! Hurry up! She has fainted!" Fearful lest a worse fate should come upon his victim, he ran down after Sully, calling him to hurry.

When the two of them fetched up again at the porch, they looked one at the other in mute astonishment and suspicion, for Sophie la Vere was nowhere to be seen. The detective's eye lit upon a white object which he instantly picked up, then uttered a curse.

"Powder puff, by G——!" But I'll get the——"

He did not finish the phrase, for Sully's arm shot out, and his big fist lifted the detective clear of the floor and sent him upon his back half a dozen feet away.

(To be continued.)

TO RISE ABOVE

I want a wider vision,
  So wide that I may see
The narrow limits of my soul
  And set my spirit free
From fear and doubt and self-distrust,
  And bitter jealousy.

I want a deeper vision,
  That I may look within my soul,
And try to find, by help divine,
  The road to reach that goal
Where broader, deeper, higher things
  Leave smaller things behind.

Oh, give me a higher vision,
  That I may look above
And see whereto I could arise,
  If helped by thy great love,
When I shall break this earthly bond
  For freedom in the great beyond.

MRS. F. H. HILL.

"KNOWST THOU THE LAND?"

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, Author of "Trails Through Western Woods"

THE OCCASION was an anniversary, and very properly the studio of old Von Wandermeer, the vocal teacher, was chosen as the place of celebration. Indeed, he claimed this right without question, by virtue of the fact that he discovered Sibyl when first she came to New York, raw and untrained from her California home. He recognized the rare quality of her voice, and master that he was, trained it to ultimate perfection and then gave her to the world. Five years! How the time had flown! It seemed but yesterday that she was a poor student, struggling through tedious vocal exercises; then came the day the great manager heard her, and all trembling with excited pleasure, offered her the position of understudy to the prima donna. After that it all followed so easily; Fame seemed to have planned to crown Sibyl. She had scarcely joined the company before her opportunity came. The opera was "Mignon," and at the last minute the star was taken sick. The manager was frantic. He knew Sibyl could sing; he had heard her magnificent voice swell into a rapture of harmony in the immortal song, "Kennst du das Land." But would she hold her own before an audience? The chance was desperate, yet it must be taken. There was no alternative.

When this tall, blonde stranger came out before the curtain there was a sigh of disappointment. These men and women had come to hear the prima donna, and not an understudy. Yet, for all their disappointment, there was in her a subtle magnetism which held attention. She was so tall and still so graceful, so palely fair of face and without guile, and her hair —that hair of gold, abundant and gleaming—crowned her as an auriole. When her lips opened, a little thrill ran through the audience, and when the first clear note vibrated through the air there was a profound silence of expectation, while the thousand ears drank in the melody, waiting until the end before dispassionate intellect should give the final decree of condemnation or praise. The judgment witheld was delivered in a vast, thunderous swell of applause when those lines, which seemed in some way to be a part of her, fell from her lips:

"Kennst du dat L and, wo die Zitronen bluhn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen gluhn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Mocht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter ziehn."

The audience had just awakened from a dream. The playhouse had passed away, while they followed this wonderful "Mignon" through the land, her land, where the orange blossoms perfumed the still, warm air. That land was her own California, her heart's love, and she was the living embodiment of its golden glory.

From that hour she was famous. The prima donna took second place, and the music loving world clamored for her, applauded her, petted her, hung on each bird-sweet note from her white throat—proclaimed her, in fine, the new Goddess of Song.

She wore her laurel wreath as by a divine right. Her triumph had never spoiled her, but it had in the nature of things removed her from us. She was now a Voice within a body which must be carefully preserved because of the treasure it housed, when of old she had been first of all Sibyl, our Sibyl, with the secondary gift of song.

Thus it was that on this anniversary night, five years from the time she had taken flight like Lohengrin into the cloudland, we were almost awed at the thought of possessing her in the flesh once more. She had promised to sing, moreover, and she gave us the privilege of choosing the song. She would be late, of course, on account of the opera, but we of the gay Bohemian world, were used to irregular hours. Von Wandermeer himself would fetch her, and the rest of us would wait for the coming of the queen.

She entered resplendent in her costume. She had not waited to change her gown, she said, so eager was she to come and be one of the old crowd. The old crowd! What a ring was in those simple words! She had been abroad, in Italy, France, England and Germany, and everywhere the people had paid her homage. She was a child of the world, with a distinct value in the world's treasury of genius, and still she was Sibyl just the same. One could not look into her face without seeing that because of her paradise of song she was not of the earth earthly. And for all her joy in being with us again, it was plain that we, indeed no one in the material world, was essential to her happiness.

Von Wandermeer gazed at her with the reverence of great admiration for genius and conscious pride in himself as an instrument in her success. This night when he sat at the piano and glanced up for her command, she in turn looked toward us and smiled brightly.

"What song?" she asked.

And naturally, without hesitation, we cried together for the old, sweet favorite, "Kennst du das Land."

Never had she sung it with such exquisite feeling, such richness of tone and fine shading of expression, and as she finished, I saw the tear-drops brim and glisten in her eyes. She waved aside our encore with a sweeping gesture of her white arm, and took her seat far back in the dim half-light. I joined her there, unbidden, and sat on the cushioned divan close to her side, so close that the soft, creamy folds of her gown lay limp in my hand. And as I looked at her and met her strong, clear glance, she sighed and said:

"Do you know of late when I sing that song a strange yearning and foreboding comes over me. I want to go home. Do you suppose they have forgotten me?"

"Forgotten, Sibyl, when your name is on the lips of two continents?"

"Oh, no; not that. Sibyl the singer is known, but not the personal Sibyl who used to walk hand in hand with you in the sunshine, under the orange trees."

"Yes, but you have sacrificed Sibyl the personal for Sibyl the transcendental."

"I know that also. I have chosen deliberately, and I would not change things if I could, still I am a little lonely sometimes, and then I have a fear which drives me mad! If my voice should fail! It is all I have. Home, friends, everything, I have given up for my art."

We had drifted out of the warm sunshine of that memory of the days at home, and I led her back into it. We had been children together there, playmates, girl and boy, with no thought beyond the orange trees and poppy-fields, and we had played after the manner of children, that we would marry some day. Then the orange blossoms would be woven into a wed-

ding wreath and the poppies—ah! the poppies were for dreams.

'Do you think," I questioned, "do you think, after all, the glory and the fame are quite worth the sacrifice? Those were happy days, Sibyl, and you were as triumphant there, singing in the old Mission with me for an audience, as you are now with thousands at your feet."

"Perhaps so, Jean, but that could not last."

"No, not in the blight and bitterness of this worldly struggle. When you came here to study, the old life died. You came and I followed. Your ambition was to sing, mine to be a builder of cathedrals and palaces. The blight fell on us both; on you the blight of success; on me the blight of failure and the old, innocent days died forever."

We sat silent awhile, and the laughter and jest of the others rang loud, and, in my ears, a trifle mockingly. I was trying not to think how unequal Fate had borne her past me. While she entranced multitudes, I was poor and dreamed. A poor dreamer! The title was not flattering, but it was true; it would be crueler, but none the less correct, to say I was a failure, if failure and success be measured by material reward. There was a hidden reason why my cathedrals and palaces had been builded of fancy rather than of marble and stone. Something was wanting. But I wander: the story of my own life is beyond the matter at hand. Still, it was of these affairs of mine that we spoke next, I with smiling indifference; she with the sweet note of encouragement that became her so well.

Before we parted that night she said to me:

"You know the season is ending. I am not just well, I fear. My work has been hard; the strain long. The doctors advise a change and a rest, so I shall go abroad for a few months."

"Why not home?" I asked.

She held up a protesting hand, and I noticed for the first time that from her bosom came the subtly sweet perfume of an orange blossom.

"No, no," she cried, with a note of pain in her voice, and a sudden pressure of her hand against her breast, a gesture I had seen her use in emotional climaxes on the stage. "No, no; I cannot go home. The others have arranged it all. But," she added, her face brightening, "some day I shall go, and you, too, Jean. We'll go together, and I shall stand in the empty old Mission just as I used to, and sing like the birds outside in the trees, while you are planning a palace to rival the Louvre!"

"Kennst du das Haus? Auf Saulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glanzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach . . ."

I suggested, falling into the lightness of her mood.

"Yes, yes; I know," she said, with nervous energy, pressing my hand in hers. "Here, take this orange blossom. Somebody sent it to me from his greenhouse. Take it and smell it, and it will carry you home, in dreams at least, even if it is a poor, artificially bred thing, out of its element. Goodbye, Jean. I shall see you when I return. You will know, of course, and I shall expect you!"

Then she was gone; the personal, flesh and blood Sibyl had risen to her kingdom in the clouds, and we of the earth could see and hear from afar the glory of her flight . . .

* * * *

The hot summer wore away, and I, dreamer of dreams, builder of air castles and penniless student, passed the time with old Van Wandermeer and the circle of artists and musicians who gathered in his studio. Autumn came and the season opened brilliantly. The papers proclaimed Sibyl's arrival, pronounced her voice more beautiful than ever before, and hinted of a rumor of her engagement to an Italian tenor. I called on her more than once, but a slant-eyed French maid always met me at the door and said,

with the importance of officious inferiors, that Mademoiselle was out or not receiving, or made some other trivial excuse. I was not of the elegantly arrayed kind who called there, that was evident. The prudent maid was suspicious of my shabbiness. The summer's dreaming had not been profitable, materially at least, so I did not hear Sibyl on the stage, except to catch a vagrant note as I loitered night after night in the foyer of the theatre.

It was on such a night after the winter was well advanced, that I saw her. She was coming out to her carriage. The snow fell thick and fast, glinting on her gold hair, flaking her shimmering cloak. I was standing a little apart, hesitating whether to make myself known or not, when she turned sharply and looked me full in the face.

"Jean! Jean!" you have forgotten me! You promised to come and you have failed."

I stammered out some excuse.

"No, it is not that. Come to see me. I am sick to-night, sick and lonely, Jean. There is a terrible heat in my head. I——"

She trembled and I supported her to her carriage. She beckoned me to follow, and I got in after her, listening to her harsh, loud breathing and her rapid whisper.

"The theatre is so draughty—so cold. I got chilled in the first act. Ah, for some sunshine, Jean—sunshine like that at home!"

I took her to her apartment where the slant-eyed French maid glanced at me with covert disapproval. I could feel that she marked my threadbare coat and the poorness of my frayed linen.

"Come soon," Sibyl gasped. "It seems like old times to see you, Jean. Good-night!"

I heard next morning that she had pneumonia, and the doctors feared for her life. Every day I went to the hospital to inquire, and at last a white clad nurse said:

"She has asked to see you. This way, please—and do not stay long."

She was lying among the pillows, her golden hair falling like sunshine around her pallid face. Her eyes had grown hollow and hungry looking, and her cheek bones protruded.

"Jean," she whispered, and her voice broke in a sob. "The worst has come, Jean, and I knew that you of all the rest would care."

"Oh, you will get well," I faltered.

"Yes, that is the terrible part. I will get well, and it will be a living death. My voice is gone! Already they are dropping away, these admirers and friends. Friends! Bah! You are the only friend I ever had, Jean—you and old Von Wandemeer."

The nurse appeared and motioned me away.

"The patient is very weak," she explained, as we left.

"But the danger is past?"

"Yes, unless there should be a relapse."

"And her voice?"

The nurse shook her head and answered guardedly:

"It is too early to tell yet, but there were complications, and the doctors fear she may never sing again."

Poor Sibyl! How much harder to reach the goal, then fall, than never to have lived in such etherial altitudes!

The public forgot her quickly enough.

Indeed, by the time she recovered, another favorite was already wearing her laurels. She took a little flat, where she taught singing for a livelihood. As for me, I knew there was but one thing left to do—to go home. The years in the great city had left me poorer in body and spirit. Not for me the pushing crowds, the mad, unceasing race for wealth and fame. I had failed, and having failed I would accept the consequences willingly. I would go back to the land I loved and live in peace—in the tranquility of sunlit spaces. So once again I sought her out. She had aged singularly in a short time, and her face was full of dumb tragedy. Something was killing

her by slow inches, wearing her down to bare grief and bone.

"So you are going home!" she said.

"Yes," I answered, "I am going home, and so help me God, I shall never leave it again. I came here full of life and love and hope, and these things have been trampled down and smothered in the sordid struggle for meat and drink. It is partly my own fault, or at least—but never mind. I am going home, and there I shall live and die."

She was silent a long time, and I saw her lips twitch.

"You will see the old beloved places—do the old sweet childhood things?"

It was half a question, half mere musing.

"Yes, Sibyl, in part; but the old playfellow will be wanting. I shall be alone."

In the tear-bright eyes she raised to mine I read a subtle meaning. Then I knew if things had been differently ordained, if I had been of the successful, I might have taken her in my arms and the dreams of the long, long weary years would have become reality. Perhaps even now—but no, the thing was preposterous.

"You will stay on here?" I asked.

"A little while, Jean, a little while. This is torment, death in life. I do not want to live. My soul is always singing, but the voice is gone, gone! and I, like a ghost, have lived to see the best of me buried and forgotten. Think of the bitterness of it, Jean! My voice was my life!"

Even then, fallen star that she was, she seemed far removed from earth and me. So I rose, and as I strove to speak, words failed me.

"Is it farewell, then?" she asked.

"Yes. Farewell forever."

"Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg . . .
. . . Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater lasz uns ziehn."

Her voice swelled, and broke like a cracked bell.

"Ah, Jean Jean, I am seeking my way in the mist, the winter, the eternal silence, and you will go back to the sunshine and the orange trees. Think of me, then, Jean—think of me as I used to be."

I took her hand in mine and kissed it, and all the life-longing died out in one long sigh. I left her there in her prison of silence, but I knew her soul still sang far above me in the enchanted realm of undying memory.

OUT OF THE TWILIGHT

When softly falls the night, and the dull gray skies
Grow tender with the light of many stars,
My sober thoughts evanish, Arabwise,
Stealing away on dying sunset bars.
Then, oh, my darling, borne on angel wings of air,
Come gentle murmurings from the realms of love,
Of you—from you—to me. I hardly know,
So faintly, yet so infinitely fair,
The fragrance of soul-essence from above,
If it be you or God that thrills me so!
But like the day born out of misty dawn,
My heart, to music penetrating, clear,
Beats out across the vast between us drawn
The measure of its pulse, "I love you, dear!"

BERYL BATES.

In the Fortune Teller's Tent

By Marion Ethel Hamilton

THE COLONEL'S daughter sat alone in the parlor. A strong sea wind, warm and tropical, blew in the French windows which opened on the lanai. Patricia yawned, then threw down her book. She went over to the piano and struck a few chords. Then she stood at the window, half-hidden by the floating curtains. It was dark out, but the sky was studded with a billion stars. Suddenly out in the tropic night sounded the soft, sweet notes of a ukulele. Nearer and nearer it came. The longing for romance is ever strong in a normal young girl. Softly, Patricia went out on the lanai. The palms and tropical plants rustled in the wind. Two Japanese lanterns burned dimly among the hanging baskets. She stood screened by the vines and watched. A figure stole to the shadow of the great monkey-pod tree on the lawn, and stood there, silently.

Then he began to play and sing that haunting Hawaiian song, "Aloha" that makes everybody at the departing steamers cry, those who are going, and those who are remaining. His voice was deep and beautifully tender. Patricia dared not stir, and yet—she wanted him—whoever he was—to know she heard. She stirred the vines. He stopped playing, and seemed to listen. Then at last she stepped out in full view, her dress gleaming white in the soft starlight. When he saw her, he came quickly out of the shadows.

Patricia was thrilled; but who on earth could he be? There was no one among the young bachelor officers whom she cared a snap about. To be sure, she danced and rode with them, played tennis and motored, walked and flirted. But what of that? One doesn't usually do those companionable things with a man with whom one is madly in love! Could this man mean this serenade for her? She was glad that her father, the Colonel, happened this night to be in town, making a speech at the University Club; and that her mother was playing "auction" down the "Row." She was alone in the house, except for the Japanese servants, Nagi and Makio, in the back of the house, and even their everlasting Japanese jabber had stopped for the time being, and she could have her little romance undisturbed, if such it proved to be.

Now, as the man came out from the shadows into the light from the nearby electric light she saw that he wore a khaki uniform. If he were an officer he would have been in white, in the evening; so now she knew he was an enlisted man. "Oh," she gasped, "did —did you want to see——" but there she faltered; did she not know that no soldier could come, a ukulele in his hands, to see the Colonel!

"Miss——" he began (he was undoubtedly embarrassed), "I wanted to see—*you*."

From up the "Row" floated laughing voices, and under a far electric light they could see the flutter of white dresses.

"You had better go," she whispered, finally, "and—and, come back another time!"

Patricia did not know whether he heard these last words—she had said them so low—and the khaki-clad figure was already disappearing in the dark.

II.

On the twenty-sixth, the Army Relief garden party was to take place in Kapiolani Park. Patricia was to be dressed as an Egyptian Princess, and read palms. She had studied palmistry a little, and had read hands for fun, at parties.

The day dawned fair and summery, though it was the month of January. All morning the post was busy, moving "stuff" to the park. Army wagons stopped in front of the officers' quarters to get chairs, rugs, palms, tables and dishes. The officers and their wives motored frantically back and forth between post and park, arranging their booths and tents. The infantry band from Schofield Barracks was to play during the afternoon, and the Queen, old and feeble though she was, had graciously consented to be present, for a part of the time, in the Hawaiian booth. Patricia directed the soldiers to put up her fortune-telling tent under a wonderful banyan tree. The tent was half dark inside, and incense burned in a brass bowl on the little table. At two o'clock she was ready and waiting. The Major's boy, dressed in some Oriental costume, walked up and down in front of the tent, calling, and beating a tom-tom to attract customers. It was the "tourist" season, and a crowd of idle rich who had come in on the last steamer wandered about the grounds, spending money everywhere.

Patricia parted the weird curtains of her tent, and looked out. The grounds of the beautiful, tropical park were fast filling up with people. Tourists, handsomely gowned women, white-clad, idle men, soldiers in khaki, officers in their smart uniforms, all these wove in and out. She saw a group of women coming toward her tent, and drew back, to guard the mystery of her face, before they should enter. From that time on, her afternoon was full. There were old men, old women, and young women, all of whom looked conscious and silly when told that they had always attracted the opposite sex. No matter how hideous she might be, or how old, each woman swallowed the morsel of flattery that was deftly handed to her, in full faith. All of these people had experienced romances, unusual love affairs, and were fascinating (to themselves.) It was growing dark; the crowd had begun to scatter. They were going home to dinner, but later they would come back—they, or others like them, for the evening. Patricia had just induced the last wheezy "romantic," and probably rheumatic woman to leave (it was hard to induce her, for she lingered, longing for her full half dollar's worth of romance), and she was alone for an instant, but only for an instant, for a large brown hand pulled open the tent curtains. "Is Madam in?" said a man's deep voice from out in the dusk. "Yes," she answered, before she saw him. Tired as she was, she could not let even a fifty cents for charity escape. Then she looked up. She saw before her a soldier, in the khaki of the United States army. He was the first enlisted man who had ventured, during the whole course of the afternoon to ask her, a Colonel's daughter, to read his hand. She was surprised, but she hid it successfully. "Do you mind?" he asked, modestly, and half-apologetically. "Of course, I know who you are."

"No, indeed; that is—why, I am glad to do it." Both were embarrassed. "Sit down here," she said, "and put your hand on the table." She took his hand in hers, as much as that was possible. It was large, with big bones, but slim, with long, well set fingers. The palm was hard and firm, good signs. Silently, she studied the shape of his hand, her head bent. His eyes were on her hair, studying the pretty shape of her head, her neck, her curving cheek, almost as intently as she was studying his hand. He thought he had never seen so beautiful and lovely a girl. When he had watched her at the post, he had been always at a distance, but now he was close—*close*—he thought he

was going mad, that it was not a reality. He had waited so long for this moment. "You have a terribly firm will," she began, "and you always have your own way; at least you have had, so far!" She brushed a stray brown lock from out her eyes and continued: "You have the artistic hand; that is strange, for a soldier! You have never worked hard, at anything. You are utterly unpractical, romantic and recklessly impulsive. You adore music, and play on," she hesitated. He looked at her strangely, but she seemed entirely unconscious of the look. "Well, I can't say on what," she finished; "it might be only a pianola!" They both laughed. She went on: "You have traveled widely, far from home. Your heart line shows many affairs; you have imagined you have been in love several times, but —the real serious affair is yet to come." He bent forward, eagerly. She looked up and met his eyes, squarely. "How soon?" he asked, in a low, very personal tone. Her eyes fell. "How soon?" he had to repeat before she answered: "How can I tell, exactly," she said, a trifle coldly. "You can," he said—"you only can tell."

The personal note this time was not to be ignored. Her cheeks flamed. "How dare you?" she demanded. "You know who I am—the Colonel's daughter—and you a private in the regiment! You could not approach me in any way but this—and you—you took advantage—under the guise of charity—to come here and—and—" She almost choked.

"Please let me explain," he interrupted. "Yes, I am a private—and you—the Colonel's daughter! But forget that, for a moment; just for a moment, please! I could not meet you—no; but ever since I first saw you three months ago, I have been simply mad about you, simply on fire! I have sworn to myself that I would meet you, somehow, some way! I have followed you about the post, at a distance, when you never knew! I have stood outside your father's quarters at night, listening to your sweet voice when you sang and played; and I——"

"Was that you, that night," she broke in, "playing the ukulele?"

"That sure was me."

"How did you dare?"

"A man dares anything, when he loves a girl."

It had grown dark outside. A dim lantern burned over the table. By its light they looked into each other's startled eyes. There seemed to be no people about, now. They heard only the crickets in the grass around the tent.

His eyes looked honestly at her, but it all seemed unreal. "You don't expect me to believe all this—from a soldier?" she asked, at length.

"Look at me!" he answered. "Do I look like a tough? Because I am a soldier, must I have no feelings, and not speak the truth?"

Patricia looked at him long and earnestly. "No; you don't look like a tough," she answered, laughing. "The minute you entered this tent I thought you were perfectly stunning. If I had ever seen you on the post I should surely have remembered you."

"I am Hampton Ellis," he said; "I graduated from Princeton two years ago; my father is President of the First National Bank in ——, Virginia. I can give you my pedigree, and believe me, I have *some!* I can prove to your father, the Colonel, who I am. I left home and enlisted for excitement and travel, because the bank was too tame for me. But I can go back! I will go back—for you—if you can stand it? Will you? Can you? It's an awfully tame life—but it's home—and comfortable! We could have a lovely house and—and drive around town summer evenings, the way the people do there! No band concerts, and no evening parades——"

Patricia laughed. "I don't care for all that," she said. "I've had enough of it. I'm twenty, now, and I've knocked from New York to the Philippines, to China and Japan and back to San Francisco—crossed the conti-

nent twenty-two times—lived in Arizona, Boston, Oklahoma, Virginia—all over the map—now Honolulu! I'm tired!"

"I should think you would be," he answered, his eyes adoring her. "Tell me, do you really know this stuff about the lines, or do you make it up?"

"I know the characteristics the lines denote," she said, "but I can't tell the future."

"Leave that to me, will you, dear!" he said, as he reached across the table and took her hand. It was the first time he had called her "dear" or any tender name during the conversation, and from him it thrilled her, unspeakably. It had seemed to come so grudgingly, and therefore meant so much. He held her hand lightly and looked at it. Then he turned it over, and pretended to read the palm. "I see a tall, dark man," he said, not laughing, "and you are going to marry him within the next three months."

"So soon?" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered, "just so soon." And still he did not laugh. "And you are going to live in a small white house with green blinds, and a long veranda with white Colonial pillars—small ones (large ones are very expensive!)—a long, white country road winds past the house, and I see wide, green fields on all sides; it is all quiet and peace. On summer afternoons the bees drone, and you sit on the veranda, and read in behind thick, green vines; you will have an old colored mammy cook, and at supper time she will call you in to a cool, white table, odorous with roses or honeysuckle; the breeze from across the green fields will come softly in at the windows, blowing the white curtains, and you will eat ravenously of fried chicken, and hot biscuit, corn, strawberries—and then we will smoke—"

"Who will smoke?"

"I will smoke!"

"Oh!"

"And out in the dusk the crickets will begin chirping, and the frogs will commence croaking—"

"Oh, I adore frogs croaking!"

"So do I!"

"And you will wander arm in arm with him—"

"Who?"

"This tall, dark man—down the long road, into the village, to the post office—or sometimes you will drive. And daytimes you will go horseback, together."

Her hand was still in his. Now he bent his head and reverently he kissed it. His thick, dark hair fell across his forehead, and he brushed it back. "My football locks," he laughed. "I was on the team."

"To-morrow is the tournament," she said.

"Yes, and we will be rushed all day. So I am coming over to see your father to-night."

Patricia blushed. "It seems like a dream," she said, very low.

"It surely is my dream come true," he said. "Oh, if you only knew the dreams and plans and hopes I've had for these three months!"

"We must go," she said, and rose.

"Oh, but I didn't pay you the half dollar," he laughed.

"It was an unusual reading," she said, laughing too, "wasn't it? You told mine. Only you didn't tell me enough about this tall, dark man; who is he? where is he?"

He took a five dollar gold piece from his pocket and dropped it into the brass jar on the table, which held the money. "We will give this to the poor widows and orphans," he said, "for our fortune—for my fortune—for I am the tall, dark man!"

He put out his arms for her. "Oh, what a wonderful ending to a day!" she breathed, as she went into them.

III.

The military tournament was on, amid a wonderful setting! The great plain of Kapiolani Park, bounded by the jagged peaks of the Koolau Range on one side, by Diamond Head Crater and the vivid blue sea on the other,

stretched, shimmering in the sunshine. Up and down this plain maneuvered the infantry, the cavalry and the field artillery, before a huge audience. The infantry marched and counter-marched and drilled to the stirring music of the band. The cavalry charged, sabres drawn, with whoops and yells. It was a glorious sight. When they wheeled, as one horse and man, great red dust clouds rolled out upon the people.

Patricia sat in her father's car, with Lieutenant Brent, Betty Carr and Lieutenant Dimperling. They, of course, knew nothing of Patricia's secret. But every minute Patricia hugged it to her heart. Her eyes shone. She could hardly wait for the field artillery to begin their evolutions. Her heart beat faster and faster as the time drew near. "Ha!" said "Billy" Brent, "there comes the Field." And from their corner, where they sat in the car, under the tower-crater of old Diamond Head, they saw the heavy gun carriages come, bumping and rumbling over the plain; they saw the big, sleek horses, the privates sitting very straight on the caissons, their arms folded, as still and stiff as wooden Indians. The bugle blew. They wheeled. The dust swirled over the line of automobiles, and the grand stand. Then they began to gallop. It was all Patricia could do to keep from standing up and cheering. "Oh," she thought, "should Hampton leave this for a First National Bank? How could he?" But he had said he could do even that for her! And he had watched her, and followed her! What a romance! How different he was from the laughing, joking young lieutenants! So ran her thoughts.

But something must have happened. A murmur ran through the vast crowd. Directly out in front of them rose a cloud of thick, red dust. When it cleared, they saw, lying on its side, a gun carriage, and a tangle of kicking, struggling horses and men, and—one man who lay still!

The other caissons had rattled on, and yards ahead were loading, ready to fire. From all directions men in uniform came running to the scene of the accident. Then the other guns began to fire, regardless of suffering, just as they would do in real war. "Boom," "boom," "boom," they went again and again, with a tremendous, thrilling shock. Then an ambulance came rattling down the field. Patricia sat very still. There was one chance in two thousand that this injured man was the man she loved. But it was tragic, anyway. "Oh, the horses, the poor horses," she cried out and turned to Lieutenant Dimperling. "Can't they shoot them?" she asked him. Betty Carr was wringing her hands, and her Chinese silver bracelets, which she had bought as souvenirs in Shanghai, Manila and Honolulu, sounded flippant in the tenseness of the moment. Every one in the grand stand was standing up, trying to see. Lieutenant Brent unslung the field-glasses from his shoulder. "Oh!" cried Patricia, "I didn't notice that you had those! Please give them to me—quick—*wiki-wiki!*" Brent held them from her. "You don't want to see that!" he said. "Yes I do; yes I do—I have a reason—*wiki-wiki,*" said Patricia almost frantically, as she snatched the glasses from him. She took them just in time to see a man lifted into the ambulance, and what she saw made her turn white. "It is he," she cried, and then: "Where are they taking him?" "Who?" asked Betty Carr, and the two officers looked puzzled. "It is the man I am going to marry," she told them all, facing them. They looked at her as if she was crazy. They did not say a word. "Listen, Mr. Brent," said Patricia, "we must take him! We will take him in this car to the Shafter Hospital! That ambulance would crawl! Go, tell them!"

Brent jumped from the car, dived under the rope, and ran across the field. He was without his cap, and his hair flew about in the wind. She watched him, paralyzed and frozen with dread. She saw him speak to them. Then he got on to the back step of the ambulance, and it started

toward them. Her heart jumped, seemed to turn over, and then stop. At least he was not dead! Betty and Lieutenant Dimperling got out of the car, without a word. The ambulance drove up alongside. The army doctor and Brent stepped out. "Is he badly hurt?" asked Patricia. "Seriously, but not fatally, I think," answered the doctor. "Some ribs broken, and one arm, and we don't know what else. Strange, he was the only man hurt!"

They lifted him into the back seat of the machine, and the doctor sat on one side, supporting him, and Patricia sat on the other. He smiled at her as she took his hand. Brent cranked the car, jumped in, slammed the door shut, and they were off, slowly at first, down the field past the grand-stand with thousands of curious eyes upon them. When they got out on the road, speeding between the rows of date-palms, Patricia felt easier. Nevertheless she called to Brent: "Go faster, faster!" "Can't here, the road's too rough," Brent called back. "We're only hitting the high spots now."

On the road they passed Hawaiian women, dressed in their night gown like *holokus,* and their hideous, high-crowned, leis-wreathed hats. The women stared. Now they were passing the blue-green waters of Waikiki beach, with the cool looking white-edged row of breakers, and the dark bodies of the surf-board riders, outlined against the blue sky; now, the Moana Hotel, its veranda sprinkled with white-flanneled tourists. On the right, the other side, were the purple-shadowed mountains of the Koolau Range, their tops in swirling mists, as always.

"Are you suffering much?" Patricia asked, looking at Hampton. "Not a great deal," he answered, "but enough," and he tried to laugh. "Keep still," said the doctor to him, and then to Patricia he said: "Don't speak to him." On and on they went. (Oh, would they ever get there?) Now they were going through the Chinese quarter, bumping over the rough, dirty road, flashing past rickety wooden balconies, on which sat Chinese women; past little shop after little shop, all hung with their strange Japanese and Chinese signs and characters; past smelly, little meat and vegetable stores, their horn tooting constantly, for the hordes of kimona-clad Japanese babies and children who swarmed over the streets.

On—on—on—past a sugarcane field and the vivid green of a rice field, until at last the yellow and white buildings of Fort Shafter could be seen, ahead.

Brent changed the gear, and they chugged up the hill into the post, and then at last they stopped before the long, vine-covered, barrack-like building of a hospital. An orderly came down the steps, and he and the doctor half-carried in the injured man.

The chief surgeon, who had been telephoned, was ready. "We will operate at once," he said, in a very matter of fact voice.

IV.

He shut his eyes, and tried to "breathe deeply," as they told him. But it was suffocation. One might as well be held, head down, in the water, or shut up in a box, alive. At first he saw flashes and streaks of light in the darkness, but these gradually faded, and all became a pitchy blackness. Now his body was gone. He felt nothing left but his lungs, breathing, struggling, with horrible labor, and a cold, steel-like chill creeping into them; that, and his consciousness, were all that were left. He was still an identity! They could not lose him. Horror of horrors, what if he were to stay like this, knowing, but not feeling! Now he was only a tiny point of consciousness, like a pin point of fire, swimming in a fathomless sea of blackness! Then suddenly in this pitchy blackness there began to appear many little pin points of light—of consciousness—and each one of these he knew to be himself.

"Oh, damn it, take it off, take it

off," he said, and then—"the first time I ever saw you, you were riding with that putty faced lieutenant! Gee! But I was jealous! And I thought you were the prettiest girl I ever saw!"

"He's not going fast enough; he's getting a little air; press it down," some one said, from two million miles away. "There, that's better; he's going now——"

Patricia waited in the hall. She walked up and down watching the clock. The minutes seemed eternities. Finally, a nurse came out into the hall. "He's out—out of the ether," she said to Patricia. "He's all right, and he's asking for you, but he's very sick from the ether, so we can't let him see you for a few minutes. No, nothing dangerous—just the broken ribs and bones; he's been talking about you and a First National Bank, and something about a fortune-teller and a horse!" The nurse laughed.

Just then the door of the operating room opened, and a waft of sickening ether blew out, and they heard a strong, husky voice saying: "Shoot the horse! I say, shoot the horse, this minute."

"Oh!" cried Patricia, "the poor horse! I had forgotten all about him! I wish they could give him ether, too!"

And then again, through the transom, came his voice, loud and insistent: "My father is the president of the First National Bank! I'm a Princeton man! Oh, you are willing? Thank you, thank you, Colonel—I'll buy my discharge from the army immediately, with your permission, and I'll try to make her happy. She's the dearest, sweetest little darling I ever saw."

"You may go in now, Miss Reynolds," said the chief surgeon, as he came out. "Your father has just telephoned that he's coming right over."

FATHER, OH, MY FATHER

Father, oh, my father! Did you go
From out this life, leaving me here alone?
One who is of your spirit, of your bone?
Father, oh, my father! Do you know?

Father, oh, my father! Are you near?
Is there no trace of you, on land or sea?
Except the strange recurring you in me?
Father, oh, my father, do you hear?

Father, oh, my father! I must live;
That I may carry on, for beings new,
This fickle flame of life which once was you.
Father, oh, my father! I must give!

Oh, my father! Immortality
Is yours; I have no work, no place;
Only to carry on your blood, your race,
That You may echo down eternity!

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

Reminiscent Story of Pioneer Days

By Ellen Colvin Bennett

GENERAL Robert Venley arrived in Southern Oregon with his family in the year 1853, and located on a half section of land in Green Valley, a beautiful spot through which flows a small tributary of the Umpqua River.

One evening, as the General sat on the doorstep enjoying a smoke from his cob pipe, a heavily loaded pack train from Scottsburg halted in front of the house, and John Playtor, one of the owners, asked permission to turn his animals in the General's pasture for the night. The request was promptly granted, and a few minutes later, thirty mules and cayuse horses were rolling over and over on the ground, grunting their satisfaction at being relieved of their heavy burdens.

These trains were always hailed with delight by the settlers, for the packers were a lot of whole souled fellows. They would travel all day through the rain, at night unpack their animals, and after a hastily prepared supper of fried bacon, black coffee and bread, roll up in their wet blankets, with saddles for pillows, and off in the morning by sunrise, whistling and singing on the way.

On this particular evening, however, General Venley with the true hospitality of pioneer days, invited John and his partner to have supper with him and the family.

More than once during the meal, John's eyes wandered to the comely face of the General's daughter, Emily, who was an attentive listener, while he related his experience in teaching school before he went to packing.

When he spoke of his partner wishing to sell out, the General turned to his only son, a splendid young man of twenty-one, and asked: "How would you like a half interest in the train, Raymond?"

"Why, father, it is just what I have been wanting," answered the son.

Next morning the sale was consummated, and Ray proudly assumed the responsibility of being an equal partner with John Playtor.

The following week, on their return trip for goods, they stopped at the General's for night, and Ray delighted the family with his experience as a packer, declaring himself well pleased with his new venture. Only one thing marred the otherwise happy evening. Rumors had reached them to the effect that the Rogue River Indians were on the war path, and there was some danger of coming in contact with them on the mountain trail.

The General, therefore, cautioned his son to be careful. Two weeks passed. Saturday evening came, and Ray's train was due. "We will have them stay over Sunday and go with us to church," the mother suggested, as they all stood at the gate watching a distant curve in the road for a glimpse of the train. Presently a horseman rounded the curve, his horse gaited to that long lope peculiar to the Western saddle horse of early days. As he came nearer and nearer they recognized John Playtor, who a few minutes later dismounted at the gate. "I have sad news for you, dear friends," said he, "but we will hope for the best. The Indians surprised us last night stampeded our animals, and took Ray prisoner." The mother, weeping bitterly, cried: "Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy!" "Dear Mrs. Ven-

ley," said John, "try to be calm, for all may yet be well.

"General Crosby is in Rogue River Valley with a number of volunteers. I am going over for help, and I feel hopeful that we may find Ray all right. Rest assured, Mrs. Venley, nothing shall be left undone."

The General led his wife into the house, and Emily, turning to John, gave him her hand, saying: "God bless you, Mr. Playtor!"

Their eyes met in a thrill of love. How entrancing that first beam of intelligence between one's-self and the being we adore, that moment of mysterious charm before words depict our feelings! John felt there was no task too difficult to accomplish for her sake. Clasping her yielding form in his strong arms, he murmured: "Dearest, is there anything I would not attempt if I could make you happy?"

The full moon was just above the horizon. "I'm in luck," he said, "to have the moonlight, for I must be with the troops by day-break." Then raising his hat to Emily, he touched his jingling spurs to his horse, and was soon lost to sight down the road.

John was Emily's hero now, and she breathed a silent prayer for his safe return, as she walked hurriedly up the path to the house.

The General had decided to start at dawn next morning for Rogue River Valley, to join with the troops in their search for his son.

"I saw Parker to-day, Emily," said her father, "and he has made arrangements with several neighbors to 'fort up' at his house every night while the hostile Indians are so near. He said: 'You can't tell when these Cultus red savages will sneak in on you.'"

"Do you think there is much danger, father?" asked Emily.

"No; I think he is unnecessarily alarmed, but, during my absence, I wish you and mother to accept his invitation. I will feel you are better protected, and besides, you would be very lonely here by yourselves."

The General had been in battles with the Mexicans, and had often thought he would like a little experience in fighting Indians; now he had a two-fold reason, and felt like exterminating the entire race. He was anxious, therefore, to be off, and sunrise next morning found him so far on his way that he reached the troops' encampment before night fall.

He was informed by the captain that John Playtor had arrived at day-break that morning, and after eating a hasty breakfast, had been equipped with a fresh horse and twenty troops to assist him in searching for his son.

"Not more than half an hour," said the Captain, "was spent in preparation, before all were galloping down the river trail."

The General's anxiety was somewhat relieved by this information, but next morning he was the first one ready to join a party of scouts to proceed further up the valley.

As they neared an isolated farm house, they saw a woman standing in the doorway, her face discolored with grim powder, her heavy black hair falling over neck and shoulders, and grasping in her right hand a gun, while her left arm encircled a little four year old girl. "Look out, men," cautioned the Captain, "there has been a massacre here, but I'll send that squaw to the happy hunting grounds."

As he raised his revolver, the little girl cried out cheerily: "Mamma, there is the Captain," and reached her tiny hands toward him.

Lowering his revolver and holding to the saddle for support, he exclaimed: "My God! It's Mrs. Wagoner and little Sophie, and I came so near shooting." They dismounted and entered the house. There lay the husband, dead, with a bullet hole through his brain.

The Indians had attacked the house soon after dark, shooting through the window. Each fire had been returned as rapidly as Mr. Wagner and his wife could reload their old muzzle-loading rifles, until about midnight, when he received the fatal shot, leaving his wife to battle alone. The brave little woman, equal to the occa-

sion, however, kept on shooting till the bullets were exhausted, then using powder caps, thus making the Indians believe she was still prepared for them. As daylight approached, the savages skulked away, leaving Mrs. Wagner alone with her dead husband and little Sophie, who had been wounded in one arm.

All went to work and loaded a wagon with the few household goods, and on top of the load laid the brave pioneer, wrapped in blankets, and strapped to a wide board.

The grief-stricken widow mounted her riding pony, and with a driver and several escorts, among them "Captain," tenderly holding in his arms little Sophie, the sad procession started for Jacksonville, the nearest town.

The General returned to camp with the remaining scouts, where they found General Crosby and every troop mounted, ready to pursue the Indians. A scout had just returned and reported having seen the smoke of the Indians' signal further down the river. After hours of hard riding along narrow trails, they turned the point of a high bluff and came in sight of John Playtor and the troops. They had surprised and captured ten Indians.

A short distance below, John had found an Indian canoe, in which lay the multilated remains of Ray Venley. The poor, unfortunate boy had been scalped, his fingers and toes cut off, and one eye-ball removed. The father, overcome with grief at the discovery, turned away, for well he knew the mutilation had taken place before death.

After placing the body on a litter with straps so arranged that four Indian prisoners could carry it, they all started for camp. Their progress was necessarily slow on account of the narrow trail, but the Indians, accustomed to trails, walked on with a sure step, arriving in camp before dark.

Next morning a wagon was procured, and the General, accompanied by John and a driver, started with the body for Green Valley, to the home where waited the sorrowing mother and sister.

"John," said the General, as they came within sight of home, "will you go ahead and break the sad news to my wife and daughter?"

"Certainly, General, if you wish it," and he galloped on, reaching the gate far in advance of the wagon. It was just after sunset, and Emily and her mother were coming down the pathway. It was their time to leave for the Fort. A great lump was rising in John's throat. He was thinking: "how can I ever tell them!" when Mrs. Venley, with a mother's instinct, said: "I know my son is killed. Tell me all—I am prepared for the worst."

"I am deeply grieved to tell you we found him too late. His remains are in that wagon you see approaching."

It was a sorrowful household that sat in front of the big, open fireplace in the Venley home that night.

John had ridden over to the Fort to inform the neighbors of the General's sad return, and to make preparations for the funeral.

Ray had been a great favorite in the valley, and it was a solemn procession that followed his mutilated body next day to the graveyard on the hill.

A few months later the hostile Indians were rounded up and sent off to a reservation. Peace, therefore, brought contentment again throughout that section of the country, and every Sunday the school house was crowded with people to hear the new minister. They came on horseback and in wagons drawn by old, slow oxen; one family walked, the pet pig trotting behind.

One Sunday in September, it was announced to the congregation that a camp meeting would hold forth down on the creek about four miles distant.

Early on the appointed day came people, their wagons loaded with good things to eat; several brought cooking stoves, others their old Dutch-ovens; live chickens were brought to be killed when wanted, the favorite cows were there to supply milk.

All was bustle and noise. Lumber borrowed from the new saw mill near by was soon made into a high platform to serve as pulpit, and furnished with half a dozen raw-hide bottomed chairs, while in front, and at the sides of the pulpit, were arranged wide plank seats with a thick layer of straw underneath.

By 11 o'clock Sunday, hundreds of people were gathered there; five ministers who had come from the Willamette Valley, occupied chairs on the platform with the pastor. Near the pulpit a number of chairs had been arranged, on which sat the elderly ladies, in neat dresses of gingham and wool-de-lain, and new sunbonnets.

The entire congregation, in a state of expectancy, looked toward the pulpit as one of the preachers stepped forward, and in clear tones, lined out the old hymn:

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

The congregation rose to its feet. first only a few sang, then others, taking courage, cleared their throats and joined in. By the time they reached the last verse:

'Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,"

everyone would be singing.

The sermon over, then came the greeting and handshaking, till attention was called to the dinner. In front of each tent were two or three long tables, beside which stood the owner calling in a loud voice: "Now friends, dinner is ready; come right along. Everybody is welcome; here is abundance for all. If any of you go hungry, it will be your own fault."

The cordial invitation, together with the savory odor of hot chicken pot-pie, venison, green corn on the cob, rich pumpkin and dried apple pies, and so forth, soon brought a crowd to the tables.

In the background stood the little Indian boy who attended school, and squatted by him was his father and mother, all eating a hand-out of good things, which they pronounced: "Hyas close mucamuc," i. e., very good food.

When the Indians were sent to the Reservation, this family had been allowed to remain.

At 2 p. m. there was another sermon, but at early candle-lighting was the most interesting portion of the religious program. Tall home-made tallow candles placed in front of large tin reflectors, together with a number of lanterns swinging from overhanging boughs, caused the owls to move over in the next grove, and the rattlesnakes to hunt for shelter.

Each evening the service consisted of a short sermon interspersed with vivid descriptions of death bed scenes, and singing of such rousing, good, old fashioned hymns as:

"Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

Through all the singing could be heard two or three preachers exhorting the worldly people to come forward to the mourners' bench, and be prayed for. By 10 o'clock the bench would be crowded with old and young, and while the woods were ringing with that old hymn: "Shout, for the Lord is in the Camp!" the religious excitement would overflow, and six or eight women and men would clap their hands, shouting for joy. By 11 o'clock all were in bed and the candles blown out. Then, back from the neighboring groves, flew the owls, and whooed in the trees, the barking coyotes came nearer, the cattle low'd, but the hardy pioneers slept peacefully on. The meeting continued about a month. The last Sunday afternoon the congregation was treated to a surprise. Immediately after the sermon, and before the benediction was pronounced, the pastor, in loud, clear tones, said: "I will now join in the holy bonds of matrimony John Playtor and Emily Venley." A hum of admiration went through the crowd as the handsome couple stood before the altar and plighted their troth "till death us do part."

Next day the meeting closed, and a few hours later the camp-ground was deserted.

A Game of Stepping Stones

By Alice Eccles

SHE BUSTLED into my vision at a garden party where she heard I was a society reporter on the town paper, and sought my acquaintance without delay. Then I knew Mrs. Elvert for a climber, and thereafter watched with interest her manner of mounting the social ladder, and grieved at the price she paid for that endeavor. That day at the garden party she invited me glibly to join the group at her table. The table was placed in a rose-covered arbor, where half a dozen women of frivolous mien and grey hair, were sipping fruit punch and gossipping, without malice, about the young girls who brought sandwiches, flitting in and out the arbors in their white dresses. Mrs. Elvert was distinct in the thoughtless set. Her grey-green eyes like gooseberries were fixed in the pallor of her tense face over a straight, well-sized, well-shaped nose. Her lips were thin and the frequent laugh exposed one front tooth noticeably white in the yellowish row.

Her manner was desperately ingratiating as she seated me at her right elbow, and I saw that the lace on her short sleeves was frayed and not overclean as she served me with the pink punch, beverage of the garden party. Taking the glass from her hand, I felt the keen eyes that seemed to scan my face for a hint toward her method of approach. After the swift scrutiny, she assumed a sudden confidential air, whispering:

"Tell me, you see so much of the social whirl, isn't it all a foolish game?"

I glanced around the garden with its several transparent arbors built for a summer day, and decorated with the easily grown, quickly blown, red roses of the West. In and out these airy houses the young girls, like white, overgrown butterflies, darted with the restlessness of youth that will enjoy an hour frolic before the sunset. It was a foolish game, perhaps, but the game of youth. I turned to Mrs. Elvert's faded, eager face, and answered lightly:

'Not foolish for the girls. They look so young and pretty to-day."

She edged closer to me, covering her mouth with a secretive gesture of her hand. The hand had known toil. There were the tokens of housework in the cracked skin and scrubby nails. She talked from behind this screen in her low, nervous voice:

"There's Mrs. Loonley, the younger one, you know. She ran away with Nick, and now they say that old Mrs. Loonley won't speak to her. What could his mother expect? He was at the girl's house every evening in the week, and Mrs. Loonley thought that just because she was not in his set that they would not marry. She's a pretty girl, and good enough for that silly boy."

Mrs. Loonley with her young, smiling face, passed at that moment and nodded to Mrs. Elvert with the crisp gaiety of a bride to whom all life is summer. Mrs. Elvert returned the greeting with obvious pride, and a furtive glance at me.

"She is giving a tea next week, and she has asked myself and my daughter, Marian," commented Mrs. Elvert, with studied carelessness. "Mrs. Loonley will surely have to appear at the tea given by her son's wife, and

she should invite some of her old friends," she speculated with the reasoning of the socially ambitious. I did not reply, thinking of the devious ways this woman had of becoming acquainted with the truly important ones in the social clique, but Mrs. Elvert did not notice my lapse. She had forgotten me. Looking intently at the rose covered gate beyond the first arbor, her gaze was fixed now upon a woman who entered slowly, calmly, with an imposing demeanor and garbed in a black lace shawl.

"Mrs. Reesing," Mrs. Elvert exclaimed in an abject whisper.

The older woman, attracted perhaps by some hypnotism of the eyes, watching from our table, moved majestically toward us. She was the social arbiter of the town, and was conscious of her power, albeit a bit anxious that the press should not inquire too closely into her early history. (She was said at least to have had a workaday past in a mining town.) As she came toward us that afternoon, Mrs. Reesing was a repetition, if somewhat in caricature, of the grande dame that one may meet at any garden party in any American city. She was potentially the matron of means and obviously possessed brains without the distinction of breeding or intellect. Her shoulders were well thrown back, almost too well erect her head, and her face a trifle baggy from over-massage. There was a puffiness around her small grey eyes, and her hair was arranged so carefully over the ears that one thought vaguely of wigs without the certainty that she had recourse to that form of deception. She wore a neat bonnet of black trimmed with lavender flowers of an expensive French variety, and her Italian lace shawl was draped over a rich silk gown. She had been abroad once. Her social career had been in the town, and she lacked the polish of manner that might have come to her with meeting more and varied people in a metropolitan set. As she walked nearer, she swept our group with her lorgnette, and bowed to an old woman in a gown of grey and orchid shades, whose son owned one of the large newspapers of the West. She went toward the woman in grey, and bowed to me as she passed. That nod of recognition thrown to me from the great lady was observed by Mrs. Elvert, who saw her course clearly with me from that moment. She fastened herself to me with a resolute hooking of her right arm into my left, and we walked away together out of the garden. We strolled along the street where roses on either side of the walk gave the town an aspect of the proverbial peaceful suburban district, the nestling spot of established homes where social unrest could not exist, and never was known. Mrs. Elvert chatted with forced gaiety, but growing more confidential subtly. She ventured a query:

"Have you known Mrs. Reesing a long time?"

I told Mrs. Elvert that I knew Mrs. Reesing very well.

"She is such a good mother, and quite devoted to her husband, I hear," pursued Mrs. Elvert, "that I cannot believe the other story about her doubtful origin and her life in Nevada. Can you?" ingeniously inquired the climber.

"No one believes such stories," I explained. "But people must talk, you know."

We came at that moment to the turn in the road, where I paused to say good-bye to Mrs. Elvert. We heard at once the soft crunching of wheels and turned together to face Mrs. Reesing's carriage. The society leader spied the society reporter, and signaled her man to stop. Mrs. Elvert was in a nervous flutter of expectation and we approached the carriage.

Mrs. Reesing, encircled in velvet wrappings, extended a lavender gloved hand to me, and with a wrinkled smile murmured, in her cracked voice:

"Good afternoon, my dear."

Mrs. Elvert's opportunity had found her in my company. She purred and waited as if some beneficent goddess were about to pour the gift of the uni-

verse into her waiting hand. I introduced Mrs. Elvert to Mrs. Reesing, and the grey-green eyes shone with undisguised delight. A trio, each with nothing to say to the other, we chatted a moment over the obvious success of the garden party, and then the wonderful moment for one of us arrived. Mrs. Reesing was asking us in her sharp falsetto to come to luncheon at her home, "Sky Plains," on the following Tuesday. We promised to come, and a thin eager face shone with gratified vanity. Mrs. Elvert said good-bye effusively, and Mrs. Reesing drove on, with her lavender sunshade carefully shading her keen old eyes from the sun.

Mrs. Elvert gave a great sigh of satisfaction. "Isn't she charming?" she breathed ecstatically. "She will surely send Marian a card for her Saturday night dances. You must come to luncheon with me to-morrow," she pleaded, looking up at me in my role of social benefactor.

It was at luncheon next day at her home that Mrs. Elvert frankly confessed her ambitions and social necessities. As we sat at the table, I stirred my tea, thoughtfully, watching those thin lips as she talked. Strange, ran my meditation, when those restless lips reveal her petty schemes I am repelled, and yet there was a pity for Becky Sharp.

"What are you thinking?" she asked abruptly.

"Nothing," I rejoined laconically, sipping tea.

"I want you to think," she retorted, impatiently. "How am I to get that invitation, and get it for Marian in the right way?"

The grey-green eyes riveted on my face, but I shrugged my shoulders, reaching for a piece of bread. I broke the bread while she eyed me cunningly.

"Don't you think, dearie, that I should have it?" she wheedled.

"Why?" I asked, smiling at her anxious face.

She reached toward me, putting her small, ill-kept hand on my shoulder. "Because it means position for myself and my children. I've got to keep up now," she added vehemently. "Since my husband failed in business, we have been going steadily down hill. We'll have the money again some day, I know, and I must not let go at this time."

"No, of course not," I admitted.

"Well, then——" She held her breath expectantly.

"I cannot promise," I began, and her pale cheeks colored slightly.

"But you will," she pleaded. "Such a little thing for you to ask Mrs. Reesing for a card for a debutante, and you don't know what it means to me."

I marveled at the pinched face, the eyes underscored with lines, the thin lips tremulous.

"I'll do it," I said decisively.

"You must," she said, half-pathetically. "I must ask you for these things. My husband is indifferent to the social future of the children. It will be difficult for me to dress Marian properly for the dances, but he doesn't seem to care. He seems stupid lately, and I'm tired of his indifference."

It occurred to me that a word of warning to Mrs. Elvert about her indifference to her poor, overworked husband would not be amiss. He was a tragic and lonely figure in the background, an unhappy failure to his family and the world. Yet how can one speak of such things? Every one knew that he was ill and nearing the end, except this woman, who stood closest to him, but all absorbed in her game on the social playground.

"I've heard of your husband," I said. "He has helped so many young men in the beginning of their careers and has been written about so much in the papers for his discriminating charity."

"Yes, he was written up while we were rich," she remarked, sneeringly. "He has nothing to give now, so they do not write about him. I wish that he had attended to his own ambitions instead of helping other people." I

knew that she meant her ambitions, but I kept discreetly silent.

Before the day appointed for Mrs. Reesing's luncheon I had telephoned several people on behalf of the budding Marian. She promptly received the coveted card for the Saturday night dances, was invited to join the Sunrise Dramatic Club, the Girls' Recreation Society, and the Marigold Sewing Circle. Her social future was made, Mrs. Elvert informed me. She was an ecstatic mother, and Marian helped her with the sewing of white lace on the seams of the old black silk dress that was to be resurrected for the Reesing luncheon. In the whipping of faded seams into new folds there was many a bitter comment doubtless between mother and daughter on the fact of their poverty and a secret resentment against the husband and father who had failed miserably in the game with his fellow men, stronger of brain and bolder in courage. The ineffable morning arrived, and I glanced during breakfast at the society column where Mrs. Reesing's informal luncheon was mentioned. Among those who would be present was the name of Mrs. Elvert written to her eyes, I smiled to myself, in letters of fire. But—what was this small item adjoining the society chat? Just opposite that frivolous announcement about the party was a death notice. What horrible jest of fate when the game was about to begin for the overstrained little climber? It was impossible to believe but here was a meagre note of the sudden death of Mr. Elvert the evening before. I sat dazed for a moment thinking of the significance of this awful event in the moth-like lives of mother and daughter. The collapse of Mrs. Elvert's social schemes and all her effort negated by the untimely death of one whom she despised, or at least completely ignored in her scheme of existence. How would she take it, I wondered. Had the game, with its tortuous twinings in and out of people's lives, using this person and that as if they were puppets, had this game left her a remnant of sentiment for one who had been only a poor hindrance in the play of achievement? Was there perhaps some dormant affection in her heart for that neglected husband that might flame again in the face of the catastrophe, and might come to light Mrs. Elvert toward a better realization of the values of life? I remembered widows before whose thoughts immediately turned, with the death of their husbands, to the romance of their youth, and whose whole after life was sweetened and freshened with the memory of the vitalizing love of long ago. What would Mrs. Elvert's invitation to Mrs. Reesing's luncheon mean to-day?

Well, I went to see Mrs. Elvert and found her seated in her little drawing room surrounded by the three blonde children. They were a dazed group and whimpering. They petted their mother ineffectually, and she hardly knew that they existed. She sat in the chair that they had brought for her and rocked herself to and fro hopelessly. The pallor of her face was ghastly, and the grey-green eyes had a strange, changed look. It was that look of understanding that comes to every human being when they have lost a false security in life, when the treacherous ground under one's feet has slipped away irrevocably. In her loneliness, the meanness of her aims was thrust upon her as only death can thrust the facts of itself upon the most frivolous.

"He is gone," she said to me with simple tragedy.

I left her without speaking. There was nothing after all to tell a broken woman who knew now that her little world had crumbled, and that her love had died while she played the game of stepping stones.

The Glory of Strength

By Lou Rodman Polley

BEAUTY saw him first when he led Yale, howling, to victory in the great Harvard-Yale football game. And, in five minutes, Beauty said enough with her thick-lashed eyes and tinted dimples, to make The Strong Man glory in his strength as never before. For Beauty declared she worshiped strength. Her friends said it was a fad; but Beauty believed herself a reincarnation of some soul from that era in Rome when strength was adored.

Beauty saw him next when he won the Marathon race, and her heart thrilled with pride that neither silver cups nor wreaths of victory could detain him. He came straight to her—read his fate in her eyes, and so, in time, they were married.

And lived happily ever afterward? No, this is not a fairy tale. It is the story of a real man who has many times gazed down that crowded street you know so well. It is the story of a real woman who is thinking new lines in her beautiful face to-day.

The bridegroom had a slow, little wholesale business, with a slow, reliable partner. It was sure, safe, but the returns were not large. Beauty arranged the rooms in her modest home. She placed the carrara statuette of "The Athlete," the bronze bas-relief of "The Wrestlers," the photos of "The Marathon Race," and hung in the best light her wedding present, a great painting of "Samson Bearing the Gates." And when the novelty of arranging her new home wore off, Beauty fretted and shed surface tears; for this was the first experience of her short life when money was not poured out in her behalf. She had been dressed, traveled and had always moved in the smartest set, with the avowed purpose of getting her properly settled. Having married her into a good family to a popular young man, her uncle, who had furnished the funds, gladly washed his hands of her. But now Beauty was out of the old swim, and she wept, and her tears stung her Strong Man like the blows of a whip.

"With all my might of strength, to make you sit back from your crowd. It's absurd! Don't cry, little dewdrop, I'll find a way. I've got to. I've got the strength—just wait and see."

So he and his partner decided he should go to Alaska, and send furs directly to their New York house.

He went. The venture prospered. Their bank balance showed a goodly line of figures. Beauty was back in her old set; but she was lonely, and the letters she wrote The Strong Man made him throw back his magnificent shoulders and swear that for him the word impossible did not exist. But it did. One stormy night the ill-starred old schooner, "The Clara Nevada," came reeling through the icebergs, up the Alaskan coast. The rotten old craft had been battened up to catch some of the '98 gold rush, and to-night, overloaded with cattle, with a hundred passengers crowded on, she struck a gale that threw her on her side in the sea trough, where she wallowed helplessly with mountains of icebergs tearing past, and threatening to sink her every plunge she made. She was beaten far out of her course, but even had she been opposite a life saving station, no boat would have put out in such a gale; and the chances of

shooting a line to her as she plunged and the icebergs intervened, would not have been worth hoping for. But, there was no life station, only a little group of white men and Indians who stood helpless on the shore, while "The Clara's" rockets burned holes in the sleety sky, pleading for help for the hundred souls aboard; and "The Clara's" gun—its voice smothered by the roar of the storm, made a lesser sound than the great, ice-bearing waves that reared high—high, and came crashing down with a report like a broadside, scattering into icy spray on the rocks at the feet of the little group of watchers. Dully, "The Clara Nevada's" gun boomed, steadily her rockets sent up the vain plea for help. By the light of her rockets, they saw the gates up and a band of desperate men running the terrified, struggling cattle into the sea. The last resort to lighten her and keep her afloat.

"They are putting up a brave fight. I can't stand this any longer. I've got to help."

The Strong Man was slipping from his clothes as he spoke.

"I've got to get a line to 'em."

He silenced all objections. "Hold steady there. I'm strong enough for anything."

Is there an actual demon of the sea? And does it sometimes rise in its might to show boasting man how puny he is? The giant hand of the sea seized "The Clara Nevada," and wrenched her under the ice capped waves. She lies down there to-day, and of the hundred loved forms that went down with her, only one battered corpse ever came to human gaze.

And The Strong Man with the line, swimming high, diving low, making steadily toward the ship? Did the ocean hear his boast? It whirled him in a smother of salty ice—it tossed him to and fro—beat and gashed him against jagged icebergs till he lay limp and senseless as drifting seaweed. Then, with a roar of scorn, it lifted its plaything aloft on its topmost crest and dashed it—a crushed and broken thing, on the rocky shore.

And it was high noon next day before The Thing, that would never again be The Strong Man, groaned its first tribute to the long agony that stood ready to take its place as master.

"Now," said the greatest surgeon of the one and only New York. "The pain will always be worse nights—though I know it is hard enough at all times. I am leaving you a phial full of one-half grain morphine tablets with the hypodermic set. You know how to use the needle. I haven't three patients in the city I'd dare do this with; but I know you, lad; know you from toes to cardiac sac. You'll cheer up, boy. You've got money enough to last while you last. You've got the loveliest wife in the city, your wheeled chair, and, for the pain—praise the man who discovered morphine." And he laid the little silver case on a stand in easy reach of the bed.

"He has only a few years at most: let him get through with as little torture as possible," muttered the great surgeon as he stepped into his limousine. Then he added, comfortably:

"It's a mercy he can't live long, scarred and crippled as he is; besides, he hasn't money enough to last many years, and he is in much better shape to bury than to go broke."

Day by day The Thing that had been The Strong Man gained strength, and by and bye its wheeled chair, bent figure and face, bearded to cover the hideous scars, became familiar on the Exchange. Always careful, crafty, cool. Making decisions the world called supernatural, but which were the result of careful planning and watching for months.

And Beauty? Once, long ere Beauty was a bride, she was at a "first night." The plot was unique, weird. When at the last the wicked lover won the Queen of Love, and clasped her close to his panting breast—the lights blinked—the stage went dark only for a moment. But when the lights came back, instead of the Queen of Love, the man was clasping in his arms the phosphorescent, mouldering corpse of the wife he had murdered long ago.

It was horrible. And, later, Beauty seated in an ivy covered grotto, eating daintily shaped ices, flirted her fan, said it was horrible, and that she would never go to see it again. But now it, or something very like it, had come right into Beauty's tapestry-hung, flower perfumed home, and it had come to stay.

At first she wept, struggled and denied it. But most of all, she wept. She never came into the room where The Thing struggled in its agony, but she only burst into tears. It took a whole year for her to adjust herself. Then she took the advice of the friend who said there was no sense in burying herself alive. So she spent her summers at Newport, or took long cruises with yachting friends and winters she ran over to Paris or Venice.

Once she had lowered her eyes and asked The Thing to accompany her to Newport; and The Thing had said what she hoped, that he was too busy. Still, Beauty felt that Fate had dealt hardly with her, as she so worshiped strength. One summer there came a day when she doubted the finality of Fate's move. For, at Newport, came to her another athlete. His shoulders were splendid, his muscles mighty and his face all unscarred. He found this wife harder to win than a maiden, so he put much power and passion in his wooing, more even than he remembered to have done before, and he was a man of many loves. Soon gossip waxed amain, and was carried, losing nothing on the journey, to the noisy, smoking metropolis. By this time, neither Beauty nor her lover cared for a little thing like scandal. Their plans were completed. They would fly to laughing Paris. Beauty was very gay, for again she should rule in the heart of a strong man, and she believed after a little shuffling of red tape, she should be his wife. The Lover, too, was very gay, but not because he saw matrimony in his near future; but this was his ninetieth wrestle with Cupid, and again he had won. Besides, he had left a cup half drained in a Paris boudoir, and his pulse quickened at the thought of returning. One evening they sat in the moonlight on a deserted esplanade and he held her hand to his lips and leaned against her knees.

She wondered why the memory of an unpleasant sound should force itself upon that moment? No, it *was* the sound. The slight creaking of the mechanism of a wheeled chair. Before she could cry out, or The Lover rise, the wheeled chair was before them, holding The Thing, who had grown thinner and paler in each of the four years since he had been The Thing. Twisted and scarred and bearded, but with big, brilliant eyes that seemed to send out a flame that withered the foliage of their sophistries and exposed the foul, slimy shape of coarse named shame. The Lover would have slunk away, but one of the maimed hands made a gesture, so potent that the huge bulk of muscles stopped and trembled. Coldly, calmly, the husband spoke of legal freedom for Beauty, and was The Lover ready to take this woman for his wife? And The Lover, turning many shades of red, stammered and mumbled out that he was not—for years to come would not be in a position to marry. Then, one by one, the frozen voice dragged forth confessions of The Lover's scattered harem, to which the young wife was to have been added. And Beauty, clinging to the wheeled chair, hid her face in horror and cried: "Send him away! Oh, send him away." A movement of the deformed hand, and The Lover skulked from sight, and The Thing's pounding heart shook his feeble body and rattled the wheel chair. He returned at once to New York, and the next day Beauty followed him. For days she kept her room and cried her violet eyes red and longed for something strong to cling to. At length, in utter desolation she thought of the marred hands that by a gesture had held the powerful athlete trembling, and by a slight wave had sent him rushing from her outraged sight. And the thought of clinging to even those

broken hands brought comfort to her. So, of an early morning, while all the house slept, she stole to her husband's room.

But she did not ask for pardon —did not reach out the dimpled softness of her hands to clasp his, for the reason that his hands were very cold and pale, stiff and unclaspable. He had been dead all night, they said. The great surgeon who had known them since they were children, came to the house of mourning and stood by the widow's side in the death chamber. "It's a miracle he lasted so long, my dear," he consoled. "His sufferings were terrible." (The ghastly face on the pillow corroborated this.) He was a strong man. He might have found relief from pain, but he would keep his brain clear to make a fortune for you. He lasted until he made it, my dear; you've a fortune in your own name, all safely invested. You will never know want. I don't think even death could put him on the mat till he had made you safe. But he suffered—suffered horribly and denied himself relief."

The surgeon lifted the little silver hypodermic case, and touching the spring that opened it, held up the phial of morphine tablets. Not one had been removed.

"And for four years he has battled through the awful nights, looking forward to the hopeless days, with relief within reach of his hand—and resisted. Your husband was a strong man, my dear, such a strength is man's glory."

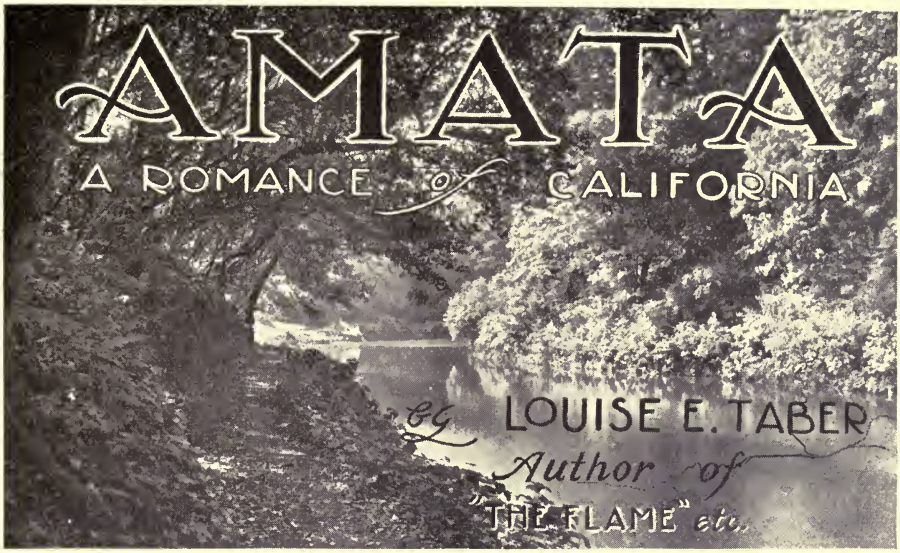
Somewhere in Beauty's self-bound little brain a buckle slipped, and she longed to cry out to all the surging life of city, hamlet, farm and forest hut—she prayed for power to tell them to look within the soul of cripple, of school girl—of mother and grandsire, to look quickly before it was too late, and they might find a glory of strength greater than Homer sang.

THE ROAD-SONG

The wanderlust may find you—
The gipsy-thongs may bind you.
The lure of trails unbroken
May call you from my side;
But the dream-god will remind you,
Of the hills you left behind you—
Awake the home-sick longings,
When the miles are free and wide.

The gipsy-god may bless you—
The vagrant sands caress you.
The silver-throated vespers
May call at close of day.
In pilgrim-garb they'll dress you—
At secret shrines confess you,
But your heart you'll leave behind you,
In the home-land far away.

CHART PITT.



XIV.

MR. VAN DORN left his office in San Francisco an hour earlier than usual, and when he reached San Mateo in his motor car, he ordered it to stop in the street back of the Peninsula Hotel. As he alighted, he told the chauffeur not to wait. When the car sped out of sight, he started on his way to the Crystal Springs road. He was exceedingly cautious that his going to Amata's home might not be discovered by Marcella or his wife, because he knew the insulting remarks they would make about his defenseless child. When he reached Amata's garden, he paused and looked about. He saw no one, and heard no sound in the hut. He went to the rough, whitewashed entrance and knocked. He found the old man sitting by the window at the end of the room.

"Good evening! Am I intruding?" The violinist rose. "You are always welcome, Mr. Van Dorn."

"Thank you." The millionaire looked at the old fellow with sympathy and admiration. There was a quiet dignity in his manner that commanded respect.

"Will you sit here?" He placed a chair for his guest with the ease of one who could see.

"I stopped in to see if there is anything I can do for you," Mr. Van Dorn began. As Amata was not there, he could not speak of his offer to her, not knowing whether she had confided in her foster father.

"It is kind of you to think of us," the old man said with gratitude. "It takes very little to satisfy us, and the people are kind and generous."

"I am glad. You must have been pleased last night with Amata's success. I never have heard her sing better."

"Yes. I didn't want her to sing again, accompanied by an orchestra, because it stimulates her love for the stage, But I couldn't refuse Miss Gordon."

"The child deserves a bright future," Mr. Van Dorn assured him. "There is something in her that commands admiration and respect."

The violinist smiled with happy pride. "You don't know how deeply I thank you. Your love for your own daughter makes you understand my anxiety for Amata. I'm always uneasy when she goes out alone. If all

men were like you, I should have nothing to fear."

Mr. Van Dorn did not speak at once. Pain came into his eyes, and he wished he could confide in this gentle old man and receive some comfort and sympathy.

"I am sure you must be a good father," the Italian added, after a thoughtful moment. "Amata, poor child, never has known the happiness of a father's devotion."

"Do you think she wishes to know anything concerning him?" Mr. Van Dorn asked, with a touch of emotion.

"I don't know. I have no desire to set her against him, because I always have had the hope that some day we shall find him, and if he is the right kind now, I want her to be willing to go to him."

"Can you identify him?"

The violinist leaned back and some time passed before he spoke. Mr. Van Dorn studied him with a throbbing heart.

"I wish I could see you, but I trust you as I never have trusted any man before, unless Mr. Gordon is the one exception. I have a different feeling for you, somehow. Would you be willing to help me, if you could?"

"Yes."

"Then I will show you something. Don't tell Amata. I never have let her see it. She would want to wear it, because it belonged to her mother." He slowly unbuttoned his blue flannel shirt. "I don't know who the child's father is, nor how high he may have risen in the world, and as Amata trusts all who are kind to her, I have been afraid this might be shown to the wrong person and be the cause of trouble. When she is a little older and knows the world better, I'll give this into her keeping." The old man's deft fingers were fumbling with something at his throat, and presently he drew forth a locket and chain and put them into Mr. Van Dorn's hand.

The millionaire sat with bated breath. His heart was throbbing madly, and he stifled an exclamation. He was holding the locket that he had given his lost Amata! Her beautiful image rose before his dazzled eyes, and he felt again the pressure of her lips when he had fastened the chain about her throat. In silent anguish and joy, he pressed the little locket to his lips, as though it were a living thing.

"Open it!" The old man's voice seemed to come from afar, and he slowly obeyed with trembling fingers. He knew what he would find, and his eyes rested unseeingly on the two pictures that had been taken for his lost love. The past came to him with such tormenting vividness that he saw only his log cabin and his trusting, faithful Amata. At last he realized that the old man was waiting for him to speak.

"This is Amata's father, I suppose?" he slowly asked.

"Yes. It was only on the mother's deathbed that she told me anything of her life in Gold Hill. She said that he had given her this locket, and that she had promised never to part with it. I know that she intended to tell me the name of the man who should have been her husband, but death came too soon. It is strange that she loved him until the end. Not even his cruel treatment killed the affectionate remembrance of their happy days."

Mr. Van Dorn could not speak. The torment of longing and regret that swept over him almost robbed him of his self control.

"What do you think of him?" the old man asked, when the long silence had not been broken. "I used to study those pictures before I lost my sight, and I could not understand how a man with a face like his could have been devoid of honor, love and kindness."

Mr. Van Dorn's ravished eyes were raised to the old man in a plea for pity and forgiveness.

"I was studying the pictures," he said, with an effort to hide his emotion. "I am trying to think if I ever have seen him. I used to be in Gold Hill looking after mines."

The Italian bent forward. "Can you help me find him?"

"I'll try. Perhaps he is longing for his child."

"That is my hope. I don't want to lose Amata, but I can't think that her father would part us after all the years I have kept her from harm."

"Don't fear that you will lose her. You always can rely upon my aid."

The violinist held out his hand and Mr. Van Dorn pressed it affectionately.

"Perhaps you had better give me the locket. Amata will return and I don't want her to see it."

Mr. Van Dorn gave the case a last loving glance, and as he watched the old man fasten the chain about his throat, he had a great longing to confess. He knew that he must some day, and it would be before long, he thought. The iron will of the adventurous man was broken, and he knew that the truth was forcing its way into the light. It was only his dread of the chaos that must follow his confession that made him cling to his secret.

"I must go home to dinner," he said opening his watch and closing it without giving it a glance. "I want to thank you for the confidence you have in me. The day will come when you will find that you have not trusted me in vain."

"Thank you," he said. "If you can help me find Amata's father, and make him understand the crime he has committed, I shall feel that you have come to me like a messenger from heaven."

Mr. Van Dorn went away with hope and remorse battling in his heart. The past was relieved with sorrow and joy. But he dared not think of the future. What would be the result when his secret was revealed?

* * * *

"We are going to make five dollars to-morrow night," Amata said, when she returned to the hut. "I met Mrs. Marston in her motor car as I came home just now, and she asked me to come and sing two or three songs to-morrow evening. She is going to have an informal gathering, and I'm to sing about ten o'clock while ices are being served on the lawn."

When they had finished their light supper, the old man stretched out in the chair to have his accustomed sleep.

"I'm going to sprinkle the flowers," Amata told him as she took the pillow from his cot and slipped it under his head.

While she attended to the flowers, the golden red sun was sinking and tinged the sky with gorgeous pink and purple tints. She looked up at the varying glory, and the beauty of it brought a low, joyous song to her lips. The afterglow was fading, and she was still at her task. Some one came along the board walk towards her garden, and Mr. Burke appeared.

"You are always busy," he said, and his eyes lighted in appreciation. "You keep your garden in excellent order." He cast a quick glance about —then his eyes rested again on her. Nothing interested him but the girl.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked. "We must stay out here, because father is sleeping."

A searching look came into his eyes. "I'd rather stay here with you, anyway," he said.

Her expression did not change, as he had hoped it would.

"It is good to see the return of your happiness," he began in a sympathetic tone. "After telling you the other day of the contemptible remarks made by people, I feared that I had done wrong —that you would never recover from the grief of it."

Pain came into her eyes. "I have put the accusations out of my thoughts. People who have said such cruel things can't be in a position to harm us, since you, the Gordons, and Mr. Van Dorn still continue to be our friends."

A spark flared in his eyes at the mention of the millionaire. He had come this evening to please Marcella, and consequently to aid himself, and

there was nothing at which he would stop.

"I am glad that you have such faith. Perhaps you are also thinking of the time when you will be a great artist. Those who are persecuting you now, will be seeking you then. Have you decided to accept my offer?"

"I have been wanting to see you," she returned. "The morning after, my heart had been filled with misery, peace came again, and I knew the course I must follow!"

"Then you are going to accept?" he eagerly asked.

"No, but I thank you for your kindness."

"You refuse!" he echoed, sitting suddenly erect.

"Yes. Something else has been offered, and I am sure that my acceptance will not grieve father."

He turned his shrewd but puzzled gaze on her. "Are you sure that you are not making a mistake?"

"Yes."

"Pardon me if I seem curious, but it is my interest in your welfare that makes me ask if you intend to follow your father's advice and go into servitude in the Gordons' home."

"No. Something far better has been suggested. Perhaps I should tell you, for your kindness warrants it. Money has been offered to perfect my voice for the concert stage, and I am sure father won't refuse."

"You haven't spoken of it yet?"

"No."

"It is a hard fight for a concert singer who has no fame."

"Perhaps, but I have decided to try, and even though I don't make a great success, by voice will be trained and I'll have made enough money to study for the opera."

"You will be starting the wrong way. Some one has been giving you bad advice." His piercing eyes did not leave her face.

Amata shook her head. "It may not be. Time alone can tell."

"Did you confide in any one the offer I made you?"

"I told Miss Gordon, because she would help me with father's consent."

He wondered how he could extort a full confession from her. "Don't you think it would be well for you to confide in me? I hope you understand that I am not merely curious. I want to see you get the best out of life. Are you sure of the person who has made this offer?"

"There is no reason why I should not tell you," Amata slowly said, "but you must promise not to speak of it until the right time comes. Mr. Van Dorn——"

Mr. Burke sprang up. "Van Dorn! To the devil with him?" All the hatred he bore the millionaire was intensified and reflected in his impassioned eyes.

"What do you mean?" Amata gasped.

He pressed his firm lips together. Van Dorn was making a risky effort to outwit him. He put consternation into his voice as he said: "Pardon my exclamation, but it shocked me that he would do such a dastardly thing under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"Let us not speak of it. It is impossible for you to accept anything from him. I thought he was more of a gentleman."

"We can't let it drop like this," she protested. "I have agreed to accept his offer as soon as father gives his consent, and if, as you say, it is impossible for me to take anything from him, I must know it now."

The decision in her voice gave the miner a pleasant surprise. She was not so simple as he had always thought she was.

"I told you that people object to your presence here. It was Mrs. Van Dorn and her daughter who made these remarks, and it is they who wished me to use my influence to make you go away."

Amata drew a sharp breath. "They——"

"Yes, they," he repeated. "Van Dorn knows that his wife and daugh-

ter despise you and never would consent to his giving you a dollar. What is the feeling a man has when he proposes such a thing to a girl, knowing that it must be kept a secret from his wife?"

He saw that she was trembling from the shock of his brutal words.

"Mr. Van Dorn is a gentleman," she said, with sudden firmness. "Don't say again that he is not. He doesn't realize what my position would be in the eyes of the vulgar minded. His heart is too good, his generosity and sympathy too great for him to have such thoughts as you have just expressed."

Mr. Burke eyed her with astonishment, then his anger flared that she should defend Van Dorn with such ardor. Her pale face was animated by a sudden glow of defense and challenge, and in that moment Marcella's wealth and position became trivial things. This girl could stir an intoxicating emotion, and he wanted her, and her alone.

"I realize that I can't accept Mr. Van Dorn's generosity," she presently added in a calmer voice. "This is the second time that you have swept happiness from me, but I understand that you don't wish to be unkind, and I appreciate it."

He brightened. "I am glad that you realize my friendship. How could I let you go blindly into trouble?"

"You couldn't. It is all right, but please go away."

"Reconsider by offer," he urged. "I have no one to object."

She nodded wearily, and he went away. She sank on the ground, and rested her head against the rough stump. Joy had gone out of her life again, leaving her crushed.

XV

Shortly before it was time for her guests to arrive, Mrs. Marston stepped out on the veranda of her home and glanced over the grounds in search of Roy. He was sitting under the pepper tree on the lawn, and she went down to him, but he did not notice her until she was near. She saw that he was deep in thought. Sitting beside him on the rustic bench, she laid her hand on his.

"What are you thinking of, Roy?"

"Of Amata."

"Oh!" she lightly exclaimed, as if the subject was to be instantly dismissed. "What is the trouble between you and Marcella?"

"Her life is too artificial. If she were more like her father, it would be different. It has been only within a week or two that I have had an insight into his real character. He is finer than I had supposed."

"What made you know him better?"

"His sympathetic understanding of Amata and the old man."

Mrs. Marston's eyes slowly turned on him. "Do they need sympathy?"

Roy glanced at her, surprised. "Don't you think so, mother, when they have to beg in the streets?"

"It is sad. The girl should do something better with her voice."

"She hasn't a chance."

His mother's shrewd glance rested on him. "Have you talked with her about it?"

"Yes."

She turned away and frowned. "Mr. Burke seems quite interested in Marcella, doesn't he?" she ventured, after a moment.

"Yes, but he isn't the right kind."

"No," his mother cheerfully agreed. "He isn't refined enough."

Roy shook his head. "It isn't that, mother. It is something else, but so far as refinement is concerned, Marcella is sadly in want of it. The disrespectful way in which she treats her parents proves that."

"She has been allowed to have her own way too much, that's all."

"No, it's the girl. Elsie couldn't be spoiled."

Mrs. Marston gave him a sharp, uncertain glance.

"I'm afraid Marcella is interested in Mr. Burke."

There was no annoyance, no increase of interest in Roy's face.

"I am sure her father and mother would be deeply grieved if she should care for him," he simply said. "But she and Burke might get along well together."

Mrs. Marston saw with bitter disappointment that his heart was dead to Marcella. For five years the mother had hoped for and planned on this marriage for her son. She could foresee Roy's financial possibilities with Mr. Van Dorn's fortune to aid him, but she dared not hint at this, knowing that he was not worldly ambitious. She had expected Mr. Van Dorn to awaken him to his opportunities.

"It troubles me to see the interest Burke is manifesting in Amata," Roy added, after a thoughtful pause.

Mrs. Marston turned on him, and fear crept into her eyes. "Mr. Burke couldn't be deeply interested in her."

"Why not?"

"He may be infatuated," Mrs. Marston returned with an effort to steady her voice, "but he couldn't have serious intentions. She is too far beneath him socially. You must remember that she is a street singer."

"Well, suppose she is! There is nothing dishonest in it. She must support herself and the old man, and she can't leave him when he is blind. It is heroic of her to be willing to work in such a way. She is the bravest, finest girl I know."

A deep color dyed his mother's face.

"Yes, the girl is brave, but that doesn't made it any more plausible for Mr. Burke to want her. A girl in her humble position could only be a burden to a rising, prosperous man. Society wouldn't receive her. She is an outcast and would make him the same. No one can give up easily the associations of a lifetime."

"The people who would turn from a man because he married Amata wouldn't be worthy of the sacrifice he would make if he gave her up," Roy retorted with ardor. "I don't believe in this narrow, priggish distinction drawn by so-called society. It's all nonsense. , Amata is refined, gentle, sweet. What more could any one ask for? I don't know of a man who could compensate for the sacrifice she would make by marrying him, for this would mean, to a great extent, the renouncing of the brilliant future that her voice promises. This is what I was thinking about when you came just now."

Mrs. Marston's fingers tightly gripped the arm of the rustic bench. She understood now why Marcella no longer held a place in Roy's life.

"You won't find many who share your thoughts," she murmured, struggling to force the emotion from her voice. "The Van Dorns——"

"Please don't speak of them. We all know how cramped and ungenerous the mother and daughter are, but let us consider finer people like the Gordons. They treat Amata as their equal. They wouldn't turn from the man who would marry her."

Mrs. Marston did not answer, for a motor car stopped before the gate, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Elsie stepped out.

"Mother and I were just discussing Amata," Roy told them.

"Yes," Mrs. Marston added in a casual tone, from which she crushed all emotion. "We were speaking of the probability of some good man making her his wife." She glanced searchingly at her three friends, but did not find the doubtful look she expected.

"I think," Mr. Gordon answered, "that it will be a mighty lucky fellow who gets her. There certainly is some mystery concerning her birth, but I am convinced that she doesn't come from common parents. Although her mother was an opera singer, I don't think she was an ordinary woman, yet Amata's gentle manner may have been inherited from her father. The street is no place for her, and we have considered offering her a home."

Roy crushed down a joyful exclamation, seeing his mother's disappointment.

"She deserves a better life," Mrs. Marston said in a lifeless tone.

Other guests began to come, and for a time she forgot her anxities.

Mr. Burke arrived with the Van Dorns. He had been leaving the hotel as they passed in their car, and Marcella had asked him to accompany them. She chatted gaily with him, apparently unconscious of her parents' displeasure. She had won Mr. La Farge through vivacity, and she intended to follow the same course with Mr. Burke, looking upon it merely as an experiment. Roy greeted her with his accustomed courtesy, but there was a tinge of sarcasm and spitefulness in her smile.

The throng of friends who had gathered informally, moved about over the lawn and flower garden that encircled the house. There were several rose bowers and a large arbor covered with grape vines.

Mr. Burke devoted much of his time to Marcella, and she encouraged him..

Slightly before ten o'clock Amata and the old man came through the back gate and went towards the house. Roy had been watching for her, and went to greet her. A momentary gladness shone in her eyes, but the next instant he realized that something had happened. She was pale; her eyes were tear stained; the happy glow of youth was gone. Roy took a quick step towards her and grasped her hand. She pressed a finger to her lips to silence him. Her eloquent glance at her foster-father told Marston there was something she did not want the old man to know.

"Good-evening," she said, in a carefree tone that hurt Roy. "Are we late?"

"On time, I think."

"Am I to sing now?"

"I'll ask mother. Take your father on the veranda."

Amata's eyes lighted as she looked at Roy, and a moment passed before she glanced away. When she did, she faintly blushed. His heart quickened, and turning off, he hurried around the corner of the house. Amata did not move so long as her eyes could follow him. In his presence she felt the attraction of a kindred soul, but she would not allow herself to think of him often, believing that love for him could cause her nothing but unhappiness. As she stood gazing after him, her lonely, troubled heart cried out for the protection that his youth and strength could give.

"Come, father," she said. "We'll wait on the veranda." She took him to a chair and sat on the broad arm of it, resting her weary head against his white hair.

Presently Roy returned, and Amata went down to meet him.

"Mother asks if you will sing now," he said, as he looked searchingly into her face. "But are you well enough?"

"Yes." Her voice trembled.

"Can I help you?" His tone was vibrant with compassion.

She held out her hand, and he tenderly pressed it.

Marcella's rippling laugh broke upon the silence, and she came around the corner of the house with Elsie and a young man. Seeing the sorrow and love in Roy's eyes as he held Amata's hand, Marcella laughed anew and said, with cutting mockery:

"The rose bowers are empty, Roy."

Elsie turned to her deeply annoyed, for Amata shrank back as though she had been lashed. Marcella was radiant when the girl's spirit broke. Roy gave her a quick, angry glance, and drawing Amata's hand through his arm, took her back on the veranda.

"I am sorry," he whispered.

Amata forced back her tears, fearing the old man would know, and also she must sing. When Roy left her, he knew that her suffering had intensified his love into a dominating power.

Before going to the old man, Amata let the gentle breeze fan her tear-stained eyes. She could not doubt the truth of Mr. Burke's assertion that Marcella despised her, and she knew that she must renounce forever Mr. Van Dorn's friendship. Her heart

reached out to Roy that he had not deserted her. A deep sigh rose from her wretched heart. She wanted to go far away from this unhappiness and forget it if she could. All day her thoughts had been drawn toward Italy, and the stories the old man had told her of his beautiful land were refreshing in her feverish memory.

"Father," she said, "is it pleasant in Italy now?"

"Yes, dear heart. Why do you ask?"

"I think of it very often. I am 'Mignon' and you are 'Lothario,' the wandering minstrel, only you play the violin instead of the harp."

He smiled. "May your future be as bright as 'Mignon's,' dear child!"

She patted his cheek. "Come. It's time for me to sing."

Roy met her as she reached the front lawn, and his eyes were filled with a tenderness that gave her momentary repose.

"Will you stand on the veranda?" he gently asked. "Mother says two songs will be enough."

Amata did not answer, but in her glance shone all the gratitude that words could express. She knew he had arranged it so that she would not be close to the guests while singing. She was thankful that the gaily-chatting people barely heeded her. The servants were passing ices. With surprise, she noticed that Mr. Burke was deeply interested in an amusing conversation with Marcella. If he was Amata's friend and felt her suffering so deeply, how could he find pleasure in Marcella's company? Her suspicion of the miner was aroused.

After the old violinist had tuned his instrument, Amata began "Sorrento." At first her voice trembled, but soon she mastered it, and the sweet tones slipped out with limpid beauty. She noticed as she sang that Marcella and Mr. Burke continued their conversation, although he turned twice, and she thought they were speaking of her. Amata was conscious that Mr. Van Dorn's eyes had not left her from the moment she reached the veranda. His face was aglow with happiness, and as she smiled to him after finishing her song, she knew how deep her friendship was for him, and how hard it would be to renounce it.

She sat at the end of the veranda, half-hidden by the climbing roses, and her wretchedness was intensified by the bright scene before her. No one seemed to be weighed down by care or trouble; no one was friendless, a social outcast in beggary. Presently Mrs. Marston sent a servant to ask her to sing again. She turned to the old man and said in a trembling tone:

"I want to sing 'Dost thou know that fair land,' from 'Mignon.'" .

"What ails you, Amata?" he anxiously asked.

She caressed his white hair. "I am longing for Italy."

"That's strange!"

Her song began with a subdued, plaintive sweetness, but soon her passionate longing to fly to the land of her mother's birth made her voice ring out with ardor. Every word was expressive of her longing.

"Dost thou know that fair land,
Where bright blue are the skies?
That fair land where the sun's rays
  are crimson and golden?
Where the breeze softly blows,
And the bird lightly flies;
Where each month of the year
The bees' flower-feasts are holden?
Where beneath heaven's splendor
  bright, unclouded and serene,
Reigns endlessly the spring, clad in
  robes ever green!
Ah, me! could my steps backward
  wander
To that beloved land for whose joys
  I still sigh!
'Tis there in that region yonder,
I fain would love and would die!"

Her voice broke when she sang the last words, and she turned abruptly from the applause.

Every one had listened, for there was a strange tone in her voice that commanded an unbroken silence.

Roy came to take her and the vio-

linist to a rose bower, where Mrs. Marston had ordered refreshments served to them. As they went down the steps, Mr. Van Dorn and Elsie came to compliment her. Others followed them, and presently Amata was surrounded. The old man went on with a servant. Amata tried to avoid the people, for a sort of hysteria was creeping over her, and she slipped away while Roy was speaking to a friend. As she went around the corner of the house, she found Mr. Burke and Marcella walking ahead of her. She could not turn back, but she dreaded to pass them. Near the farther end of the house they paused. Marcella was speaking, and the miner listened with respectful attention. Amata hesitated, and while she faltered, Roy approached.

"Come," he said with gentle, protecting sympathy.

Marcella slowly turned, and eyed Roy and Amata. Mr. Burke said something Amata did not hear, but Marcella, with an abrupt, cutting laugh answered: "Indeed! Well, I should call her profession the art of ensnaring men."

With a stifled cry, Amata fell in Roy's arms.

Mr. Burke took a quick step forward, but Marcella laid her hand on his arm. "Let us go back," she said. "I want another ice. Roy will be glad of the opportunity to revive her—*if* she has fainted."

Marston heeded only Amata, and hurrying into the house, took her into the sitting room and laid her on the couch, then rang for a maid. The girl soon recovered, but he would not leave her.

"Sit still," he said, as she was about to rise when they were alone. "You must rest."

Her head sank back, and she closed her eyes. When she opened them, she found him sitting near her, studying her with a thoughtful tenderness that made her glance away, confused.

He leaned forward, and taking her hand, held it in both of his.

"I want you to confide in me," he said. "What made you unhappy before you came this evening?"

She did not answer.

"If any trouble has come to you, don't think that it is best to keep it a secret. I want you to have faith in me, and let me help you."

Her heart was fluttering, and she hesitatingly said: "Miss Van Dorn and her mother don't want us here. They say that we are not getting our living honestly—that we are—that we are thieves." She hid her face in the pillows.

An exclamation broke from Roy. Marcella's cruelty aroused the strongest resentment and dislike he had ever felt. He was indifferent to the way in which she treated him, but all the fighting spirit in his chivalrous heart rose in defense of the girl he loved. His frown and the hard lines about his mouth startled Amata, and when he suddenly rose, she sprang up and caught his arm.

"Don't take it so to heart," she said. "Father and I can go away. Perhaps in another town——"

"You shan't go! I love you and you are going to stay."

"You——" she faltered. Surprise and a great happiness flashed into her eyes.

"Yes, I love you and I did the first night I saw you singing on the grounds of the Peninsula Hotel. If you care for me, I ask for nothing else in life but the privilege of devoting myself to you."

A low murmur of joy broke from her. She had won the only man who ever had touched her heart! She held out her hands, and he caught her in his arms.

"Oh!" she faltered, after a moment. "I don't dare believe it's true."

"Yes. But do you care enough for me to sacrifice a great career? I want you to think of this, so that you won't be dissatisfied later. You know that with your voice you can achieve success and fame. All that I have to give is yours, but the acceptance of it means the loss of a great career. I shouldn't want you to go on the stage.

My dream is a quiet, happy home, but I want you to study and sing always."

Her eyes were overflowing with love. "I don't care for the stage," she said. "I want the home."

He slipped his arm about her, as she gently asked: "Will your family disapprove?"

A cloud swept across his face. "They can't help loving you," he said, evasively, but his great happiness strengthened his hope of their approval.

Amata did not reply, for her joy was beginning to fade. She knew they would never consent to his marriage with a street singer, and she felt that she had lost him almost before he was won.

"I must go back to father," she said after a moment. "He will worry, and you must return to your friends."

Roy drew her hand through his arm. "I have been waiting a long time for you to come. There has been a vacancy that only you can fill."

Amata slipped her arm around his neck and pressed her cheek to his. Tears were in her eyes, for her heart was torn by happiness and sorrow. His family would come between them, she was sure, but he was the embodiment of all she wanted in life. A new world was before her, but she saw no way to enter.

(To be Continued.)

THAT CORNER OF THE WORLD

Now summer comes to every land and walks with gracious feet,
But down no other lanes on earth her footsteps fall so sweet
As in a certain spot I know among the mountains tall,
A hidden corner of the world, namely Indian Falls.

There when the wintertide is spent, the winds are very low,
Soft little flickers of content through tall green pine trees go;
Life-everlasting spins afar a web of green and white,
Till old gray fields are green and sweet, and valleys brimmed with light.

Deep in a garden near at hand, to every breath that blows,
Fresh petals shake and sway, and fall from the wide open rose.
A lingering robin sways and swings with all his fellows gone,
And lifts his happy throat and sings unceasingly, alone.

Blossoms scatter odor through the air, too sweet to be borne,
Faint, drifting sunlight brightens slow, young twigs at break of morn;
While white daisies' starry grace and dandelions on their rod,
Mark every humble wayside place, an altar unto God.

Ah, summer comes to all the earth; but when month of May dies,
With growing leaf and brightning light, I shut remembering eyes;
Till I gain a certain spot I know among the mountains tall,
A hidden corner of the world my heart calls Indian Falls.

MAUD GOODHUE.

The Reward of the Third

By Clarence H. Wintler

IT IS "pay time" again on the Panama Canal. A long line of laborers stretches out from a little pay window, and withers away in the heat of the tropical sun. The line is patient, for it is glad even for the short rest from toil. It is silent, too, for each is trying to think and remember what the ink should say on that green paper check for which he has sold a month of his life.

The window is opened. The first before it are some of the Greeks. Some negroes, shading from jaundice to midnight, follow them, then Latins, and even some turbaned Hindus from far-off India. The paymaster knows each race without lifting his eyes. The wind brings to him the peculiar stench of each, but worst of all, Greek labor vying with negro for first honors is the stale and sour smell of drying sweat.

The paymaster asks each the same question: "Chapa?" if Latin; "Metal check number?" if West Indian negro, then "Como se llama?" or "What is your name?" When the name and identifying number are learned, the man is handed out his check and receives in exchange for it a few silver pesos.

Let us turn again to the men. This next in line is white with cement dust. His small part is to dump sack after sack of it all day long into a great bin to feed a turning, grinding concrete mixer. This other is Latin, a Spanish track laborer, wearing patched corduroy trousers, a faded blue shirt, and a gay kerchief about his neck. His face is burnt red, and his eyes are edged with many sun-wrinkles spreading out oddly like the leaves of a pigmy palm. His eyes, like those of his kind, are blue.

The men paying the laborers pass out both checks and money rapidly, but the difficulty of getting enough facts from the more stupid ones to pay them is sometimes very exasperating. They are not a very brilliant lot, these lined up lesser ones.

A negro is in front of the window, and it is his idea of etiquette to answer each question with "Beg parding, sah?" until he has finally decided just what it is all about. He must be asked each question several times, and at last he is paid. Another comes by. He gets his check quickly. So do some Spaniards and some more of those unwashing Greeks. Another negro comes. The check is shoved into his hands. He is dreaming of what the money will mean: "Co'n foh de gal," and the check slips unheeded from his hands, and back into the window. It is picked up, put into his hands, and he is hurried on with hard words.

The line is shortening now, and the men paying are joking with the laborers as they get their checks. This one receives a check for three cents. He is cautioned not to spend all that money at once. Perhaps the next is Spanish, and a few words are handed out to him in his own talk.

That is how, when I was working with the Disbursing Office, I became acquainted with Jose Garcia, Check No. 0817, Spanish contract laborer. For more than two years of my service in the Atlantic Division I paid him regularly each month.

His eyes brightened when I handed him his first check.

"Viva Espana!" I said.

"No, viva America!" he answered, and we were friends. I put my hand out of the little pay window and patted him on the back. His shirt was clammy with sweat. I dried my hand quickly on my trousers and went on with my work. So passed in and out of my life for many days Jose Garcia, typical of the peasant of old Spain, whose patient shoulders have long upheld the worst government of Western Europe.

* * * *

At last I was ordered to another division, and finally ended up in the hospital with something wrong with my throat. The ward to which I was sent was overcrowded on the American side, and I was placed on cot twenty-six at the end of the adjoining Spanish section. It was only a matter of lying still for a half day after the operation. I was lying on my back, looking out of the window at the gray, dripping skies of September, the clean-washed palm trees, and across the long, sodden stretch of guinea grass to the rolling sabanas back of Panama City.

I turned my head to look, for someone had come to my cot and was standing by it. There stood the five feet three of Jose Garcia, dressed in the gray uniform of a hospital patient. His blue eyes were wide with sympathy, and he wanted to know what was the matter.

I merely pointed to my throat, being forbidden to speak. Jose nodded, hoped that I would be well soon, and pointed to his right eye, which had been hurt in an accident, so he informed me, and would be well in a week. He went away with my "permisso," hoping again and again the Senor would be well soon.

Two days later, when I was able to be about and talk a little, I was out on the screened balcony reading the morning paper. It was printed, little of it as there is, half in English and half in Spanish. Jose came along; I shared the paper with him, and talked of the strikes in Barcelona, of the butchery of his poor, half starved fellow countrymen. It had been terribly done, and I could not do otherwise than agree with Jose that it was all wrong, and in thus agreeing, went nearer to his heart.

The following Sunday morning, Jose's capitan and two friends brought him some cigarettes, and oh! greatly prized delicacy, four large, red California apples. As soon as they were gone, Jose came over to my cot, bringing one of his treasured apples and some cigarettes. He was overjoyed with the visit, and felt, too, that he must share his treasures with someone who had none. Why not the big American friend who spoke Spanish?

I explained to him that I was not permitted to smoke, and was about to refuse the apple, which I had not the heart to take, but he looked so disappointed that I finally took it with "Muchimas gracias, amigo." The following Monday morning I was discharged, but I sent "O Mundo," and several other illustrated Spanish periodicals and some very good cigarettes to Jose Garcia, my "muy buen amigo" of Ward M. After that, I was transferred, and never saw Jose again, but he brought me nearer to the heart of old Spain.

* * * *

I was working at Ancon. A cool, pleasant evening had come, and I was strolling through the adjoining native town, with its narrow streets and overhanging balconies. I was whistling to myself from "Juanita":

> "Wilt thou not, relenting,
> For an absent lover sigh;
> In thy heart consenting
> To a prayer gone by."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" four childish voices were shrilling; and "You! You! You! You! You!" four grimy fingers were pointing at me from a broad doorway. I laughed at the four rounded baby mouths and the four shaming forefingers.

"No, no, ninos, no serenade," I told them, but they sat there in the door-

way of their father's fonda (restaurant), little scoffers all. I tousled the heads of the two boys, patted the little girl on the shoulder, and kissed the baby's grimy face. I gave them what small silver I had, and all of us were happy as I went down the street. Thus began my acquaintance with the children of Juan Gomez. From them I learned to play the game of fingers down, which the Spanish laborers delight in; and from playing it I became the true friend of Juan himself. I never did become proficient at the game, because I was usually petting one of the children while another was beating me to leadership; but it went straight to Juan's heart, to see me fondle his children.

But the game: It was played something like this—The leader must put both hands under the table, about which all are seated. He then places any number of the fingers of one hand on the table, and to remain leader must get the same number of fingers down with the other hand before one of the party calls "uno," "tres," "cuatro" or whatever is the proper number, and becomes leader himself. It is easy to tell, but hard to play at all well. The Spanish laborer finds it a noisy, roistering game, as simple and enjoyable to him as "Simon says thumbs" was to our childhood.

* * * *

I had been down town buying some pears. The children were sitting in the doorway, as usual, as I went past Juan's fonda on my return. I divided with them my pears and had one left for myself. While I was eating it, I popped the empty sack, greatly to the delight of the children, and even Juan within heard the sound and came to the doorway.

"Senor," he said in Spanish, "you are more than kind to my children and to me. May God give you many of them yourself!"

His blessing had the spontaneity of a flower by the roadside, and caused me to stand idly at inattention for several seconds, and to think of many things.

"Juan," I asked suddenly, recovering myself, "what has become of Jose Garcia? The last time I saw him he was in the hospital—the time you came to see him. Every month he used to come to my paywindow, but I haven't seen him this year. His eyes were as blue as your children's."

"Senor," he answered, his voice softening, "he was my friend. It is a long story. Enter my fonda: it is yours. I will tell you all while we have some wine."

I entered. He brought out two bottles of his best wine—one apiece—and some cigarettes, and amid the din from the adjoining table where some laborers were playing at fingers down, I heard the story of Jose Garcia:

"It is this way, senor. Jose Garcia, Pablo Herrera and I, Juan Gomez, won the Loteria de Panama. It was not much, senor, not the capital prize, but the lesser prize of quince mil pesos, $7,500, and to be divided amongst three. Pablo Herrera went north to your country. For me, I thought at first to go back to Spain, but for what? Were not, in Barcelona, men shot, many men shot? And for what? For singing for liberty the song of death to tyrants. No, Senor, it is not best to go back. Instead, I send for my children and for my spouse. Here my children grow up to liberty. Here they have plenty to eat. See! I have many children—four; all are well and fat. Is it not so, senor? So I take the money that is left and buy this little fonda, and sell very good wines and watch my children grow."

He paused, as though he had lost the thread of his subject. I assured him that his wine was very good, that his children were well and happy, and that he had done rightly.

"Some day," he continued, "when I have saved money, oh, ever so much money, I go, and my family go with me, to your California. Thus did Pablo Herrera, who had from the loteria enough for one."

"But Jose Garcia," I ventured, as a reminder. "What became of him?"

"Oh, senor," he answered. "That is a long story. I must begin two years back." Juan thought for a moment. Each of us lighted a cigarette. "Uno, "duos," "cuatro," the laborers were bawling out in their game, noisily, happily, boisterously, with occasional loud bursts of laughter when some leader fell. Was it not Saturday night? Was not to-morrow a day of rest?

My eyes wandered to the four children sitting in the doorway, their favorite roost. The cool night air was petting their cheeks and playing with the tousled hair of their nodding heads. Soon the senora would put them to bed, and they would cease for a few hours their watch of the crowds that hurried back and forth by their father's fonda.

Juan took several long breaths of smoke, and began to narrate in Spanish, mostly in the present tense.

"Senor, we were three comrades, Pablo Herrera, Jose Garcia, and I, Juan Gomez. We had never met, senor, before coming to your canal to work for your great company. Pablo and I, Juan, came from Barcelona, where we worked for little, oh, ever so little, many hours every day. For me, senor, I hated government. I came to the new world. There would be liberty for me and bread for my children. For me all this came to pass.

"But Pablo Herrera! Senor, his father, dying, left all to the church, leaving his son to its charge. Later the son would grow to be a man, take orders and pray for the repose of his father's soul. But Pablo, senor, would have naught of the church. His blood was too wild; but how should his father have known? Wherefore, he, too, came to America as soon as he was of age, bringing hatred to the church that had his patrimony.

"But Jose Garcia, senor, brings hatred of nobody.. In his heart is the deep love of Dolores Madrigal, the prettiest girl of his village. 'Her eyes shine only for him,' said one of Jose's fellow villagers. In two short years he should send for her. Then both should go north to your country, sennor, where there is plenty, and happiness for all."

Juan lighted another cigarette, while I took a few sips of the wine and waited. Happiness lays to the east, west, north or south, and we are all in the quest.

"Senor," the narrative began again, "we three were all sent to the same quarter to work under the same capitan. All day long we work, to shovel and shovel, ever sweating, or perhaps growing sodden with rain. Truly, the lines of track must be ever moved and straightened that the iron cars can dump more and more dirt on the great heap that you pile at Tabernilla. Always, senor, there is more to dump, and always more and more the track must be moved, as the great heap spreads across the swamp.

"Senor, one cannot talk much and shovel; it takes the breath. But one can dream of many things. Always we three dream of one thing: what we shall do when we are rich. At night when the trains carry us back to our station, Pablo, Jose and I, Juan, eat our food at the long table. Then we go to our barracks to hang up much of our clothing to dry. Then we go to our bunks to let our feet hang over—Pablo and I, Juan, to tell one another the dreams that grew in our heads all day long, dreams as thick and as tangled as the vines of the jungle.

"Senor, what we dream first is to win the prize of the lottery. Each week we three must buy one ticket; each must pay his share; then we dream till the Sunday drawing comes again. Then we wake, and see it is a dream, but we buy one more ticket. It is a good dream, and we wish to keep it; perhaps, then, it will come true.

"Pablo and I, Juan, tell one another our dreams; but Jose, no. Instead, when the day has not tired him too much, he sings, and we know. Ever, senor, they are love songs, and ever they are well sung, so that even I, Juan, must sometimes dry my eyes to think of the senora in Spain.

"For many weeks and months we three buy one ticket. Each week we dream; each Sunday we waken. But what is life, Senor, with no dreams? But Jose, who must dream always of his Dolores, ever saves as much money as he can. But each Tuesday he pays with us for the right to dream one more week. But for him, he is young, the disappointment is greater; the money that he must pay for his part keeps his Dolores that much farther away.

"He came to Pablo and to me, Juan, one afternoon. His face was heavy with fever and with too much hard work.

" 'My comrades,' he said, 'I'll give no more money to the lottery, for I am sick of disappointment.'

"Senor, Pablo, and I, Juan, beg him to take one more chance; then we, too quit the lottery with him. But he is sick at heart and will buy no more.

"But Pablo and I, Juan, have still a little hope—oh, ever so little. We say to each other, 'We shall buy one more ticket. If we win naught, we play no more.'

"The Sunday which followed, senor, Pablo, and I, Juan, go to Panama to see the drawing of our last ticket. Jose does not care to go. He must stay in camp to save his money and think of his enamorata far off in Spain.

"But we two go, Pablo and I, Juan, not hoping much. We wish to see the number drawn that tells us the end of much folly. Then we can buy a little red wine and go back to the camp.

"Straight to the lottery we go. We watch the official screw the numbers into the white balls. We watch the wire cage that he shall put each one in. We watch it whirl and stop, and see it opened.

"We watch the official open the cage, and the little girl takes out the white balls. All must be fair. The child takes the first ball. It is unscrewed. See, the numeral is uno. Our hearts beat a little faster, just a little. Many times we have lost, just so. The child takes out the second ball. It is cero, and I catch Pablo's arm. Then comes cinco, and Pablo says 'Santa Maria help us! Santa Maria help us!' Senor, he believes not in the saints, but he must pray. To us this winning means much. I think then of the senora and my children. It is far away to Spain. With my hand I rub the tears from my eyes. I look again! See! It is diez mil, quinientos y uno (10,501.) Pablo and I, Juan, have won the lottery of Panama.

"Senor, we two comrades have won much money—quince nil pesos ($7,500), much for two. We can take a coach to the bank. But we do not, senor. We walk slowly. Each thinks of one thing. It is this:

"We are sad. Jose Garcia, our comrade, has not won the lottery with us. We talk much between us as we go back to the bank. Jose Garcia has shared the cost of tickets for many, many weeks of toil, many times compadre in our loss. And for this time, the last time, he must lose. For what? For that this time he had no heart to buy with us. Yet some months when I am sick, or Pablo is sick, and the pay car is missing, he, Jose, has lent me money so that I may not delay the little that I send to my senora.

"Senor, we, I, Juan, and he, Pablo, have done wrong. This drawing we have named the end of our dreams; but we have not thought of Jose. We blame each other, I, Juan, and he, Pablo, very much. Each is a fool, a dog, a beast. Then, Caramba! Why not? We shall divide the prize into three parts! From the part that is Jose's we shall take out the cost of a third of the ticket. That is the part we have lent him. The rest is his. So we shall tell him.

"Senor, Pablo Herrera, Jose Garcia, and I, Juan Gomez, have then won the lottery. To each is a third part, cinco mil pesos plats ($2,500), save that Jose must pay for a third of the ticket, which is little.

"But Pablo and I, Juan, do not go back to Tabernilla till next day. We must buy a little red wine and be

happy. We go back next day, but not to work. We go back to find Jose, to tell him his fortune.

"Senor, we do not find him. They send us to the dispensary. There we find Jose, but he is dead. A great locomotive has struck him.

"We write then to his sweetheart, his Dolores Madrigal, of whom he was ever dreaming. We tell her Jose is dead; that he has won a third part of the lottery of Panama; but we do not take out the third of the cost of the ticket. We tell her his money is hers; that it shall be her dowry; that Jose wished only that she should name her first child for him.

"Senor, we think that is what he must wish, and we do it to give him peace in his grave. But who knows?"

THE PEPPER TREE'S MORNING SERMON

I saw friends on their hurrying way
To church, this sunny Sabbath day,
But I sat down beneath the shade
Of my old tree, and there I prayed,
And said to God, all reverently:
"The voice of man speaks not to me—
It reeks with form, fear, fallacy—
But I can trust the tongue of tree,
E'en when it utters prophecy
That all my dreams fulfilled shall be.
For at my feet there lies, like seed,
From which the tree itself was freed.
A tiny thing as grain of sand—
An atom lost within my hand—
Yet folded in its heart it keeps
A dream of life which later leaps
Into the living leaf and flower;
It says: 'Thy soul shall have its hours
Of springing sap and leaf and limb,
For Hope is but an interim
Of seed between a fruit now dead
And rip'ning fruit, which, too, shall shed
Its seed to make a fairer tree.
So each success that comes to thee
Must perish to transmit the seeds
Of better hopes to bigger deeds.'"

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

Camp of a band of sheep on the drive.

The Last of the Sheep Trailers

By David W. Tulloch

"HOW WOULD you like to trail sheep with me from Oregon into California next spring?" was the invitation that caused me to take part as a drover or trailer in one of the last scenes of that great drama which has since been numbered among the strange things of the past by the transformation of the great sagebrush plains, fertile mountain slopes and valleys of the "Far West" into a vast and prosperous empire. The historians of the great West rarely penetrate to the thrilling, romantic life of these sections "way in back," nor see the vital aspects of this life through the eyes of the sheep herder.

Before Uncle Sam wisely set apart his forest reservations and made rules regarding their pasturage by stock, much of the mutton that supplied the tables of the Pacific Coast States was driven or trailed overland from the stock ranges of Idaho, Arizona, Nevada and Oregon, and delivered to the butchers at convenient shipping points

on the railroad. With the passing of the free government feed or range, the practice of trailing sheep from these States into California ceased. No longer is it possible to go to the sheeping pens in the bunch-grass country and buy wethers, and then wander through the deserts and mountains, hunting feed for them on government land.

Early in April, a party composed of the "Boss" and a cook, with myself as herder, stepped off the train at Reno, Nevada, and prepared to cross the desert to purchase a band of sheep, drive them to California, and deliver them in a fit condition for the market. We loaded our beds and dogs on a buckboard and started overland for Sanike, Oregon, five hundred miles distant. Much of the trip was across alkali and sagebrush deserts, with watering places thirty and forty miles apart. We followed the old emigrant trail out of Reno, past Pyramid Lake, with its fantastic saline encrustations, past numerous unnamed emigrant graves, simple and impressive in their silence, and eloquent with the thought and actions of the immediate past. On the third day of the journey, we stopped at Deep Hole, at the base of the Granite Mountains in Washoe County, Nevada. This place is so named because of the numerous springs that flow out of holes about twelve feet in diameter and of unknown depth.

Here the T. F. Cattle Company owned a vast range two hundred miles square, by the simple process of controlling all of the available water. We rested here for three days, cleaning and sprucing up after our trip across the desert. Here I was offered my first opportunity for a close inspection of the cowman in his wilds and at his labors. My observations of these men did not give rise to any burning desire to become one of them.

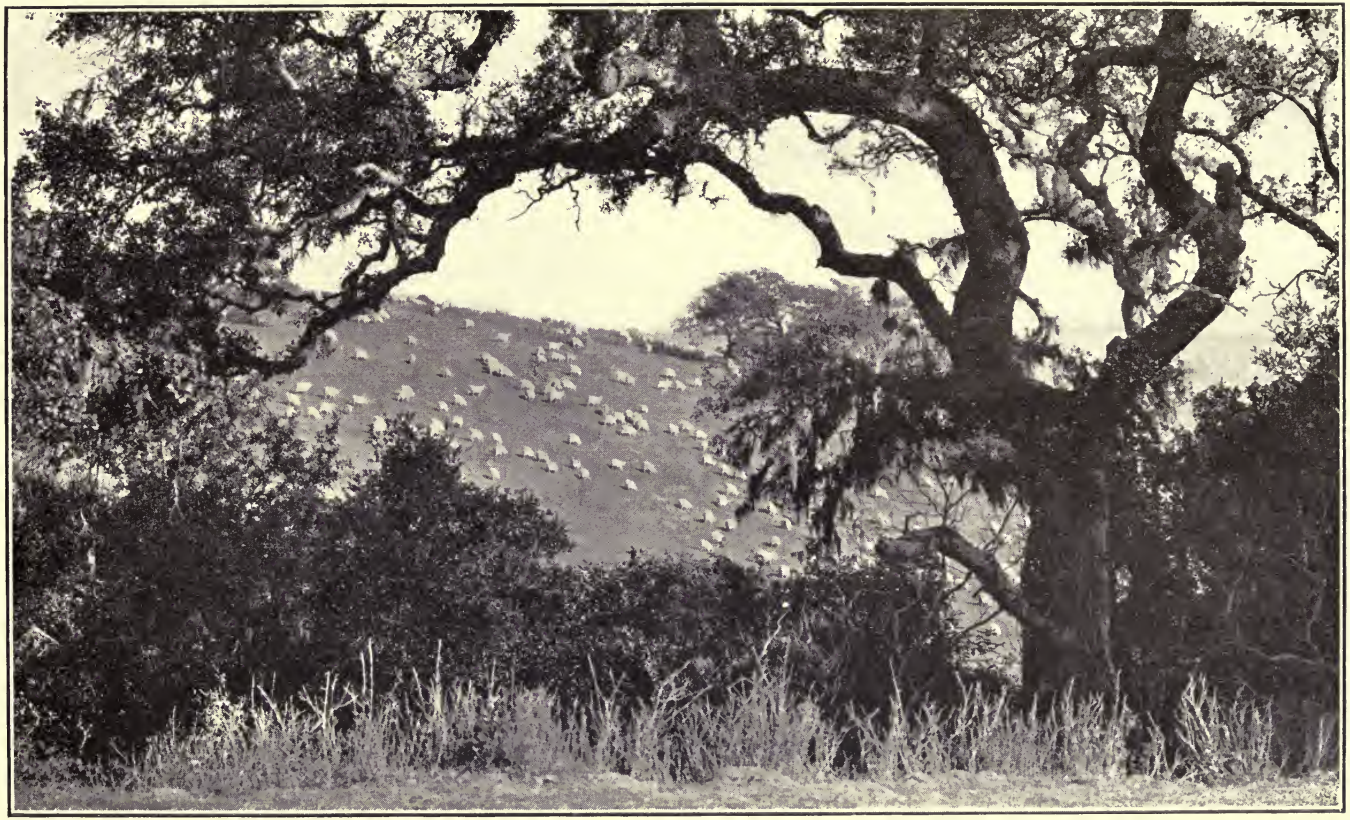
They came in from the desert with eyes watery and lips cracked and bleeding from exposure to alkali dust, wind and sun. One old veteran told us quaint tales of their pleasures and labors. He related that, in the preceding winter, his foreman had been in the saddle continuously for fifty-four days, moving the cattle out of the deep snows in the mountains, that they might browse on the black sage in the desert. A day meant any length of time a man remained in the saddle, from sundown until it went down again.

The old man was in a reminiscent mood, and descanted at length upon the joys of a dance they had given in the ranch buildings. He told how one of the boys traveled two hundred miles for a team and buggy to bring his "gal" to the affair. He assured us that they had "a right smart time and heaps of fun a-balancing on the corners and a-going down the middle." There was also Monty, the Mexican, just back from Reno with a brand new saddle, silver-mounted spurs and a Stetson hat—the center of a circle of admiring "bronco busters," who envied him his new and gaudy rig.

Leaving here, our next stop at a place of any consequence was at Eagleville in Surprise Valley. This valley was the headquarters for stock men whose herds ranged the country for hundreds of miles around. It was a short and interesting trip from here to Lakeview, Oregon, on the shores of Goose Lake. We passed many hot springs that intermittently threw out jets of boiling water.

From Lakeview, the road led through a succession of deserts and heavy timber land. Traveling one day on the desert near Silver Lake, I was surprised to see a large marble shaft rising against the skyline above the monotonous stretch of sage. A closer inspection showed carved upon it the names of forty-seven people who had perished there in a fire one Christmas eve. Some one had accidently upset a kerosene lamp in a church decorated with pine boughs. The fire spread with such rapidity that only a few escaped.

It was in this section that we saw the results of the dreaded sheep disease known as scabies. Thousands of



Sheep in their Paradise, the lush grass of the foothill slopes.

dead animals were piled in the gullies. The sheep inspector had posted notices declaring certain sections of the country under quarantine, and prohibiting the movement of sheep into or out of these districts.

Many times we camped on the desert, and although we carried water in two large kegs, the Boss, an old "desert rat," would immediately begin a systematic search for water. It was interesting to watch him, guided by his desert lore, searching for the precious fluid. He would follow the bed of a dry stream until he found tules growing. Then he would dig down, and a few feet beneath the surface of the sand would invariably find an excellent spring of fresh water.

After three weeks of treking across alkali plains, through giant forests, and over mountains that seemed to rise out of the level ground, we reached our destination.

Shanike was the terminal of a branch of the Oregon Short Line and a typical frontier town, with the usual gun man and hangers on. There was Silvertooth's Saloon, proclaimed to the world by a picture of a large tooth done in silver paint, where obliging gentlemen would accommodate any one with a game of Black Jack, faro or roulette. There were large harness shops that featured the excellence of their saddles, spurs and bridles. Your bronco buster is as fastidious about his rig as any Beau Brummel could be about his garments. His saddle, bridle and spurs will often be worth more than his horse.

There were located here large freight sheds filled with wool, hides and tallow—the exports of this region, for which Hill and Harriman fought so warmly—and also containing merchandise that the country imported, and which could later be freighted by teams into a section as isolated and as little known to the rest of the nation as the interior of Africa. Shanike was to that country lying between it and the California line what the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company were to the icy fastness of Northern Canada. Here gathered the stockmen to trade with the wool buyers of Boston or the butchers of Seattle, Chicago and San Francisco, or the mule buyers from Australia and the Orient. In the public places we heard the soft drawl of the Southerners from the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, who constituted the majority of the sheepherders. They were careless of the future, quick on the trigger and played a big part in the cattle and sheep war that terrorized Southern Oregon for several years.

The shearing season was then at its height. There was much rivalry among the sheep men in their hurry to get their sheep shorn and rush them to the summer ranges in the mountains. The shearers were of all nationalities and practically nomads. Starting in California each year, they traveled a regular circuit. From Oregon they would go to Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona, finishing the season with the fall shearing in California. Each crew had a "leader," who made the contracts for them. They were paid from eight to ten cents per head, according to the condition of the fleece. Eight dollars a day per man was considered fair wages. After the sheep were shorn, they were immersed in a bath of sulphur, quick lime and creosote, to kill the scabbies and ticks.

Rumors were rife of trouble between the sheep and cattle men. Cattle will not graze on land where sheep have fed. The fight for the range between the two factions often resulted in bloodshed and the loss of property. On riding out to the sheep pens with the Boss one morning, I was shown a sign posted only the night before. It informed the sheep men that Trout Creek had been declared the "dead line" by the cow men, and that if the sheepman ventured to cross it, he did so at the peril of his life and the loss of his flocks.

Sitting one afternoon on the windward side of the shearing pens, a youngster told me a thrilling story of

Nursing along the "slows" in the trail of the band.

this war. The winter before he had been herding on the desert. One evening, while his beans and bacon were cooking, his attention was attracted by the growling of his dog, Shep. Looking up, he saw riding toward him a band of men with bandana handkerchiefs tied across their faces. Knowing that this meant trouble, he grabbed up his rifle and began shooting. The men turned and fled. Next morning he found several hats that his would-be destroyers had lost in their flight. He took the hats to the Christmas ball at Prinesville that winter, and holding the hats in one hand and a revolver in the other, he strode to the center of the ballroom floor and dared the owners of the hats to come and get their property. The challenge was not accepted, but the spectacular closing of the incident was typical of the local methods.

Another episode of the war was the murder of a Silverlake merchant named Cohn, in the winter of 1904. Cohn started out from the town with some salt for one of his herds, and was not found until the next spring, when the melting snow disclosed his body. There was a bullet hole in the forehead. The two factions maintained their possession of the ranges by force for three years or more. The

cattle men would gather in crowds and ride through the sheep, shooting and trampling them down. Thousands of the "woolies" would be killed in a few minutes, as the sheep have a tendency to bunch together and smother one another when thus frightened.

After a month's wait, our seven thousand sheep were shorn, dipped and pronounced free from disease by the inspector. Our buckboard was loaded with "chuck," the pack-saddles were overhauled, and we started on our thirteen hundred mile trip overland to Stanislaus County in California. The first two hundred miles of the trip was through a thinly settled country where the grass was short. This lack of feed worked hardships on us, as sheep will not camp well at night unless they have plenty to eat. Consequently, we were up many times during the nights to drive the sheep back to the bedding grounds. It is anything but comfortable to chase the woolies through frost-covered sagebrush at night, with your wardrobe reduced to less than tradition allots to Adam and Eve. Many nights we were aroused from a sound sleep by the sixth sense—that feeling that all is not right—only to find the bedding grounds deserted, or indications of bears, coyotes or wildcats. The firing of a gun serves to frighten these animals away, and causes the stock to gather closely, a fact which enabled us to secure some little rest.

The Oregonians have a deep-seated hatred for the "Native Sons," as all Californians are called in the Webfoot country. This condition was brought to our attention on our trip across the Prinesville desert. Fifteen bands of sheep raced for the water at Deschuttes. The Oregonians jockeyed around us to delay our progress. They would also run our pack-horses away for two or three miles, and our packer would have to spend an entire day looking for the animals, leaving the herder without anything to eat or drink for the day. A packer for one of the Oregon bands informed our cook that we came through Prinesville at 4 a. m. to evade the sheep inspector. Now, if you wish to anger a sheepman, just start the lie that his sheep are scabby. When this remark reached the Boss, it put him on his mettle, and he promised to "put a scab on the nose" of the "Webfooter." However, our outfit was the second one that watered at Deschuttes.

This place is known to the pioneers as The Bend. The name was changed to Deschuttes about 1900. In 1904, it was made especially lively by many people flocking there to take up timber lands. The surrounding country is of a volcanic formation, and abounds with caves, many of which are of considerable magnitude. The Deschuttes River is peculiar in that the volume of water does not vary throughout the year. When men dig wells in that section, they are fastened to the surface of the ground by ropes. On several occasions workers have fallen into caverns, when the bottoms of the wells in which they were digging dropped out.

On the morning after we left Deschuttes, the Boss handed me a '44 Colt's revolver, and tersely explained that it was for signaling in case I became lost in the woods or to scare prowling coyotes away from the sheep. On the following morning the overland stage left a 30-30 carbine at the camp. I was told that it would come in handy for killing deer now and then. I took this information with some misgivings as to its truthfulness. There had been numerous cases where herders had been tied to trees and beaten with quirts by the cattlemen.

This tall timber was a pleasant relief after the heat and dust of the desert. The feed was good and the sheep soon ate their fill in the glades which abounded with sunflowers and peavines. The animals would leave their bedding grounds at sunrise, and by 10 a. m. would be satisfied and resting. There were meadows where we turned out our horses, and they, too, waxed fat on red top and timothy grass. On some days the camp was not moved more than half a mile. We

One of Uncle Sam's sentries protecting a reserve against sheepmen scouting for range feed.

followed the feed to benefit the sheep. Our trail took us across deep canyons, where it was sometimes necessary to lower the wagons down the steep slopes by ropes and haul them up the other side by similar means. On such occasions, the provisions were carried across on the horses. Many times, when passing a cattle ranch, the bells were taken off the sheep and horses that the attention of the ranch people might not be attracted to us.

In the Blue Mountains, we met Dave Etlinger, a large sheep owner, who had incurred the enmity of the cowmen. He had "gunmen" hidden in the hills, unknown to his herders, to protect his property from his enemies. These guards were armed with the best rifles, supplied with telescope sights, and were mounted on good horses. Etlinger had come from Tennessee as a youngster and had started herding sheep for forty dollars a month. He had saved his money and purchased a band on his own account. After ten years of hard work, he was said to be worth $35,000. The war for the ranges threatened to destroy a large part of his accumulations. He was fighting back, and was greatly feared by the cow men on account of his recklessness and resourcefulness.

For two hundred miles we wandered through the mountains, crossing streams and canyons, until we reached the California-Oregon line at

Indispensable carrier of a California herder grazing over the mountains.

Brown's Valley. Here our sheep were inspected by the United State Inspector of Stock before they could be driven into the Golden State. Modoc County in California was in many respects the hardest part of the trail. The lava rocks cut the feet of our dogs and tore our shoes. The dogs were taken on behind the saddle to ride when it was possible. Springs that had been running the year before were dry, and our drinking water ran low several times. Once we were compelled to scrape the scum from a pond where horses drank and waded, that we might drink. It was maddening to ride up to a clear-looking spring and dip up a cupful, only to find that it was sulphur water. To make our difficulties greater, coyotes and rattlesnakes abounded. At the Pot Holes, made famous as the last battle ground of the Modoc Indians in their war against the whites, we killed eight of the coyotes. That night their surviving brothers feasted on the dead, and made night hideous with their howls.

There is no sound quite so lonesome and dispiriting as the howl of a coyote. It sinks into one and makes the very nerves tingle.

In one of the lonely gulches of Modoc County, we passed the grave of an infant, the little plot being protected by an iron fence. Perhaps somewhere in this world a mother's heart cherishes the sad memory of the lonely little grave in this wilderness of the hills.

From Modoc County to Emigrant Gap on the railroad, we traveled the crest of the Sierras, to avoid possible friction with landowners. The trail was very rough in places, and it taxed all our resources to keep the sheep moving. It was often necessary to make bridges by felling trees, to get the sheep across the streams. This was slow and tedious work, and in some instances required two days to pass a single stream. To accomplish such a crossing, a large wether was usually selected and struck on the head with a rock until he was in a dazed condition. After this treatment he was carried across and left as a decoy, the rest of the sheep following across the improvised bridge. While trailing through the canyons, the sheep

would often be strung out in a line two miles long. Then perhaps a sage hen would fly up and startle them, and they would separate into several bands. This meant hard work for hours to gather them into one band again. The welfare of the sheep required continual vigilance, and even the trail had to be scouted over in advance to see that it was free from mountain laurel—a deadly sheep poison.

The Sierra Nevada Mountains offered the most beauties of the trip. Large lakes lay in the shadows of snow-capped peaks and drank their fill from the melting snows. Rivers found their way to the valley of the Sacramento through deep gorges where the sun shone but a few hours each day. Great peaks disappeared from sight in the clouds, and often their sides were scarred by the hand of man in his search for gold. Ruins of old mining camps marked the way, harboring an occasional pioneer of their early life, content to live in their seclusion and obsessed with the belief that the "camp would come into its own" next year. Marks of the advent of the white man in "the days of '49" were on every hand. Girdled trees on the edge of canyons testified to the labors of the emigrants in lowering their wagons down the steep mountain sides. Many of the mountain peaks and valleys were in some way identified with the interesting early history of the Golden State. Mount Lassen, for instance, recalled the activities of Pete Lassen, the famous guide, who led many emigrant trains over the Nevada sagebrush plains and through the passes of the Sierra Mountains. To the left of the trail we traveled, just a few miles, was Donnor Lake, the scene of the ill-fated Donnor party.

At Emigrant Gap we entered the fenced roads and said good-bye to the meadows and tall pine trees. The seven thousand sheep raised a dust that floated off to the mountain tops or hung along the road. It settled in the eyes of the herders and matted their eyes. Hay was purchased along the road at different towns to feed the sheep.

One evening, near the town of Galt, in California, the sheep were turned into a large stubble field, and the trail was finished. They were shorn and dipped, and later turned out in the ranges of the foothill section of the Sierra Nevadas to await a rise in the mutton market.

MIDSUMMER

When poppies flame red in the grasses,
And drowsy forget-me-nots dream,
Where scent laden breezes touch gently
The pearls on the soft crooning stream.

When languid—the rose idly swaying,
Grows flushed 'neath the butterfly's kiss,
And waves in their little white caps of lace,
On golden-fringed shores, smile in bliss.

When droning bees court the lush grasses,
As day shuts her fan with a sigh;—
And sunset spills ragged red petals—
Ah, then 'tis midsummer—July.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

In a barley field stretching over a thousand acres.

Famous Southern California Ranchos

By Mary L. McKinley

OF THE LARGE and famous ranchos of Southern California there are now mere remnants and names for memories of "what was" in years gone by.

In this day, when we are exchanging so much of the golden treasure taken from the heart of mother earth for an infinitesimal slice of her top crust in Southern California, it is hard for us to realize that less than a hundred years ago great slices were given away, and then as an inducement to keep the gift, the recipient was further plied with favors of horses and cattle and sheep, and even a yearly allowance of silver, amounting to about two hundred dollars, until his way was well established. In the days when Mexico governed California, it was a very simple matter to obtain a grant of several thousand acres of land merely for the asking, in fact a few years earlier, during the Spanish occupation, it was hard to find any one who would even accept such a gift. Prior to 1830 but seven grants of land had been made, and of these five were returned, for the holders refused to assume even the responsibility of allowing stock to multiply in numbers of its own accord. These

were carefree days, when the work of the Indians at the Missions supported every one in the country who so wished to be supported. The padres did not encourage settlements outside the missions; indeed, they did all in their power to discourage any such course, but the time came for the retirement of some of the soldiers who had come from Mexico with Portola and following expeditions. Mexico wished these men and their families to remain in the country, for colonization had also been in the original plan of Spain for the new country. Stock raising being the chief industry of the day, large grazing space was deemed necessary, and inducements were offered these old soldiers to accept large tracts of land. Ranches of from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand acres were given away with hardly as much thought as we might give to the selling of an acre or two from one of our miniature ranches of to-day. The period of enlistment for several of the soldiers expired about the same time, and they were doubtless allowed to choose their own tracts of land outside of the mission claims. Manuel Nieto was the first of these to be given a grant of land in Los Angeles County. This original ranch embraced all the land between the Santa Ana and the San Gabriel rivers, and from the sea, and including some of the hill land on its northeasterly boundary. Twelve years later, upon the demand of the padres of San Gabriel, a portion of this land was taken from Nieto for the mission neophytes; for be it known that the padres were very jealous for the rights of their proteges. In later years we find this same territory divided into four ranches; that of Rincon de la Brea, confirmed by the United States government to G. Ybarra; Los Nogales to Maria de Jesus Garcia and others; San Jose to Dalton, Palomares and Vejar; and La Puente to Rowland and Workman. To those who know Los Angeles County these names are more or less familiar, al-

A potato patch two miles long.

Drying raisins in one of the big vineyards of California.

though with little meaning other than as names. The San Jose was the largest of the ranches, consisting of some twenty-four hundred acres, about eight thousand of which were later sold to Mr. Louis Phillips and Mr. H. Dalton. The heirs of Palomares owned the remainder, of which the town of Pomona is a portion. There were four settlements in the neighborhood; Spadra, Pomona, Loop's and Palomares', the latter composed almost entirely of Mexican families. In those days Spadra was the town and social center, and Pomona was a settlement. The Chino ranch, at present under the control of the Chino Land and Water Company, was also at one time owned by Mr. Louis Phillips, and still earlier by Isaac Williams, an American, and Lugo, his brother-in-law. The beginning of the end of the Mexican regime occurred on this ranch, for it was here the first actual blood was shed between the Americans and the Californians, and it was also here that Williams proved a traitor to his countrymen by inviting Wilson and his men to his ranch under promise of protection, when he really allowed them to be easily captured by the Californians. His sympathies were doubtless with the people of his wife.

To Jose Verdugo may or may not have come the honor of being next in line for a grant of land, but the rancho is so old that a few years more or less can hardly make any material difference. Mariano de la Luz Verdugo and his brother, Jose Maria, were followers of Portola in the first expedition to California, and the San Rafael was among the first and the largest of the early ranchos. At one time this estate consisted of some one hundred and fourteen thousand acres, and its owner was considered one of the princes of the land. In the early fifties this magnificent rancho was assessed for the paltry sum of twenty-four thousand dollars. Upon this estate have grown the towns of Glendale, Tropico, Eagle Rock, north and

west Los Angeles city suburbs, Highland Park and Garvanza. Try to buy even a small portion of any one of the towns now for twenty-four thousand dollars! This rancho was one of the strongholds of the California army in the days of Fremont. The old adobe that was at one time the family mansion, is now owned by the Southern Pacific, and is used as a Spanish restaurant in North Glendale.

To Don Christobol Dominguez was made the grant of the San Pedro Rancho. This was another whose acres were numbered by the hundred thousands. Later when the United States settled the land grants, the patent for this estate was made to Manuel Dominguez, a son, who was born in San Diego. Manuel Dominguez married Maria Gracia Cota, and to them were born ten children, eight daughters and two sons. Later, this ranch was divided, and the smaller portion made up the Palo Verde ranch, and up to within a few years ago this had been used solely for pasturage. These two ranches wind along the coast. Upon San Pedro, or as is now more generally known, the Dominguez ranch, have probably occurred more of the events that go to make up the history of the country along about the termination of Mexican supremacy than upon any other in the State. This, too, was one of the wealthy ranches in the early days, and while stock raising was of necessity the principal stay a goodly portion of its acres have always been under cultivation. For many years the estate has been leased to the Bixbys of Long Beach. Recently a portion of it was withdrawn from the lease, and it is upon this portion that the model town of Torrance is being built.

The Santiago and Santa Ana ranchos were first owned by the Yorba and Peralta families, whose forebears originally came from Spain. They are situated in the Santiago Canyon, in what is now Orange County, and while

One of the irrigation ditches on a big ranch, which furnishes a constant supply of water from the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

not so large as those of some of their neighbors, they are of the earliest. It was upon a portion of the Santiago ranch that Mojeska chose to make her home in peace in her declining years, far from the crowds to which she had catered in former years. Her home was called "Refugo," or "Place of Rest," so named by J. E. Pleasants, one of the earliest settlers of the valley. The famous Baldwin ranch, "Santa Anita," consisting of some forty-five thousand, two hundred and eighty acres, was originally owned by Henry Dalton, and at that time was at one time assessed for the mere pittance of one thousand dollars, and quite recently sold for seven million dollars.

There is probably no ranch in the whole of California which ever can become as famous as around which is built the scene of Mrs. Jackson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Indian" Ramona. This ranch is on the edge of Ventura County, and is known to old timers as Camulos. It comprises about fourteen hundred acres, and was founded by Ygnacio Del Valle, whose children still control it, and of all the

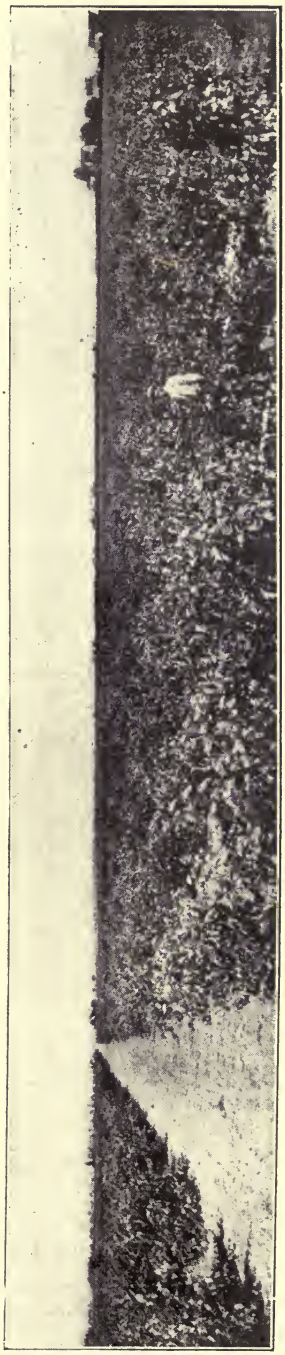
On a big stock range in the San Joaquin Valley, California.

valued at about ten thousand dollars, a sum which would now hardly buy enough of the old place upon which to build a reasonable sized country home. From the very beginning of its existence as a ranch this place was famous for its racing stock and sporting propensities, so that when Lucky Baldwin became its owner the tenor of affairs was in no way changed. Another of the now called Baldwin ranches was the "La Cienga," originally owned by the Abilas. This was old ranches, this is probably the only one to-day that still bears very much resemblance to the original rancho, in so far as the original house and surroundings are concerned.

It seems farcical now to speak of the rancho San Pasqual, an estate of some thirteen thousand six hundred acres, owned by Manuel Garfias, and at one time assessed for the sum of three thousand two hundred dollars on twelve hundred acres; one thousand acres of it being considered worthless

were not assessed. Four thousand acres of this rancho now goes to make up the site of the city of Pasadena. The land along the edge of Arroyo Seco, where millionaires have built their palaces, and where the whole of the assessed valuation would now hardly buy a front foot, was the worthless strip that failed of assessment in early days. This part of the country always did aspire toward mansions, however, for it was the building and furnishing of a not too elaborate edifice that was the undoing of the original owners. A descendant of Garfias, wishing to build a more elaborate home for his bride, mortgaged his ranch for three thousand dollars. At this time it was the high rate of interest instead of the high cost of living which might have given the people of California cause for thought had they been so inclined. Garfias had contracted for his money at the rate of five per cent a month, and the debt with accumulated interest, was more than the Spanish mind and mode of farming could wipe out, so that in the end the usurer claimed the ranch in lieu of his money. But this was not the only place so claimed. Some of the wealthiest men of the South allowed their property to pass from them, and to be sold for taxes amounting to from fifty cents to fifty dollars, for it then seemed worthless, with no prospect of ever becoming more valuable, and money was scarce.

The end of ranching came in 1863-4, when the terrible drought killed off everything. Cattle died by the thousands. Generally the hides were stripped from them, but in some cases it was said the animals were so starved the hides were worthless. In 1864 fifty thousand head were sold at auction at Santa Barbara for thirty-seven and a half cents a head. The next year feed was plentiful, but there was no stock to eat it. To prevent the stock dying upon the range during the drought thousands of head were driven to the bluffs in herds, where they were crowded over and washed out to sea. In 1865 it was estimated that there



A California vineyard that stretches to the horizon.

were ninety thousand head of cattle in the country. In '69 an epidemic carried off a goodly number, and in '76 only thirteen thousand were reported. Horses were, like the cattle, allowed to run wild upon the plains, and were so numerous that at times they too, were driven over bluffs and slaughtered by thousands to relieve the country of an overplus of stock, not only worthless because not needed, but really detrimental. The sheep of that day were of inferior breeds, and the wool was course and wholly unfit for exportation. In time the sheep raising industry seemed to have entirely died out, but in 1859 a general revival of the industry seemed to take place, and it became the fashion to have imported stock on the ranches, and so much interest seemed centered upon this industry that cattle were neglected.

The owners of the Santa Anita ranch, sporty as ever, imported finely bred sheep from Scotland along with shepherds and dogs, but this fad died out too, and while the sheep bore up better than other stock during the year of drought, the industry was given a great blow, from which it has never really recovered.

CALIFORNIA POPPY

Nodding gently to and fro, nodding as the breezes blow,
By the dun and dusty roadside where the thorns and thistles grow;
In the glint of noontide's gleaming, when the summer day lies dreaming,
When the mourning dove is silent and the pines are whispering low.

Nodding little Golden Crest, native of the Golden West,
Yellow tresses tied with sunbeams, silver lace work at thy breast;
In thy beauty is a blending, and a harmony, transcending
All the charms that in thy sisters are so gorgeously expressed.

Golden Poppy, evermore emblem of the Golden Shore,
Woven in the Indian legends and the tales of Western lore;
In our praise we'll e'er make mention of thy modest unpretention,
Simple, guileless little poppy, fame is knocking at thy door.

JAMES N. HATCH.

Country residence of F. J. Sullivan, Santa Cruz.

The Country Home of the Frank J. Sullivan Family at Santa Cruz

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

Photographs by C. L. Aydelotte.

IT IS WITH fear and trembling I make the statement that I spent half a day in the grounds of the Frank J. Sullivan family during the month of November, and not in the earliest days of the month, either. For, if I find a California reader not of Santa Cruz, he will instantly cry "boost," while an Easterner would more sedately, but with greater contempt, say "boast," if I declared that a whole host of golden-brown butterflies greeted me at the gate, and that countless birds flitted through the sunlit air and hovered over graveled walk, about splashing fountain, and gazed curiously out from among trellised roses or from the vantage ground of a friendly piece of statuary with outstretched arm or sheltering

drapery. And since I have gone so far in imperiling my good name for veracity, let me say at once that all these birds were singing, each his own song, and I have the audacity to say that they were practicing Christmas carols, for birds will sing when skies are blue, when sea waves musically beat upon the sandy beach, and the spicy fragrance of the dark red carnation of the Engadin mingles with the dreamy odor of the Parma violet.

And now that I have said all the unbelievable things at once, let me plead to show these unbelievably lovely grounds and gardens to you as I saw them.

We entered the gate which left the blue, gold glinting ocean to our left, while to our right rose the majestic forest of heaven-striving eucalyptus for which this park has long been famous. Forming an impenetrable wall between the Sullivan gardens and distances that at the present day might not strictly harmonize with the lines laid out, no more effective background could have been chosen for the creation of this work in which are mirrored the impressions made by glorious days passed in the art school of Nature, the Riviera, beautiful France and cultured Germany.

As the auto passes slowly over the broad driveway, I can feel the eye of the camera artist roaming from palm to fir-tree, lighting on marble garden urn and fixing glimpses of gleaming statuary, of an elusive deer, of vine-covered balustrade, in his memory. I can feel this though I do not look at him, for I know that in a little while I shall say: "Oh, please do take this view," or "Can't I have a picture of that?" And directly, when the buildings come in sight, light, airy, graceful in tropical surroundings, yet clothed with the solid dignity that a sheltering spruce of Norway, a classic cedar of Deodar, can lend, still outranking the tallest, stateliest palm in height and volume, I knew we have come to the first scene of our illustrations.

The passion vine, with its starlike blossoms of rosy pink, and its dainty little gourds of wax white, trailed over the eaves and around the pillars of one porch, while the piazza of the conservatory was claimed by two clematis, white and purple. Indeed, every veranda, every porch and balcony was so covered, so overhung with vines and climbing roses, that it was difficult to find a space that could be taken for the house. The tender blue of the plumbago capensis looked out from among the small-leaved, bright-blooming Roschen Tansendschon, and the more exclusive blossoms of the white Lamarque rose, while the jasmine mingled color and fragrance with the exceptional Marechal Niel rose.

The very profusion of growth in these grounds forms the obstacle to description; it reads like the catalogue of a florist establishment to speak of the flowers, the shrubs, the roses; for every walk, every path, and the entire driveway is bordered by beds in which the aster is still smiling, while her haughty sister, the chrysanthemum, looks down upon her less gorgeous beauty in contempt. Dahlias defy the simple spectator to classify them when Louis Doeltz, Sr., who laid out these grounds and is chief in charge, is not on hand to enlighten you; and the late-blooming gladiola vie in color and glaring beauty with the canna in its prime.

Groups of caladium on the lawns form striking contrast to the dark, glossy leaves of the rubber plant, and the always interesting, but more or less ragged leaves of the Musa sapieatum, are superciliously sneered at by the fine feathered duetzia, and looked down upon by the camphor tree, always prim and in full dress.

Thus we have wandered on, stooping to pick begonias, pansies, salpiglossis, while looking up with veneration to linden tree, to silk oak tree, with admiration to pittorporum and magnolia, when suddenly we three, the artist, his wife and I, stop "dead still." From under giant palm and towering pine you look upon a stretch of velvet lawn, a statue, "Summer," rising white and classic against the

A corner of the garden.

dark green of the juniper, and beyond it, through rustling branches of slender trees, you see the shimmer and the sun glint of the blue Bay of Monterey. And again we wander on. This shaded walk must be a part of Trianon; shall we not see a fair one of the court of Louis the Sun King emerge from its depths, followed by her cavalier? Or have we been transported to the Riviera, to the Levante, to Mentone, with its palm-sheltered garden houses, its everblooming flowers and soft, seductive airs. And again we stop. Another statue, white of limb, graceful of pose, had drawn us on, but beyond this is one more discovery. We have come to Germany, to Sanssousi, to the pet creation of the "alte Fritz," when he was still young, and which proclaimed in the very lines of its Taxus Hecken the discipline of the soldier—his soldiers—to be tall, to be straight, to be clean shaven.

But these smooth-shaved hedges of yew, with the pyramid topped columns rising at regular intervals, are really grand and impressive; the gate that leads into the grounds on this, the ocean side, is reproduced in this green material, as you enter; and if you wish, you may ascend to the upper story of the kiosk near by, and enjoy from there a view far over land and sea.

THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM

By Arthur Bedford

The Material.

FOR SEVERAL years past I have during the summer months joined the army of itinerant workers—the army which, during the winter time, gets a long furlough without pay. I have done this partly from necessity arising from the force of unusual circumstances, and partly for the satisfaction of an insistent wanderlust.

My travels during that time have taken me from California, up through Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alberta, and back again. Along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific I have worked nearly into Fort George. I am acquainted with Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. I have worked on many kinds of jobs—carpentering, bridge building, teaming, brush clearing, cement mixing and mucking in a tunnel. I have traveled most kinds of ways, on the cushions, on cattle trains, on workman's trains, on wagons and on top of a freight car. In return for free rides I have washed dishes aboard ship and passed coal aboard a locomotive. Also I have tramped many a weary mile with my turkey on my back. I have been hungry and thirsty, footsore and dirty, I have been flush with money and I have been nearly—never quite—penniless. But I have never bummed a meal, and I have never had the slightest difficulty or encounter with the police. The only public officials that have ever bothered me in any way were the emigration officers at the line, and their questioning didn't amount to very much.

In my travels I have met with many kinds of men, from the ambitious, enterprising, industrious and thrifty, to the shiftless spendthrift, drunken syphilitic ne'er-do-well. I have met men in camps and on the road, whose mental capacity and ambitious desires would surprise stay-at-home folks, but I have met many more who were irresponsible to the last degree—absolutely rudderless. I have met men who were out to accomplish a definite, set purpose, while others—many others—I have known have had no object whatever in life. Their wagon, instead of being hitched to a star, was ditched in the mud, with little hope of it ever being extricated.

For some time I chummed with a professor of phrenology, a remarkably able, though self-taught man. We were fitting up cars on the Southern Pacific for the sugar beet traffic. His bump of secretiveness was fairly well developed, but in time I learned that a drunken, dissolute wife had caused him to lose his home and position away back in New York. He had tramped across the continent, making for San Francisco. He desired to open a phrenological establishment there, and before parting, he asked me to join him as his understudy and assistant.

But I was of but little faith and did not respond. The transition from manipluating sugar beet cars to studying human head bumps was too startling for conservative me.

Another man I met last year in the San Joaquin Valley was the inventor of an exceedingly ingenious, and, judging from letters he showed me, valuable patent in connection with

door locks. He had spent considerable time and some money on this, and had received an offer from a leading firm of lock manufacturers to purchase his rights for quite a large sum of money.

But although Tommy had a very active brain for mechanics, he also had an enormous capacity for boose, and a disastrously weak will power to resist the appetite. During the month we worked together he dilated volubly on the wonderful things he would do when pay day came. The forty-two dollars he would get should do bigger duty than ever dollars did before. As the result of a previous spree, his patent papers and models were in pawn with a Fresno storekeeper for the sum of one dollar. Tommy intended to redeem them, to purchase an outfit of clothing—his present wardrobe was lamentably meagre—and to go to the city like a gentleman and decide what he would do in the matter.

But alas for the failty of human intentions! On the morning the checks arrived, Tommy developed a sudden and very painful toothache, which apparently required an immediate visit to a dentist in the nearest town.

Four days later he returned, dead broke, his system saturated with alcohol, his wardrobe no less meagre but dirtier and more tattered, and his brain in a feverish whirl—another of John Barleycorn's many victims.

While digging a sewer pipe ditch in Edmonton, Alberta, I worked next to a negro who told me he was studying to become an architect. He had spent the previous winter in a shack on a remote homestead all alone. During that six months he saw scarcely another human being. Yet he said this was the happiest time of his life, for beyond necessary chores, he did nothing but study his books on architecture. He claimed he had already passed two examinations and a third soon due would, if successfully accomplished, entitle him to commence in the profession of his choice.

Three years ago I climbed aboard the tender of a freight train engine pulling out at midnight from Revelstoke, B. C., for Field, B. C. The fireman needed assistance to shovel the large quantity of coal necessary for the big pull over the mountain grades, and I needed a free ride. At the last moment out of the darkness another man jumped on. He said nothing until we were well under way, then turning to me he asked:

"Which way is this train goin', mate?"

"East to Field," I said. "Isn't that where you want to go?"

"Oh, it's all the same to me," he replied. "East or west don't make any difference so long as I'm on my way out of here."

In between shoveling, we swopped yarns. For several months he had worked on a ranch near the Arrow Lakes, and had come into Revelstoke with over a hundred dollars. In less than a week it was practically all spent in drink and debauchery. By careful count, he found he now had exactly one dollar and forty-five cents.

"Pretty foolish way to carry on, wasn't it?" I suggested suavely, for I desired no offense.

"It was dog-goned, unchristly, pigheadedly foolish," he agreed, vehemently. "I bin nothing but a bally fool."

From his first words his accent had made me suspect his nationality. His use of the word "bally" cleared up any doubt.

"What part of England you come from?" I asked him.

He told men, and there in the darkness with the grim, towering Rockies looming like black giants over us, we sat on the coals and talked of old England's peaceful valleys and dells.

During the night he told me his tale —and I found him by no means a sparing self-critic. He made me think of the Prodigal Son just before he returned to his father's home.

His people were prosperous and respected, but he was evidently the black sheep of the flock. After chance upon chance, spurned or neglected, he had emigrated to Canada. For awhile

he did well in Montreal—worked in the Canadian Pacific shops steady, lived in Maisoneauve, saved a little money and courted a French-Canadian girl. But the delights of St. Lawrence Main and its adjacent vice dens gradually got him and everything went to rack and ruin. On a harvest excursion train he moved to Winnepeg, and for two years he had been "moochin' around any old place any old way."

"What's the use?" he exclaimed bitterly. "What's the use of trying. What is there to try for? Nobody here to try for. Nobody cares for me one single cent's worth. I don't even care for myself. If I got on a job, the boss sweats all the work out of me he can, and lets me go just as soon as he has no further use for me. Go? Where to? Why to hell, for all he cares. It's all very well to say a man should do this or shouldn't do that, but I tell you, it's easy to slip down, down, down, and when you're down there's no inducement to get up again—no one even to beckon you up. In London, the Salvation Army will pick up the scum of the earth and mother them back until they become decent human beings again, but in this country it's every coyote for himself and the devil take all the rest."

Next day, near Field, I lost him. His going was typical of the man. A section gang's cook car stood on a siding where we alighted from the engine, and I asked the Chinese cook how chances were for a meal.

"Two bits," announced the Asiatic tritely and dogmatically.

I agreed and started in, but my companion pulled me back.

"Don't give that perishing, beady-eyed thief two-bits," he cried. "He steals the grub from the railway company. Let's go into Field."

Now I knew Field and its constituents—a high class summer hotel and a round house. The cheapest meal we could get would be four bits, and it would likely be served with supercilious contempt. So I clung to the Chinaman's offer. But my new friend would have none of it. Angrily he strode away, and I saw no more of him. But he missed a bargain, for the Chink gave me a good, hot meal—how good it tasted, too, after my night's work through the mountains, and a parcel of food to last me on my journey from Field to Calgary.

Four years ago this spring, when the Big Eddy bridge, a few miles west of the Grand Trunk Pacific town of Edson, was being built, I worked partners with another type of man—a singularly lovable fool.

We all got to calling him "Back Home," because he was forever referring to his home town away back in Ontario. If ever there was a God-blessed earthly paradise illuminating the memory of a man, it was that little jerk-water place where "Back Home" was raised. The love he had for it would dwarf an Irish exile's love for Erin into pinhead size.

No matter what object would be mentioned or subject discussed, it was always, according to him, so much better away back home. The climate, the soil, the crops, the food, the clothing, the air, the sky, the moon, the stars, the sun—absolutely everything attained its highest point of excellence in that little Ontario town.

It was easy to see that he was simply home crazy, and although we all liked him for his generous, cheerful qualities, in time it got on our nerves, for others had opinions of home towns too.

"Why don't you go back there and stay there if it's a hundredth part of what you claim for it?" some one asked him at last, one night in the tent.

A cloud passed over his face; for once he looked down hearted.

"I'll tell you, boys," he said. "Last year I worked on bridges for the Canadian Northern for ten solid months. I worked every day in the week and overtime most every night. Every dollar I got I salted down, and when the job shut down I had over $900 saved in monthly checks. I had made up my mind to go home with a nice little stake, and pay off the mort-

gage on the old folks' place and settle down.

"The company gave our gang passes into Edmonton, and on the way in some of the boys bought flasks of whisky, and I had several pulls out of them. When we got into the depot at Edmonton, we found some girls on the platform to meet us. They were nicely dressed and very pleasant, and as for weeks at a stretch out in the wilderness we hadn't even seen a woman, we liked their kind attentions.

"They invited us to their house to supper, and three of us went. When we got there I soon found out the kind of dump it was, but after supper the booze began to fly, and the piano player started, and pretty soon I was dancing with the best looking girl in the house.

"That night I got so drunk I don't remember what happened, and next day I was so sick I had to take a few drinks to try to straighten up, but they only made me drunk again. And that's the way I was for three solid weeks—drunk and sick and drunk again. In a way the girls were kind to me, treated me good and didn't meanly rob me. But expenses are high in them places, and in three weeks I was down to fifty dollars. I stayed in a cheap boarding house in Edmonton till things opened up again, and this year I'm goin' to send my money home every month as fast as I make it. Nine hundred dollars is too much for me to have at one time."

"You still mean going back, then?" some one asked him after a few uncomplimentary opinions as to his general sanity had been expressed.

"You bet I do," he answered. "There's no place on earth like the little spot away back home."

Another man I worked with here in California came from Vancouver because the damp climate there had given him catarrh. He had lived in Vancouver a number of years, and had acquired a little property there. His wife was a school teacher, and his only boy had a good job in the Canadian city, so he left them behind while he came south in search of health.

I met him twice that year, in the spring in Suisun, and late in the fall near Fresno. He had worked steadily for a year at carpenter work, and had saved close to one thousand dollars. He intended spending the winter months quietly at a southern health resort.

Some time ago I worked on a power plant job in the Sierra Mountains with two brothers. Very nice, sensible boys they were—good workmen, too. On account of domestic trouble which I did not inquire into, they did not live at home with their parents. They had, however, been thrifty with the money they earned, and out of their savings had bought five acres of unimproved land in Sonoma County. In between jobs they went there, and spent time and money on the place. I visited them just recently, and found they have as nice a little ranch as one wishes to see. They have built a bungalow and a barn, besides considerable other improvements.

In a year or two, when their fruit trees come into bearing and the balance of the price of the land is paid, they intend buying a few chickens and making their living entirely on the ranch.

Some years ago I worked for the Western Pacific Railway Company, helping fit up some picnic grounds with a dance platform and refreshment booth near Sunol. On the night I got through, I returned to San Francisco with a fellow workman suffering from a severe attack of poison oak—the worst I ever saw.

We arrived in the city about 10 o'clock, and of course the company's offices were closed until the following day, so we could not cash our time checks until them. The poor fellow I was with had no money to pay for a bed or a meal, or a street car fare. He had a recommendation for a company ticket for hospital from his foreman, but he had no friends in San Francisco to care for him for the night, and he was so sick he could scarcely walk. Fortunately, I had

about a dollar myself, and though I hate to tell of it, I admit I acted the Good Samaritan that night for once in my life. During the time I was with him he told me his story:

He was an electrician by trade, and had had a good job in Los Angeles, making big money, but the gay night life of the so-called chemically pure city gradually caught him in its toils, till finally he got fired from his job, and found himsef well-nigh penniless. Then he drifted north, beating trains and tramping. Previous to getting work at Sunol, he had been without food for over twenty-four hours, and now, after working a few days, he was sick and down and out.

I never heard a man tell a tale so piteously. His spirit seemed completely broken, his grip of himself quite gone. I consoled him as well as I could, helping him the best my small means would allow. Next day I left for Portland, and I have never seen him since, but I hope his lesson was learned.

To conclude this chapter, I would like to cite an instance of industry and thrift that I think would be hard to beat. A few years or two ago, I was talking to a section foreman on the Western Pacific Railway in Alameda County. In the course of conversation he pointed out one of his workmen to me.

"You see that Greek fellow there," he said. "He's one of my section hands, getting $1.60 a day and boarding himself. He's been with me now for over three years. He's saved nearly a thousand dollars on this job, and in another year or two he figures on going back to Greece, where he will be regarded as a fairly rich man."

A truly wonderful instance of long continued concentration for the accomplishment of a set purpose!

How the Material is Used.

I have called the previous chapter "The Material," because I think that the types of men I have there briefly described are representative of the class from which most of the unemployed are recruited, though for reasons which I hope presently to make plain, I have mixed my specimens up considerably.

Economic and natural conditions make for a diminution in the demand for labor in winter time all over the country. Climatic conditions in California make this State a rendezvous, not only for its own surplus workers, but for many workers from adjacent States. Thus we get here a periodical conjestion so difficult to handle that it becomes an annually recurring problem of considerable magnitude.

In order to understand the unemployed problem it is necessary to know the system and conditions under which those who form this body usually live, as the itinerant workers are by far the greatest part of this body, I will confine the description to them alone. It is, of course, understood that throughout I am speaking from a general standpoint, to which there are many and great exceptions. The broad stream is all I can traverse: to attempt explorations of its numerous tributaries would lead only to discursiveness and confusion.

As a rule, the itinerant workers make their headquarters in some large city such as San Francisco. They stay in the rooming houses adjacent to the employment offices, paying 15 to 50 cents a night for a bed. Their meals, costing from 5 to 25 cents each, are obtained in cheap close-by restaurants. To obtain a job, they visit an employment agency, and pay a fee ranging from one dollar and a half to three or even more dollars. Usually the job is some distance out of town, and although in some cases a free pass is given for the journey, just as likely anything from one to ten dollars rail or boat fare will have to be paid in addition to the office fee. Men provide their own blankets, and generally they carry also a change of underclothing. Wages will range from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars a day and board for laborers, and from two and a half dollars to

three and a half dollars a day and board for mechanics. Wages are usually paid monthly by check.

The accommodation in camps or on ranches is always very primitive and devoid of comfort. The food is generally coarse and rough, though plentiful enough. The beds are just wooden bunks filled with hay or straw —the less said about sanitary arrangements the better, because generally they are so bad they won't bear talking about. The day is divided into three parts, eating, sleeping and working, with perhaps an hour or two for reading an old magazine or an out of date newspaper. As often as not, Sunday is a day of toil, too.

Although the time varies with different jobs, and different men, from one to three months is generally as long as a man can endure these conditions at one stretch. Occasionally an odd man will stay as long as a year; others, again, quit before the first day it out. Pick and shovel work or heavy lifting is very trying to a man physically weak or soft, and soon induces severe aches and pains, especially on a hot summer day. The hands get blistered, the legs tremble and the back seems like a rusty old hinge; the tongue clings to the roof of the mouth, the boots become like vises, and the hours drag on leaden wings. Yes, it takes courage for the tenderfoot to stand the first few days. After that it's not so hard. Still, from one to three months is about all a man wants of it under camp conditions at one stretch. Then he begins to yearn for a change. The city pavements allure him. The delights of steam beer and picture shows and spring mattresses whet his imagination. The animal instinct for the female begins to dominate him, and Bartlett Alley seems like a far away enchanted spot.

About this time something happens. Perhaps his job finishes up, or he has a "racket" with his foreman or with a workmate. He may have anything from fifty to a hundred dollars ahead (perhaps two or three hundred, if he's a mechanic), and that is about as much prosperity as he can stand.

He returns to the city. He puts up at the same cheap rooming house, although for a while he does not eat at the same cheap restaurants, because for a week or so he gives himself a real good time. He dons a toney suit of clothes, drinks whisky high balls, goes to the vaudeville or the dance halls on the "Coast," he patronizes the demi-mondaine, and lives temporarily at the rate of ten thousand a year. Then when his money is nearly gone, he visits the employment agent and ships out again on another similar job.

If the shipping out opportunities remained constant the whole year round, his economic problem would be small indeed, but unfortunately along in November—sometimes earlier—the jobs come off the agent's board almost with a bang, not to creep back again in any quantity until the following April—a matter of four months.

Then it is that the itinerant worker gets caught. The periodical relaxations he has taken have been the natural reactions from drudgery and abstinence—something he felt himself entitled to. If he has thought about the approaching winter at all, it has been with a Micawber-like optimism that something would turn up. Hence he has made no preparations for a long idleness, and a week or two after his last job is finished he is out of funds. He has no home, no friends, no reputation, and he gets little or no sympathy. Such acquaintances as he has are in a plight similar to his own. The city pavements, instead of being alluring, become very hard and cold. Around Christmas time the brightness of the stores and streets seem but to mock him. The New Year's bells ring out only bitterness for him; for with him it is Lent—a time of fasting and penance.

At times he becomes desperate, perhaps commits a crime. A frosty, foggy night or two without a bed, followed by a day or two without food, search a man's very soul, and over-

come his loose moral scruples. The helplessness and hopelessness of his plight at times bewilder and then enrage him.

He listens to the voice of the revolutionist. "The system is rotten," it says; "the capitalist is a grinding grafter and you are his victim."

It is the only gospel he hears, and the germ of truth it contains becomes magnified in his suffering mind, flooding him with self-pity, and arousing a latent anger towards the many undoubted injustices he has hitherto unconsciously endured.

Society becomes alarmed at his numbers, and his menace. It provides night sticks and fire hoses, and instructs its officers to tackle him and his problem none too gently. Perhaps he is arrested and thrown into prison, or he gets bruised in a police charge. Thus he becomes an outlaw, an outcast, a bum.

The more charitable of the populace, touched at the sight of suffering humanity at its very doors, starts a subscription and opens up soup kitchens, and distributes clothing and blankets. But although this is commendable enough, and in many cases prevents actual death from starvation, it offers no permanent solution to the problem. Temporary alleviation is good when the cry of pain arises, but unless the source of the trouble is reached, and its cause overcome, the distress will undoubtedly recur.

Thus by hook or by crook the winter is slowly pulled through. Gradually spring opens up. The natural optimism of the itinerant worker begins to blossom again. The boards at the employment agencies become fuller day by day, and his annual history repeats itself.

Obviously in the foregoing description I have not referred to the many men who, although unemployed for several months each year, have been sufficiently thrifty to be able to finance themselves during enforced idleness, like the Vancouver man and the Sonoma County boys.

But the description is true of the thousands of men whose cases are identically similar to that of Tommy and the Englishman whose tendencies are shown in the previous chapter. In fact I go so far as to say, although many may dispute it, that the majority of the men who made the bread line in San Francisco last winter owed their position very largely, if not entirely, to the manner in which they had spent their money during the previous summer, and not because they had been quite unable to get anything ahead out of bare existence wages.

For at least seven months in the year there is work of some kind or other in California for every one seeking it. That is a big statement, I know, but it is nevertheless absolutely true. The work may be laborious, the conditions under which it is performed far from satisfactory, and the remuneration below the full product of the man's toil. But it does at least provide opportunities for all able bodied men to secure the wherewithal to sustain life during the whole twelve months if full and judicious advantage is taken of it.

Unfortunately, many do not stack the hay they made while the sun was shining. The way of the spender is so easy and tempting, with no voice sounding a warning that it is only the strong willed, self-reliant who provide for an emergency. The others do not see trouble coming until it hits them below the belt. Then they have to take up the slack in the belt, for then the feed is not growing for them.

Suggestions for Relief.

Any suggestion for the relief of the unemployed problem, outside the timely provision of public work by public bodies, which unfortunately appear to be unavailable, must in order to be practical, be capable of early application; it must follow the lines of least resistance, and it must be independent of any particular "ism."

Guided by these considerations, I suggest the following:

1. The establishment in San Fran-

cisco of a Central Working Man's Home.

2. The inauguration of a Central Employment Bureau in connection therewith.

3. The inducing or compelling of the railway companies to carry men to and from jobs obtained through the Central Employment Bureau for not more than one cent per mile.

A working man's home run on hotel and cafeteria lines, and dominated by a spirit of uplift and helpfulness, such as is manifested at the Y. M. C. A., could in many and various ways accomplish wonders by advising and assisting men to conserve their summer surplus in preparation for the winter's unemployment. It could be entirely self-supporting and might be as true a home in the best sense of the word to thousands of homeless men as it is possible for any but a family home to be.

An employment agency at the home could be much more cheaply and efficiently conducted than the present system of competitive commercialized agencies. Considerably over one million dollars per year is paid by itinerant workers in California to labor agents for the privilege of getting a job. Employers, however, for the privilege of obtaining men pay nothing—certainly an injustice, due entirely to a faulty system.

From all I know of employment agents, their methods, their expenses and their profits, I am satisfied that an agency run on the lines I suggest could pay all its expenses by charging a fee of twenty-five cents to the worker and twenty-five cents to the employer, instead of from a dollar and a half "up" to the worker only, as is done at present.

As regards my third suggestion, I estimate by a rough calculation, based on general knowledge of conditions that every itinerant worker pays an average of twenty dollars per year for transportation to and from jobs. This at three cents per mile.

The railway companies make concessions to traveling salesmen, to theatrical companies and to commuters. Why not to itinerant workers, whose labor they largely use, and who assist so materially in opening up new districts and in the gathering and distribution of crops?

The money gained by these reforms would, if the men were induced by the proposed working man's home officials to save it, be sufficient to pay their board bill for nearly half the winter's idle time—certainly no small consideration.

The establishment of such a home ought not to be an impossibility in so enterprising a city as San Francisco. The chief requirement is a leader, one who would come forward and nobly give to the American itinerant worker a devoted service such as Miss Agnes Weston—the Mother of the Navy—gives to the British sailor, and that General Booth gave to the submerged tenth. The need is great, and is not likely to diminish when the Exposition is over and when thousands of new comers have reached California via the Panama Canal.

That there should be want and privation in the Golden West, this land of plenty, in this scientific twentieth century, this age when "man's inhumanity to man," is making men conscience stricken, is sad and unfortunate. Let us not, however, only mourn over it, but help to relegate it to the limbo of the past!

WHITE STOCKINGS

By Chart Pitt

WHEN Charley Hart drew pretty Rose Shannon in the matrimonial lottery, a white legged mare of doubtful age was thrown in for good measure. Her new master did not know that she had not been shod since the days when his bride was a baby; or that she would refuse the shelter of the corral, and rustled her feed upon the hills. He did not know that the word "high water" would send her rushing for the beach land, her old limbs straining, under the spur of haunting memories from the long ago.

White-stockings rebelled at leaving the old range down the river. But her love for Rose won out in the end, and she followed the happy, thoughtless pair of lovers into their new home.

Young Hart was too happy in the possession of his bride to listen to the family history about the old white-legged mare. But the bride had often heard about that wild ride of the long ago, before she was born, when her mother was a bride in the new home. White-stockings lingered about the kitchen door, and followed Rose when she went to the fields. The old mare was homesick, but Rose was too busy in the home making to spend much time with her old playmate.

Morning and night, the old mare trotted down to the bank, and watched the water lapping greedily at the banks. One morning a fleck of yellow spume came drifting past. For a moment the old mare sniffed the air, then trotted away towards the hills.

The river rose, filled the people of the valley with alarm, then crept back to safer levels. No doubt it was waiting for a day when it might find them unprepared. With the fall of the river came White-stockings back to the kitchen door, to beg lumps of sugar from a brown eyed little woman in a gingham apron.

In time, even Hart neglected to read the water gauge that kept its silent watch over the treacherous Snake. Instead, he kept his eye on White-stockings. When she made off for the high reaches of the Idaho hills he knew that the greedy yellow terror was rushing down from the head-waters of the Snake, and it always found him prepared. Flood season always found the old mare safe within the higher levels of the bunch-grass hills. There, among the grass and wild flowers, she reveled in the golden sunshine. But her eyes would often turn to that winding ribbon of water that marked the boundaries of the Oregon hills. Though she fed in the green meadows, and the bracing hill winds blew about her, the phantoms of fear was stalking about the sunny slopes where the meadow-larks sang.

For one that she loved was down beside the treacherous Snake. And her old heart held the memory of other days when the black water clutched greedily at her racing feet —when acres of maddened water were flecked with yellow spume.

Then the baby came—little Rose, who patted her nose from the kitchen door, before she could walk. Then they noticed that high-water came, and the old mare complained bitterly about the open door, but did not set her feet upon the hill trail as in former times. Little Rose went stumbling through the hot, golden sunshine of early spring. It was the busy season

at the ranch, and no one had time to give more than a passing thought to the old mare, who complained more bitterly about the kitchen door, and followed little Rose everywhere at her play.

The hot sunshine was eating up the hoarded snows, in the Seven Devils' Country, and were adding a million little torrents to the main Snake, that writhed along, bank full from other mountain ranges beyond the sage-brush plains.

The river drew back from the high water mark with a sinister quickness, like a lion that crouches for a spring. A dam of flood wood was forming up in the box canyons of the hills. Trees torn up by the roots, in the snow-slips, rocks and the various things caught up in its journey of a thousand miles, were being pressed into a giant dam between the rocks.

White-stockings had seen the recoil of the dreaded Snake once before. Well she knew that the thing which the Snake had builded up there in the narrow gorge of the hills, the Snake would destroy, as she had destroyed before. Then the tons of pent up water would race down the green valleys, leaving blackness and death behind her. With her feet upon the hill trail she turned to look at that thing which she knew must come racing down between the bunch grass hills. She saw it—a waste of yellow, pitching water, that blotted out the green valley as it passed. Something else she saw—the flutter of a pink dress by the river bank. White-stockings threw herself down the hillside and thundered along the river bank, as she had never run before—even in that other day, when she had matched her speed against the fury of the Snake.

In the middle of the noon-day meal the people in the farm house were brought to their feet by a roar that shook the building upon its foundations. From the window they saw the old mare disappear over a point of the hill, followed by the rest of the herd. Writhing, yellow water lay above the valley, and the knoll upon which the house stood was an island. Then some one thought about little Rose. The hired man had seen her playing beside the river when he came up from the fields. While the mad water held them prisoners on their speck of land, there was nothing to do but wait—a hopeless waiting. The sun went down behind the Oregon hills, and the shadows of evening played above a sodden and wasted valley. With half-blinded eyes, a father and mother searched among the wreckage cast up by the yellow Snake, searching for something they dreaded to find.

A clatter of hoofs upon the hill trail drew their attention, where a neighbor from the beach land above came riding through the twilight. In his arms was something that gleamed pink through the springtime dusk.

"The old mare laid the baby down by my cabin door, then rushed away for the upper hills. No, there was not a wet thing about her except the foam from the mare's mouth," the neighbor explained.

White-stockings never returned from the hills. Whether her dread of the river was too great, or whether her last race, with the precious burden, was too much for her old age, will never be known. Somewhere up there in the high meadows her bones lie gleaming under the cloudless Idaho skies. The meadow lark trills his morning song above the dew damp grass of the hillside, where her faithful bones rest. Though she comes not again to the bank of the treacherous Snake, and a white-haired Hart reads the water gauge at morning and evening during flood season, the old mare still lives in the memory of those she served so well.

The Great White Throne; Day of Judgment Misunderstood

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

THE FALSE view of the Day of Judgment began to be introduced in the Second Century and human fear and superstition continually made it worse and worse. The Bible, on the contrary, represented it as a period of glory and blessing. The Psalmist's declaration, calling upon humanity and all creation to rejoice because the Lord would come to judge the earth in righteousness and the poor with equity (Psalm 98.9), is worthy of note.

A Blessed Judgment Day.

According to the Bible, the world's Judgment Day will be the world's time of opportunity for coming to a knowledge of God and then being tried, tested, or judged, as to their willingness to serve and obey God and his righteous government. Those found heartily obedient will be granted everlasting life with every joy and blessing appropriate to man in his perfection. Those rebellious to the light of the righteousness of Jehovah will be destroyed in the Second Death without hope of any future whatever.

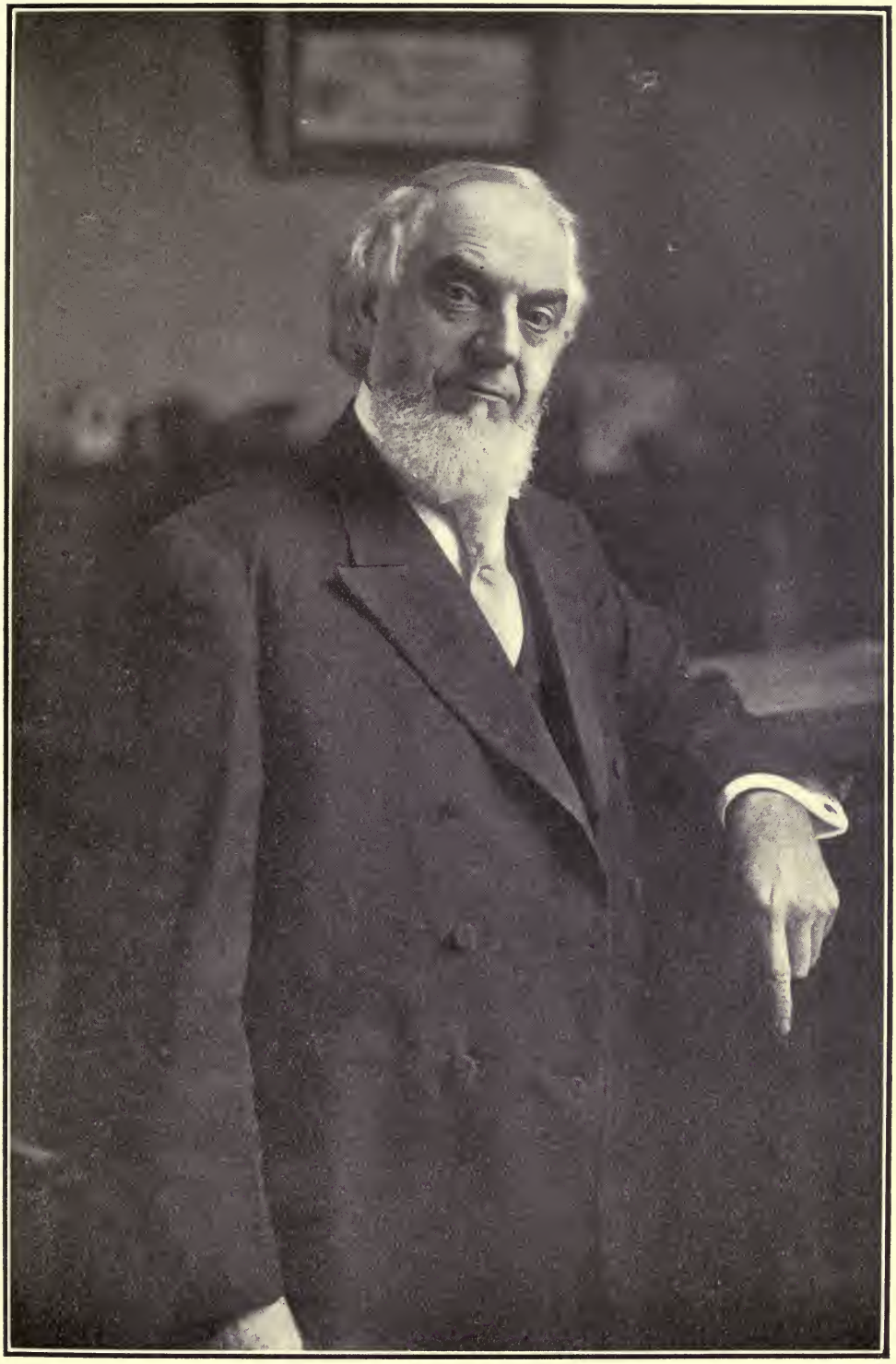
That will be the time when all the heathen will have their trial, after they shall all be brought by Messiah's Kingdom to a clear knowledge of the Truth. That will be the one time when the great masses of Christendom will for the first time hear of the real character of God and His requirements of them. Although some of them may have been in churches occasionally and may have seen Bibles, occasionally, nevertheless the eyes of their understanding were darkened. They saw not; they heard not; they understood not. The god of this world blinded them (II Corinthians iv, 4.)

That Judgment Day, the thousand years of Messiah's Kingdom, will not only bind Satan, but chase away with the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness all the darkness, superstition and error of the world.

The Church will not be judged during that thousand year Judgment Day because her trial, her judgment, takes place now—during this Gospel Age. The saintly few who will gain the great prize of joint heirship with the Redeemer, Messiah, will be his Queen and sit with him in the Great White Throne of Judgment mentioned in the text; as the Apostle declares, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" (1 Cor. vi, 2; Psa. 4:9.)

Former Views Were Erroneous.

Our former and very unreasonable view was that man, "born in sin, shapen in iniquity," depraved in all of his appetites, would be condemned



C. T. Russell.

of God in the Judgment Day on account of this heredity, and environment, for which he is not responsible. The theory was that the heathen also would be damned in that Judgment Day, because they did not know and did not accept "the only name given under heaven." The theory was also that the masses of civilized society would in that Judgment Day be damned because they would not, and because they did not, live perfectly, notwithstanding their heredity.

Now we see that the death sentence was upon Adam and all of his race, who were in his loins when he sinned. We see that they could not be put on trial a second time until released from the first sentence. We see that their release will be at the Second Coming of Messiah in the glory of his Kingdom, when he shall cause the knowledge of the Lord to fill the whole earth and open all the blinded eyes. Then, because of having satisfied the claims of Justice against the race, the Great Redeemer, as the Mediator of the New Covenant, will grant the world of mankind another judgment or trial—additional to the one given to Adam, in which they all failed and from the penalty of which failure Jesus redeemed them.

True, the measure of light and knowledge now enjoyed and wilfully sinned against will work a corresponding degradation of character; all downward steps will need to be retraced.

"The Great White Throne."
Rev. 20-11.

Symbolically, the whiteness of the throne indicates the purity of the justice and judgment which will be meted out by the Great Redeemer as the Messiah-King. The heavens and earth which will flee away from the presence of that throne are not the literal, but the symbolical. The ecclesiastical heavens and the social earth of the present time will not stand in the presence of that August Tribunal. The people will not be judged nationally nor by parliaments and systems in society, but individually. The judgment or trial will not merely test those living at the time of the establishment of the Kingdom, but will include all the dead.

The books of the Bible will then all be opened—understood. All will then see that the Golden Rules laid down by inspiration through Moses and the Prophets, Jesus and his Apostles, are the very ones which God will require of men in the future, and which Messiah will then enable the willing and obedient to comply with by assisting them up out of their sin and degradation. The judgment of that time, the test, will not be of faith, for knowledge will be universal and all the darkness and obscurity created by ignorance and superstition will have passed away. The test at that time will be of works, whereas the tests of the Church at the present time are of faith.

Another Book of Life Opened.

Pastor Russell declared that the Lamb's Book of Life alone is open now, and only those called to be members of the Bride class and who accept the call are written therein. But in the great day of the world's trial or judgment another book of life will be opened. A record will be made of all who, by obedience, show themselves worthy of everlasting life on the human plane, and, if faithful, they will eventually be accepted of the Father to life eternal. All the incorrigible, all those who after the most favorable opportunities, will not give their hearts to the Lord and be obedient to the laws of the Messianic Kingdom "shall be destroyed from amongst the people."—Acts 3:19-21.

"Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings by Bret Harte," Compiled by Charles Meeker Kozlay, with an Introductory Account of Harte's Early Contributions to the California Press.

The enthusiastic reader of Bret Harte, who is interested in the development of his genius, will be glad to learn that this new volume throws a flood of light on his early literary career, a period regarding which most of his admirers have been deeply curious. Mr. Kozlay has covered his field of labor with a sympathy, thoroughness and painstaking care that will be greatly appreciated by those who love their Harte. Harte was a most prolific writer. Under the press of circumstances and the uncertain literary field in which he was restricted in those early days of grubbing in the literature of California, he paid practically no attention to his scattered contributions. For a long time past, Mr. Kozlay has been widely recognized as a most successful collector of Hartiana. These writings, gathered after long, laborious search in foreign newspaper and magazine graveyards, furnish a broad and comprehensive view of Harte, the author in the making. The careful and wise reader will see him struggling through an apprenticeship to be metamorphosed later into the genius who fashioned "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and scores of other unsurpassable tales of California life in the early '50's.

About two-thirds of the book is composed of prose, one-third of poems. Among the stories are "My Metamorphosis" (Bret Harte's first story); "A Child's Ghost Story;" "Madame Brimborion;" "The Petroleum Fiend—A Story of To-Day;" "An American Haroun Al-Raschid;" and "A Gentleman of La Porte." The miscellaneous prose includes "Our Last Offering"—(on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln); "Early California Superstitions;" "Confucius and the Chinese Classics;" and "The Great Patent Office Fire."

To collectors, this volume is of immense importance. It completes the publication of Harte's writings in book form and furnishes an unrivaled opportunity for studying his early style. The book is issued in sumptuous form, with many illustrations, a special introduction, and a dedication by Ina Coolbrith.

Illustrated. 8vo, $6 net. Postpaid. Limited to 525 copies, of which 500 are for sale. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., 4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

"Memories of Two Wars," by Brigadier-General Frederick A. Funston.

About twenty years ago a young man from Kansas, with some newspaper but no military training, entered the headquarters of the Cuban Junta at 56 New street, New York, and offered to enlist with the Cuban Insurgents then struggling against the rule of Spain.

"A few evenings later," he says, "I was conducted by one of the attaches of the Junta to a small hall over a sa-

loon, well up on Third avenue. All but a few of the lights were turned off, and the window shades were all drawn. Here we found about fifteen Cubans, callow youths in the main, the most of them, I judged, being students. These aspiring patriots chattered like magpies, and smoked the most astounding number of cigarettes. In addition to this promising material there were in the room several large and imposing looking crates labeled 'Machinery.' These were opened and turned out to be the various parts of a Hotchkiss twelve pounder. . . Several times the pieces were allowed to fall to the floor with a noise that should have aroused the block, and I spent a good bit of time figuring out how I would explain to the police if they came to investigate what I was doing with such warlike paraphernalia in peaceful New York."

This was the first military experience of the man who is likely at any moment to become the most important American to his countrymen, Brigadier-General Frederick A. Funston. The quotation is taken from an opening page of his book, "Memories of Two Wars," one of the most fascinating fighting books ever written, in which he describes his career from the day he enlisted to fight Spain among the Cuban Insurgents until he captured Aguinaldo in the Philippines and was made a Brigadier-General.

Illustrated. Price, $1.50 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"My First Years as a Frenchwoman, 1876-1879," by Mary King Waddington.

Madame Waddington's account of a conversation with an English diplomat in her new book, "My First Years as a Frenchwoman," forms an illuminating comment upon Russian women. She says: "At one of our small dinners I had such a characteristic answer from an English diplomatist. He was really a charming talker, but wouldn't speak French. That was of no consequence as long as he only talked to me, but naturally all the people at the table wanted to talk to him, and when the general conversation languished, at last, I said to him: 'I wish you would speak French; none of these gentlemeen speak any other language.' (It was quite true, the men of my husband's age spoke very rarely any other language but their own; now almost all the younger generation speak German or English, or both. Almost all of my son's friends speak English perfectly.) 'Oh, no, I can't,' he said; 'I haven't enough the habit of speaking French. I don't say the things I want to say, only the things I can say, which is very different.' 'But what did you do in Russia?' 'All the women speak English.' 'But for affairs, diplomatic negotiations?' 'All the women speak English.' I have often heard it said that the Russian women were much more clever than the men. He evidently had found it true."

Price, $2.50 net; postage extra. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Life Histories of African Game Animals," by Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Heller.

This book lays claim to the attention of the librarian under a double aspect: as a vivid addition to the literature of travel and adventure, and as an original contribution to the world's knowledge. The first qualification, as will be readily conceived, is glowingly fulfilled. The adventures here recorded are unusual and have all the vigor of reality in the description; the temperament of the author is superlatively capable of the keenest zest in active incidents, and his enthusiasm rapidly infects the reader, while the numerous photographs and drawings by Philip R. Goodwin form a unique narrative in themselves. But if the broad human spirit of the authors combined has succeeded in presenting a work of equal interest to the sportsman, the adventurous reader,

and the scientist, it is in the last capacity that it will take its permanent place. These two volumes, while not technical in the sense of being mere tabulations, mark the first comprehensive attempt to present in classified and correlated form a natural history of the game animals of the great African continent, and the most recent scientific methods in characterization and nomenclature are observed throughout, whereas the material here made public has the vital advantage of its genesis in first-hand observation.

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"The Training of a Forester," by Gifford Pinchot.

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"Festivals and Plays," by Percival Chubb.

The author is chairman of the State Management committee that is to present the St. Louis pageant the end of this month, and has been one of the principal counselors in all matters pertaining to emblems, flags and festival work. The formation of this permanent association for the production of pageants and civic plays is in line with Mr. Chubb's suggestions in "Festivals and Plays" that "we must recover for ourselves the lost aptitudes of the humanizing arts of life, the song and balladry, the mumming and minstrelsy, the dancing and revelry, the ritual and pageantry which through the ages, until we yoked ourselves to the steam juggernaut of factory industry, were sources of life and health and growth to the peoples and the folk of the world, and have left a rich heritage of folk art which has been fast perishing."

Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

"The Spiritual Message of Dante," by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, K. C. V. O., D. D., D. C. L., D. Litt., L. L. D., Canon of Westminster and Clerk of the Closet of the King, late Bishop of Ripon.

Not many books on Dante are written with as much analytic insight and literary charm as the William Belden Noble Lectures, which Canon Boyd Carpenter delivered at Harvard last year. They have just been published by the Harvard University Press, under the title "The Spiritual Message of Dante." The unusual intensity and scope of Dante's own religious growth is first treated, his "fastidious sensi-

tiveness," and, strangely compatible with it, a scornful austerity in spiritual judgments. Dante's own life was a parallel and precursor to his interpretation of religious experience, as the drama without to the drama within; and Canon Boyd Carpenter is wise in treating them as inseparable. The drama of the soul in the Divina Commedia is then followed to its logical conclusion, the Triumph of Love in the Paradiso. The book is a notable piece of literary and spiritual interpretation; and, written to be delivered as lectures, is easily read. The illustrations are of more than passing interest. Several ancient portraits of Dante are reproduced, and the weird and delicate drawings from Lord Vernon's famous edition of the Inferno were especially copied for this edition.

Cloth, 12mo., $1.50. Published by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"Novel Ways of Entertaining," by Florence Hull Winterburn.

This book contains suggestions of a practical and interesting nature which will aid the perplexed hostess to give her entertainments that touch of novelty that insures success. Here are gathered together the latest ideas and fancies in the world of social amusements. Novel features for afternoon teas, dinners, formal and informal, house parties, dances for indoors, and picnicking; beach parties, porch teas for outdoors—are temptingly described. Nor are the children's amusements forgotten.

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"The Price of Love," by Arnold Bennett.

This is a "who stole the money" story, the scene of which is laid in Bursley—one of the Five Towns. A young girl lives with a wealthy widow as lady companion. A large sum of money disappears one evening when the old lady's two nephews come to dinner. The loss of the bank-notes is the indirect cause of her death, when the property is divided between the two kinsmen. One, the easy-going, courteous dandy, marries the companion and their happiness is threatened by suspicion and remorse. The mystery of the theft is at last solved, but at the cost of faith and certain illusions. Mr. Bennett has made his characters reflect his own intense interest in life.

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"What Will People Say?" by Rupert Hughes.

One hesitates to lay too much stress upon the fact that Mr. Hughes has vividly pictured the glittering spectacle of New York life, for his main intent, obviously, is not to dazzle by scenes of orgiastic revelry or to incite a shocked condemnation of extravagance and moral laxity. Yet "What Will People Say?" is a picture as well as a story. Mr. Hughes seems to have derived his atmosphere from observation, and he has tempered it with a many-sided knowledge of life. In many ways the author shows the novelist's love of evenly balanced truth, the characteristic delight in expressing with impersonal skill the subtle windings of character and manners. He is satirical enough on occasion; but his satiric wit, bracing as a cocktail, is uniformly good tempered and tolerant.

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"France from Behind the Veil." Fifty Years of Social and Political Life, by Count Vassili.

Count Vassili, who died recently, was long Secretary of the Russian Embassy to France, beginning in the year 1868, and by virtue of his official position came to know much about the inside of French politics, government and society. He was "in at the death" of the Napoleonic dynasty, and saw France become a re-

public, following Germany's crushing defeat of Napoleon III. Those were stirring times, socially and politically, and Count Vassili wrote of them, and of more recent conditions, with intimate frankness. What he tells of French leaders, in statecraft, in letters, in art and finance, has a real fascination.

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"Reminiscences of the Eulogy of Rufus Choate on Daniel Webster," and Discussions by Charles Caverno, A. M., L.L. D., Dartmouth, 1854; author of "Device," "A Narrow Ax in Biblical Criticism," etc.

It is sixty-one years since Rufus Choate delivered that great masterpiece of oratory, the eulogy upon Daniel Webster. The eulogy itself was published the year it was delivered, but no record was made of the particulars of that occasion, so filled with human interest. These "Reminiscenses," in the main as now set forth, have been given on various public occasions. The author is also known to many critical audiences as an able and interesting lecturer on Daniel Webster. He brings to the present task an almost boyish enthusiasm for his heroes, whose works have been a lifelong study with him. Such an enthusiasm gives vivid life to a unique event which might otherwise slip into oblivion—a loss which our national life can ill afford.

Cloth; 12mo.; 50c. net; by mail, 58c. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Chip of the Flying U," by B. M. Bower (B. M. Sinclair), author of "The Lure of the Dim Trails," "Her Prairie Knight," "The Lonesome Trail," etc. Illustrations by Chas. M. Russell.

This is another of those delightful and refreshing stories of eventful life on a big Western cattle ranch, the breezy and picturesque background of which the author is so intimately acquainted. As usual his captivating characters fit the scenery and the tale to a nicety. In this spontaneous story the reader pursues with interest the love affairs of Chip, of the Flying U ranch, for its owner's niece, Della Whitman. A correspondence between Della and a certain Dr. Cecil Grantham attracts Chip's attention, and augments his jealousy not a little. Everything looks dark to him until he discovers that Dr. Cecil Grantham is —a big, breezy, blue-eyed young woman. A clever, realistic story, abounding with the keen, wholesome humor of the American cow-puncher. The illustrations are spirited and in full sympathy with the characters depicted.

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Paper boards; 12mo.; $1 net; by mail, $1.10. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Poems and Translations," by Frederick Rowland Marvin.

This edition includes three separate books, published at different times, together with a few later metrical compositions. "Flowers of Song from

Many Lands," being short poems and detached verses gathered from various languages, and rendered into English, is contained in this edition. It first appeared in 1902, when one thousand copies were printed, of which sixty-three contained a portrait of the author on parchment and were numbered. The book is now out of print, the entire very limited edition having been sold some time ago. To characterize impersonally Dr. Marvin's work is impossible. To do so is to consider the rose without its fragrance —the bird without its song. So thoroughly are his writings impregnated with his personality that they seem, indeed, its essence. They must be—as they are—philosophical, for he is a philosopher; poetical, for he is a poet; polished, for he is a finished scholar.

Cloth, 8vo; $1.50 net; by mail $1.65. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston, Mass.

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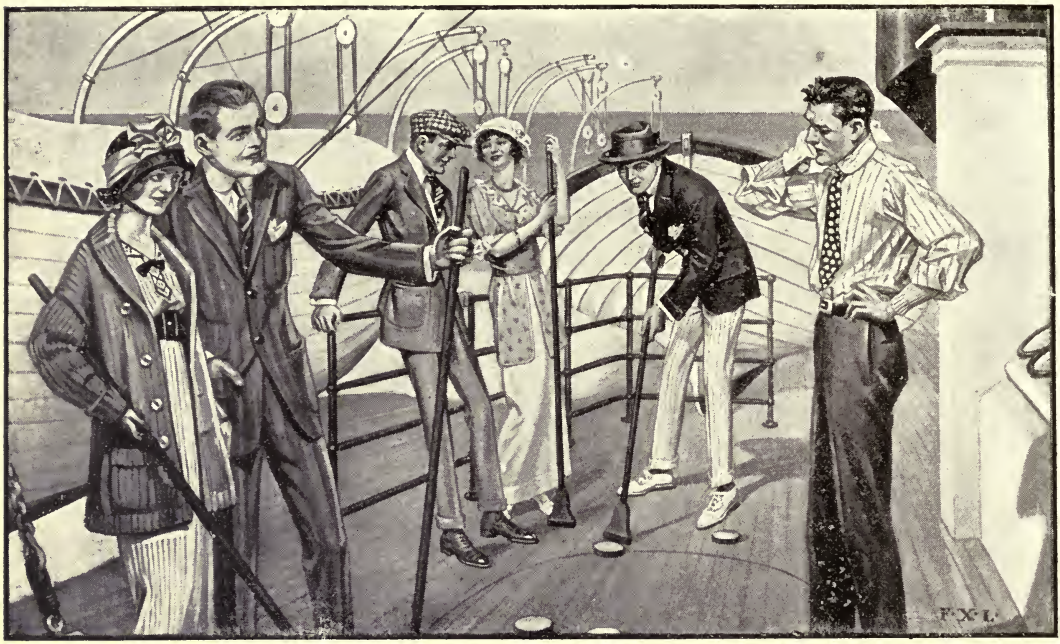

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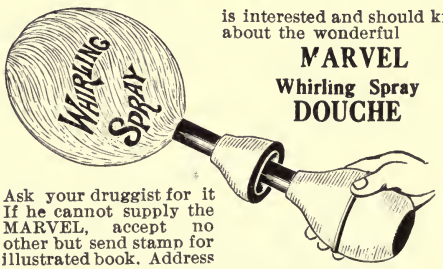

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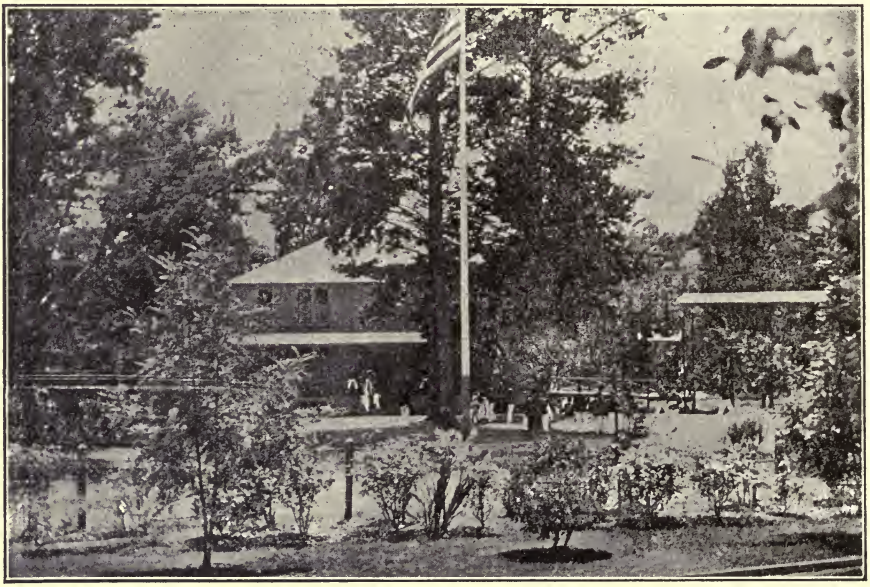

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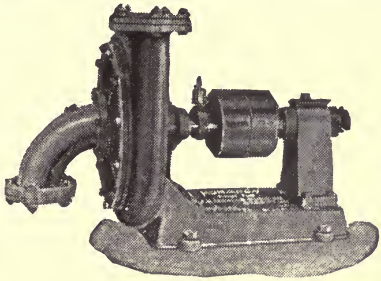

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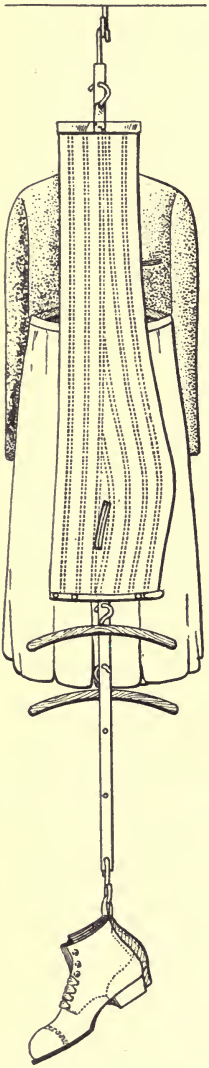

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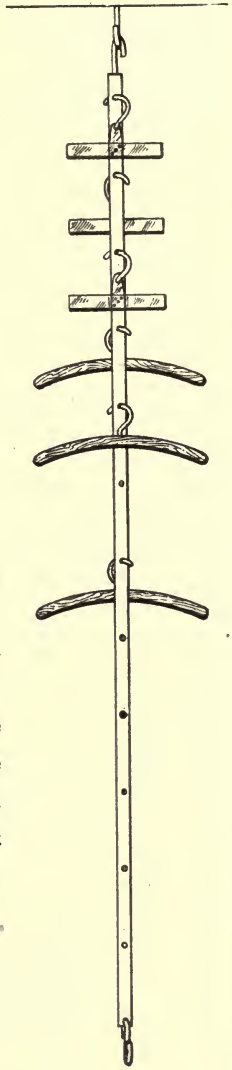

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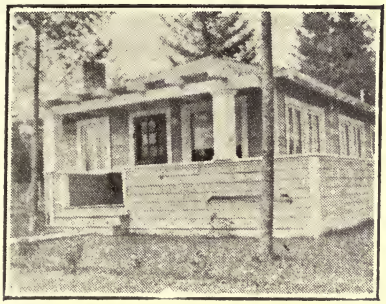

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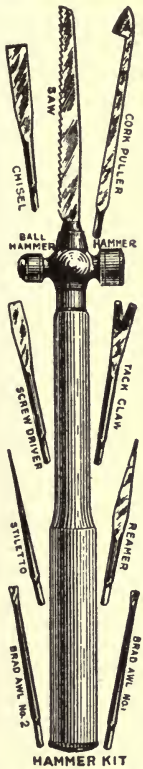

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But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

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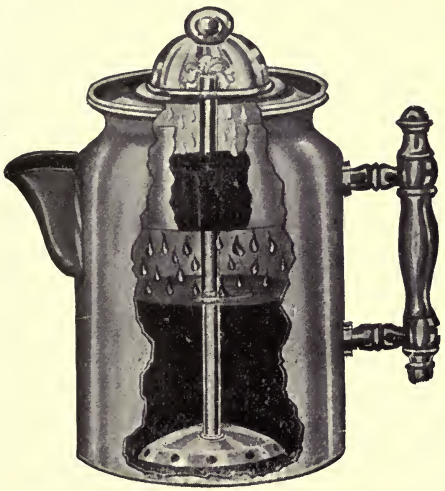

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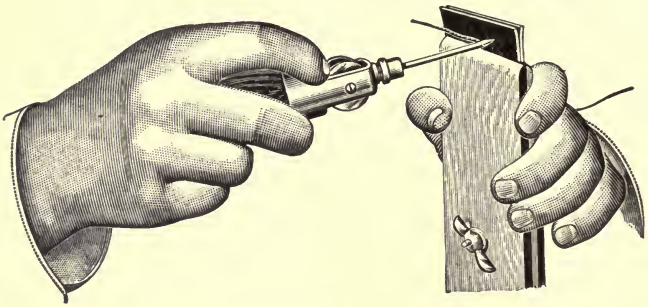

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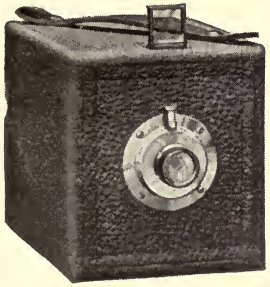

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Nothing to *unscrew* or *detach*. The gun remains a *unit*-- *no* possibility of losing some small part and putting the whole gun out of commission.

This *easy-to-clean* feature is *still another* advantage possessed by the

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"The gun that makes you think"

It's doubly safe

The automatic safety, *under the trigger guard* can be released only by a *double* motion of the *middle* finger--you *have* to think before firing

And the *non*-automatic safety may be used to lock the mechanism *completely* so that the trigger *cannot* be pulled--a *double* precaution.

Any one can load this gun easily

The recoil spring may be disconnected *entirely*, and the "bolt" pushed back and forth to insert a cartridge in the barrel with almost *no effort whatever.*

Special caliber--special ammunition

The special caliber protects you from the dissatisfaction and possible danger of using the wrong ammunition. You use the .35 S. & W. Automatic Cartridge--*made especially for this gun*--and always secure the best possible results.

The jacket of the bullet does not come in contact with the barrel--no wearing of the rifling, and accuracy is retained *indefinitely*.

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THE UNDERSTANDING HEART

Friend of the understanding heart, and wise,
Sometimes when cares afflict I come to thee
To find a refuge in thy sympathy;
In thee the favoring of a brother lies,
And thine the clasping hand, the deep, kind eyes;
Thy calm discernment is a radiency
In which a guarded pathway seems to be
Till dawns my hope in some divine surprise.

Thou of the "understanding heart," so dear—
In thy brave faith I cannot be maligned,
It shields me from the wearing of ill wind.
What magic in thy sympathetic tear!
The safe white way of toil indeed I find,
When thy good word makes courage of my fear.

LILLIAN H. S. BAILEY.

The sacred Palanquins in pageant at Nikko, Japan, June, 1913.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXIV San Francisco, August, 1914 No. 2

Main Avenue leading from the Temple of Iyeyasu with torii (sacred arch) in foreground.

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NIKKO AND STRANGE GODS

By

Walter S. McBride

卐 卐 卐 卐 卐 卐

AFTER the traveler has seen Nikko, he is more than ever impressed with the fame of those two great artist-warriors, Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, who made Nikko the glory of art that it is, and who now sleep in their splendid bronze tombs under the dark cryptomerias. That they chose so enchanting a setting for the temples and their graves is as clear as evidence of their love of beauty as are the multifarious gildings and carvings and colorings of those imposing shrines of Shintoism.

The guide books will tell you that the time to see Nikko, at its best, is in October, when the maples on the mountainside above the Daiyagawa are changing from green to red and yellow and brown. The day that Gen San and I chose for our visit, however, was one full of sunshine in early

June. The greyish-green summits of Nyoho san and Akanagi san showed faintly through a thin mist, and the fresh, vivid green of the wooded hills and the fields made one think of spring at its height. Quite the most favorable time it seemed for the festival of the Three Sacred Palanquins which we had come to see.

Pageant of the three Sacred Palanquins passing through the Temple of Iyeyasu; Shinto musicians in foreground.

To me, at that time, the careers of these three famous heroes, Iyeyasu, Iyemitsu and Yoritomo, in whose honor the festival is held, were almost unknown, their very names without significance, but to any Japanese boy they are identified with the proudest achievements of the old Japan. Iyeyasu was the greatest of those feudal lords, who centuries ago usurped the power of the Mikados, the real rulers of Japan, though allowing them to retain the empty honors in their court in Kyoto. In the year 1600 Iyeyasu succeeded in over-

throwing the ruling shogun, as these military chiefs were called, and founded the powerful house of Tokugawa. He ruled wisely but despotically for many years and was succeeded by his son and grandson. He the third shogun, and the hero of an older day, Yoritomo, are worshipped as divine. Every year, in June, the three golden palaquins containing their spirits are carried through the temple grounds to a pavilion above

Another section of the pageant of the Three Sacred Palanquins in Temple of Iyeyasu, Nikko, Japan.

built the city of Tokyo and its famous palace, and at his death his ashes were brought to Nikko and interred with great pomp on the hillside overlooking the temples. And there he and his illustrious grandson Iyemitsu, the river, where a rich banquet is served to them; temple women dance for their diversion; and the queer, old musical instruments are played to please their ears as if they were still in the flesh. This curious survival

Nimon Gate, entrance to the Temple of Iyeqasu, Nikko, Japan.

from the long ago brings the foreigner and Japanese alike to Nikko, the one to sate his curiosity, and the other to show his reverence for three national heroes.

It was six o'clock when my Japanese companion and I left the inn in Tokyo, where we had spent the night, to take the train at Ueyno Station for two hundred mile journey to the north to Nikko. The sun was just coming up and a haze lay over the great city. There was no use thinking of breakfast, as there was no foreign restaurant anywhere near, and I had no appetite for Japanese food at that hour. I decided, therefore, that I would fast until I reached Nikko. There was a large crowd at the station waiting for the train, as this festival is one that always draws large numbers of Japanese as well as foreigners. I was the only foreigner, however, in our second class compartment. There were the usual talkative Japanese men, consuming large numbers of cigarettes, and looking eminently comfortable in their voluminous silk kimonos and cloaks. With them were their shy little wives, constantly engaged in caring for their numerous children. The latter all proceeded to kick off their clogs and crouch on the seats with their feet tucked under them, eyeing me now and then with a half-curious, half-frightened air.

We were soon rushing through the narrow streets of the city, with the dense woods of Ueyno Park on the left. After a little while we were in the suburbs, with gardens and groves of trees everywhere, and tiny little unpainted houses showing above high evergreen hedges. Then we came to the rice fields where the sheets of water enclosed by the irregular dykes of green turf reflected the dark green trees and clumps of bamboo and the misty sky. At a small town, the train stopped, and every one bought boxes of food and pots of tea. Before long I was famished, and at the first station I bought a box of Japanese bento. In it was a mess of boiled rice and a jumble of pickled turnips, stewed mushrooms, cold omelette, spiced beans, seaweed, and indescribable things which were untouched.

In another hour we were in the midst of a farming district, with fields of waving grain on either side and low wooded hills in the distance. At nine o'clock we arrived at Utsonomiya, a charming little village, where one gets one's first view of the mountains, and where the long lines of cryptomeria trees begin. Here we changed to another train. Among the passengers in the new car was a handsome, white-haired old man, with almost Roman features, piercing black eyes, and a waving white mustache. His appearance and manner constantly drew attention. He was as picturesque as a figure in a Japanese color-print. He wore a gray silk kimono and a gray silk cloak, and his two-toed white socks were spotless. At intervals he took out a large book and chanted something in a voice that was exceedingly musical.

We were gradually getting up into the mountains; the trees were becoming more numerous, and the vegetation was of an intense, spring-like greenness. Here and there farmers were ploughing the rich black soil of the rice fields. Everywhere one looked one saw towering above the other trees and shrubbery the long lines of cedars for which Nikko is famed. In the distance were ranges of the most beautiful mountains I had ever seen. The atmospheric effect on these great velvety masses was magical. They looked as if they must be the outposts of a dream world and would soon dissolve in the mist about them. The whole of the valley that narrows up gradually to the ravine in which Nikko lies was like a vast park.

On a fair day, the lovely tree-clad islet of Enoshima with the blue-green waters of Kamakura Bay flashing beyond it and a whitish-blue sky overhead is a sight that always stands out vividly in my memories of Japan; so, too, is the panorama of snow-mantled Fuji and beyond from the Hakone mountains a thing of beauty; there are places along the Inland Sea, like the shrine of Miyajima, or Mississippi, Bay, near Yokohama, that for sheer loveliness one would travel far to find equalled. But when I review in memory the scenes of greatest charm in Japan I always recall first my visit to Nikko, and my wonder and delight when I stepped from the train and saw before me at the end of the long narrow street the towering peaks of Nyoho san, Omango san and Akanagi san against a misty blue sky with the loveliest of green hills rising below them out of the dense cedar forests of the temple grounds. Never had I beheld such a scene of ethereal beauty. Here and there in the distance through a cleft in the maple-covered hillsides was the long gleaming line of a waterfall. Everywhere could be heard the sound of rushing mountain torrents and the roar of the wind through the mighty trees. After the humid atmosphere of Yokohama, the crisp, bracing air from the mountains refreshed one like wine.

Bronze lanterns in the temple yard, a gift of the King of Holland.

Nikko is like all Japanese towns in that it does not allow itself to mar the beauty of its environs. The tiny unpainted shops and weather-worn houses that line the long road-way from the station to the temple grounds, half hidden in the dense greenery, do not in any way detract from the charm of the surrounding country. They seem to furnish an element of picturesqueness that would otherwise be lacking. The fronts of these shops are adorned with all kinds of beautiful wares, rich furs from Siberia and Hokkaido, carved ivories in myriad designs and countless articles in hard wood and leather and metal.

The cloister-like dignity and calm that brood over the temple enclosure on the other side of the Daiyagawa seem to communicate some of their qualities to this little mountain hamlet and its people. In their dealings

with the tourist there is none of the importunate volubility that one encounters in shopkeepers of Enoshima and elsewhere. The Nikko merchant is polite and deferential at all times and he will take all possible means to please and oblige, as if he feels that in some way he must uphold the high tradition of his ancient town. Foreign influences have not made very much headway in this isolated place, at least in the external aspects of things, and that quaintness that prevades all essentially Japanese communicities is here more marked perhaps than in any other part of the Empire, with the possible exception of Kyoto.

The roadway along which we passed on the way to the hotel was thronged that beautiful June day with a motley crowd of Japanese, come to witness the temple ceremonies. Everywhere were swarms of children of every size and age, garbed in gaily flowered kimonos. They scattered this way and that when my *kurumaya* shouted to them to make way as he hurried along, and they turned and laughted, showing their white teeth and tossed back their mops of glossy black hair. We passed bronzed and weary farmers, dressed in dark blue, with huge flat straw hats on their heads. Their faces were streaming with perspiration and they breathed hard as they dragged along their ponderous carts loaded with baskets of vegetables and fruit. Coming down the road toward us was a string of plump shaggy-haired horses with high fantastic pack-saddles laden with straw bags of copper ore from the mines over near Chuzenji. Leading them were sturdy little men, who stared at me dully out of their small expressionless faces. A mild-faced Buddhist passed us, his voluminous robes flowing in the wind. Over his shoulder he wore a broad scarf of gold brocade. Behind him, loitering slowly along, was a band of pilgrims in spotless white. They wore tiny bells at their waists and wide straw rain hats. They stopped in front of each of the shops and played plaintive airs on their bamboo flutes.

We were disappointed to find that we could not be accommodated at either of the foreign hotels. On account of the pageant to be given in the temple grounds on the following day, all of the rooms had been reserved by tourists from Tokyo and Yokohama. It was fortunate that Gen San had decided to accompany me, for we were now obliged to look for rooms in the Japanese inns, and I should have never have been able to deal with the bland proprietors of these hostelries alone.

When we had at last settled the question of our lodging place, we decided to walk to Lake Chuzenji that afternoon, so that we might devote the following day to the temples. The road from Nikko to Chuzenji lies along the banks of the Daiyagawa, a small, turbulent stream that roars and foams over massive basaltic rocks in its course that was once the bed of a glacier. On one side are hills covered to the summits with young maple trees that at a distance have all the delicate grace of ferns. When the breeze strikes them, they sway gently, giving the hillside the effect of flowing water. Everywhere amidst the green are bits of color, the gorgeous blossoms of the scarlet and crimson azaleas, and here and there we saw where the wild wistaria had festooned its purple flowers over the tree-tops. On our side of the river the wooded hills were gradually lost in the steep slopes of the mountains beyond. It had seemed impossible that the latter could retain their ethereal aspect when one should come near to them, but when one gazed up at the imposing peaks that rose into the misty sky, one was quite thrilled by their noble beauty.

I shall always remember the little roadside village of Futamiya, which we entered after an hour's tramp, for here is was that Gen San hired our guide, who was to furnish so large a measure of our enjoyment of the out-

ing. To the traveling public he was simply an humble kurumaya, licensed by the police of Nikko to carry passengers in his glittering new kuruma, of which he seemed exceedingly proud. He wore his license number on the front of his old round hat, and on a tag fastened on the back of his cloak. To me, however, he was Seihei San, one of the most winning fellows that ever I met among all the smiling sons of Nippon. He had none of the stupid heaviness and avarice of the average kurumaya. There was a look of high intelligence in his genial, frank countenance. His physique and carriage were those of the athletic youth, and he had a courtly air that was in marked contrast with his cheap dress of dark blue cotton cloth. He could speak not a word of English, but chatted with Gen San constanly, by which means I learned all the legends and stories about this charming region he knew so well. He could tell us where all the finest views could be had, and the shortest way to reach them. While we panted along the steep roads and mopped the perspiration from our foreheads, he kept up his ryhthmic step with not the least sign of fatigue.

We had now come to the steep climb up the mountainside toward Chuzenji, and were clambering over huge boulders and the roots of giant trees, while Seihei ahead of us was going up the slope in great leaps like a wood sprite, stopping now and then to offer us assistance, or to bend back the boughs of trees that we might pass. We were getting into a thick tangle of laurels and oaks, and at intervals through a cleared space we saw far below us the glittering thread of the river, and the zigzag of the road along which we had lately come. In another hour we had gained the crest of the steep, fatiguing mountainside, and were walking in a lovely wood of oaks, young maples and birches, and great bushes of crimson and white azaleas. Underneath was a thick carpet of dried leaves, and here and there patches of emerald green moss and lichen. Our good natured guide seemed quite as disappointed as ourselves when we arrived at the far-famed Kegon waterfall, and found that it was quite dry, but the view of the fern-covered gorge was hardly less beautiful.

We did not tarry long at Chuzenji, lovely as is that sheet of water. It was getting late, and there was a chill in the air now that the sun was declining; besides, we had accepted the offer of our guide to lead us to the Urami waterfall, some distance from the main road. We were a long time in reaching it, for the path wound in and out among the dark pines and maples; indeed, we should never have found it without Seihei's help. The beauty of this waterfall as we saw it in the gathering twilight, was worth all the time and effort it cost us, and more than compensated for our disappointment in not seeing the lovely Kegon-no-taki. It was dusk when we rounded the last turn of the road, and saw at the end of the dark gorge the white column of the falls as it poured itself over the curve in the ledge into the pool below. From the walls of the gorge other streamlets gushed out that ended in clouds of spray that the wind carried down toward us. There was something spectral about this waterfall in its settings of soft blackness. The old woman at the rest house near by where we stayed for a short time, brought out tea and cakes and broke off a spray of wistaria, and with a low bow presented it to me.

We left Urami somewhat reluctantly and followed our guide down the road in the direction of Futamiya. The shadows were now stealing over things and the lights were beginning to come out behind the paper windows of the little farmhouses along the roadside. At the tram-car station we settled our account with Seihei, giving him an extra fee and the apples out of our lunch box, and received from him one of his courtliest bows and an appreciative "Arigato, arigato," (Thanks thanks.) So, with a foreign handshake, which he did somewhat awk-

The colossal bronze statue of Buddha.

wardly, but very smilingly, we each said "Sayonara," and with a last low bow he disappeared in the darkness.

* * * *

Seen from a distance, with the great moss-flecked trunks of the cedars partially screening and their branches casting a deep shade over them, Nikko's temples impress one curiously as being more like the retreat of some pleasure-loving prince than time mellowed edifices, where solemn and austere religious rites are performed. The effect of impermanence is heightened, no doubt, by the number and size of the various buildings and the lack of a definite plan in their grouping. One has to traverse the three broad terraces on the hillside of the temple grounds and pass through the ornate Yomeimon Gate at the top of the gentle slope before he sees anything of the temple proper hidden away in a labyrinth of carved and lacquered galleries. But one decides finally that this lack of symmetry is only another of those mysterious incongruities that one encounters sooner or later in all things Japanese; an Oriental evasion which one can discern, but not comprehend.

One has, however, only to pass through the Gate of the Two Kings, at the head of the stately avenue leading to the temple enclosure, to conceive the true character of these amazing buildings and to come under the spell which the artists of the long ago have wrought for the admiration of art lovers the worlds over. One can understand now why pilgrims will travel from far distant places for the opportunity of praying at these forest-girt shrines. Nothing could be more soothing to the troubled heart than the peace and beauty that pervade these lovely terraces. It is as if they were but the symbols of that spiritual peace and beauty that the white-robed brothers in the temples above have perhaps found, and to which they fain would lead the wanderer.

The steps of the Niomon Gate, at the head of the main avenue, beyond the lovely five storied pagoda, were crowded with pilgrims patiently waiting for admission when my companion and myself arrived there. The thin haze that had hung across the sky and caused us to fear that the pageant might be marred by rain, had disappeared, and the sunlight filtered down

through the thick branches of the trees making spots of brightness on the stones of the court. In front of the gaudy red and gold arch at the top of the steps a small boy in antique costume of crimson and brown was using all his strength in the beating of a fantastic drum, an announcement to the participants in the pageant to make ready. Gen San and I joined a small party of pious, work-worn people, led by a guide who spoke no English, so that Gen San was obliged to translate all the information for me.

If there is little harmony in the grouping of the temple buildings, there is certainly harmony in the design and coloring. The temple go-downs and the quaint drum-towers, like the temples themselves, have high pitched, gray tiled roofs, flaring up at the corners with a lightness and grace of papier mache, and the pediments of the gables are a maze of colored carvings in high relief of flowers and birds in a setting of dull gold. The exterior walls are all dull red, with splashes of green and purple and gold along the carved surfaces under the eaves. Bands of carved brass extend across all joinings and beam-ends.

We came first to a low, much decorated building, with a high, carved gable and a heavy tiled roof spotted with the gold three leafed crest of the Tokugawas. It was, Gen San informed me, the sacred stable in which the great Iyeyasu's horse is kept in anticipation of his coming; and in that section with the three grated doorways was a stall that was as modern and prosaic as any in the world. Over each of the openings on the front of this curious building was a carved panel of the famous sacred monkeys, expressing in their attitudes the wisdom of avoiding seeing, speaking and hearing evil.

At the edge of the terrace, under the trees, where the moss has made a thick, delicate carpet, and the water from the heights trickles down, we saw the holy font, a deep stone basin with a heavy tiled roof over it supported by twelve beautifully carved pillars of white stone. The face of this fantastic pavilion was a marvel of exquisite tracery with a panel in high relief between the pillars in front. All the joinings were covered with strips of copper, now a rich green. With the wooden dippers lying in the water, our Japanese companions proceeded to make ready for their entrance into the temples by washing their hands and rinsing their mouths.

To my mind, the most beautiful of all the terraces is the second and smallest. Here are some noble trees throwing deep shadows over the quaint drum-towers and lanterns on either side of the wide flagged pavement. The towers are of brilliant red lacquer with high bases sloping in to a frail balcony above which the colored carvings show like cloisonne. The roofs are of gray tile, flaring out at the corners like all the others, tipped here and there with bright gilt. Just in front of the tower on the left is a curious revolving bronze lantern, under a canopy of stone. This, and the similar one near the stone railing that separates this terrace from the one below, were the gifts of the King of Holland more than two centuries ago, and are interesting relics of the days when the Dutch were the only foreigners who could trade in Japan. The massive stone lanterns along the enbankment near by were presented by the proud daimyos of the long ago. Facing on this courtyard is a big red-lacquered building in outward appearance much like the others. In its large gallery many of Iyeyasu's belongings, chests, swords, bronzes—even his kimonos and pipes—may be seen.

At the portico of the Buddhist temple, which stands opposite this museum, we again removed our shoes and entered the great dim hall. While our Japanese friends knelt on the bright, thick-matted floor and clapped their hands softly to summon the god, or threw themselves forward on their outspread hands in prayerful petition to the Lord Buddha enthroned behind the metal lilies and lights above, Gen San and I feasted our eyes on the green and

bronze panels of the walls and the ingenious carvings of the pillars and roof beams wrought in shades of old copper with splashes of crimson and gold.

One has entered the heart of Nikko, and has, as the old maxim declares, earned his right to use the word kekko (beautiful) when he reaches the head of the last flight of worn steps and passes through the white and gold splendor of the King's Gate and enters the courtyard of the sanctuary of Iyeyasu, a marvel of carved and gilded walls. And yet nowhere so much as in this same brilliant quadrangle, where the magic hand of the artist has wrought its greatest wonders in lacquer and bronze and stone is contrasted more vividly the calm and eternal security of nature—symbolized by the mighty cryptomerias on the hillside above—and the transitoriness of all that comes from man's hands.

Fully to comprehend the amazing craftsmanship of Nikko's treasures, one must be himself an artist and live among these marvels, as the great painter La Farge did, studying patiently and lovingly each painting and carving and joining that the worker of long ago just as patiently and lovingly brought into being.

Gold must have been the favorite color of the great Lord Iyeyasu. At any rate gold predominates in the decoration of the crowning glory of the temple enclosure. Golden are the glistening lacquer columns that mark off the wall spaces, and golden are the backgrounds of the carved panels of the frieze and the painted monsters that ramp over the walls below. Between the columns opposite the portico the bamboo curtains that shut off the view into the vestibule before the sanctury are covered with gilt, and the silk that binds them and the heavy pendant silk tassels are all of bright yellow. The few brass candlesticks and vessels grouped in front of the middle curtain, which is all that the austere Shintoist ritual allows, add to this harmony in gold. The only contrasting colors are the thin lines of green and crimson in geometrical designs on the lacquered cross-beams and the brilliant plumage of the painted birds between the beams of the gilded ceiling. The green, red and purple robes of the thirty-six poets, whose portraits adorn the walls, are like so many jewels in this perfect golden setting.

Our Japanese friends were evidently not followers of Shinto; at least they did not prostrate themselves before the sanctuary, but stared about at the superb walls and the silken streamers that hung from the ceiling, listening somewhat stolidly to the explanations of the guide. Later, when we went into the inner chamber, on the other side of the gilded curtains, where one sees the closed doors of the sanctuary, these dull country people accepted with alacrity the holy *sake* which the white robed priest proffered us in tiny bowls of lacquer.

Hardly less magnificent than the temple of Iyeyasu is the temple of his grandson, the Shogun Iyemitsu, which lies buried under the great trees on the opposite side of the ravine. A wonder of old-ivory lacquer and gold is the main apartment, its walls and ceilings wrought over with gilt carvings as delicate as filigree. In it are some exquisite manuscript-cases, brass candlesticks, drum-frames and curious brass lanterns that the Dutch traders presented to the temple two hundred years ago. There is less of the spectacular in the decoration of this shrine of the third shogun. That over elaboration, so evident in the larger temple is absent here, and as a result a finer harmony and elegance has been achieved.

The withered old priest sitting on the floor behind a low table, his snowy cloak billowing about him, began a stream of explanations in Japanese of the temple and its contents. Before we took our departure he and Gen San got on the friendliest of terms and the old man showed us some of the temple treasures in the room beyond.

After two hours of wandering through halls and courtyards and galleries more gorgeous than any Al-

Nikko Hotel, Nikko, Japan.

ladin's lamp could have conjured up, one began to grow weary of these accumulated splenders. The mind could no longer take in the amazing facility of the artist and artizan and the eyes became dulled to the new wonders that were constantly dissipating earlier impressions. For the last hour we had heard the beating of drums at the gate of the first terrace with the occasional boom of a deep-toned gong and the sharp cries of many men giving orders, and we knew that the preparations for the pageant were in progress. Gen San and I made our way back through the courtyards with a sense of relief, quite willing to exchange man's artificial grandeurs for the simplicity of nature.

If the souls of Iyeyasu, Iyemitsu and Yoritomo could have looked out from their gold-lacquered palanquins at the fantastic throng that filled the courtyard of the Futa-ara temple that bright June morning, they would doubtless have been thrilled by the magnificent spectacle presented by the scores of quaintly garbed men who were preparing to honor them. To these three heroes of many battles there would perhaps have been something familiar in the Samurai warrior' glittering armor of black-lacquer and gilt and under-dress of dark blue and orange silk, ponderous winged helmets of brass and long steel lances. These and the other men who strolled about the grounds in their warriors' dress of an earlier time, their waist-bands stuck thick with antique swords, were no more related to the life of today than were the gilded old poets in the temples above.

From our station on an embankment near the great granite *torii*, fronting on the plaza below the Niomon Gate, Gen San and I saw the Futa-ara temple. What we saw first was a forest of tall poles topped with sacred emblems in brass and fluttering banners; and soon the shimmering line,

like a gigantic many-colored dragon, emerged from the deep path between the trees and moved slowly across the plaza and down the wide avenue toward the river. At the head of the column were men dressed in cloaks of pale-green, with voluminous trousers of blue gathered in at the ankles. On their heads they wore the ancient rain hats and at their waists were fine old swords like those the curio dealers sell in Tokyo. Behind these picturesque figures were others similarly clad in cloaks of old rose and tall headdresses of dark brocade. Next to them was a company of small boys in long robes of vivid red silk embroidered in gold, and on their heads were tall ornaments of brass and artificial flowers.

There followed a grotesque red and green dragon, a hundred feet in length, with fierce bulging eyes and a jaw that worked up and down savagely. This monster was borne on the shoulders of two score of men, and their measured step gave it a curious effect of crawling above the heads of the crowd on either side of the roadway. Following this was a long line of men garbed in snug fitting trousers of gray cloth and cloaks of bright crimson. They wore lacquer masks representing evil faces, which gave them a hideous aspect. Behind them were thirty small boys in costumes of brown to represent monkeys, which, with the masks they wore, gave them an appearance strikingly like animals. Sacred drums and bells, on lacquered platforms, were carried past at intervals, and now and then a priest held aloft the strips of sacred paper from the temple.

In what seemed a never-ending, glittering line were companies of men in costumes as rich in color and texture and as fantastic in design as the figures in a rare old *kakemono*. In the midst of the stream of colors that swept past us the brass helmet and arms of the gorgeous trope of samura warriors flashed back the sunlight.

Until the priests came into view, riding their richly caparisoned horses, one might have thought the procession was merely a carnival spectacle to set off the beauty of the Nikko forest. But the sight of these men whose sad, austere faces showed their devotion to a life of prayer and contemplation reminded one that to them, at least, this was a religious ceremony of deep solemnity. Quite the most spectacular feature of the pageant they made in their voluminous cloaks of bright colored silks wrought over with patterns in gold and curious black caps with long streamers dangling behind. Their numerous attendants and standard-bearers on either side, in their fine old costumes, completed this picture of an older time.

The shouting ceased and a silence swept over the throng as the priests rode slowly past, and when the reverberation of the gongs in the temple court above had died away among the trees we heard the shrill piping of the Shinto musicians rising and falling in a weird harmony that was as mournful as a dirge and was more saddening as it grew fainter. And now from the narrow pathway opposite us we heard the shouts of the bearers of the three sacred palanquins, and out into the plaza came the company of white-robed, black-capped, men with their burden of gleaming gold-lacquer. "Banzai!" they cried again, holding aloft the gaudy receptacles of the souls of Nikko's mighty dead; and the Japanese in the crowd jerked off their hats and cheered the noisy groups. The din lasted until the procession had passed, and then the space around the gray old *torii* below us became a mass of swarming humanity working its way down to the pavilion near the river. There, in a courtyard decorated for the occasion, the offering of a feast to the spirits in the palanquins was held and many a savory dish was placed on the table before them with much kneeling and bowing and chanting by the assembled priests. The dancers from the temple went through their curious steps and the six Shinto pipers played for the delectation of these old shoguns who have now become as gods.

After a time Gen San and I wearied

of this meaningless pantomine and wandered back to revel in the beauties of the splendid forest, where the shadows were lowering, turning the deep-green branches to black and dimming the colors of the temples above. We had seen Nikko, shrine alike of the pious Shintoist and the lover of beauty, and we could now use the word "beautiful."

THE MIRACLE

The squirrels gathered their winter store
  Near the school house by the road.
The dry leaves whirled on its sagging floor,
  Through its windows the red haws glowed.
And you were seven, and a wild-wood rose,
  As you paused by my desk near the door,
And showed me—not minding my ragged clothes,
  How two and one made four.

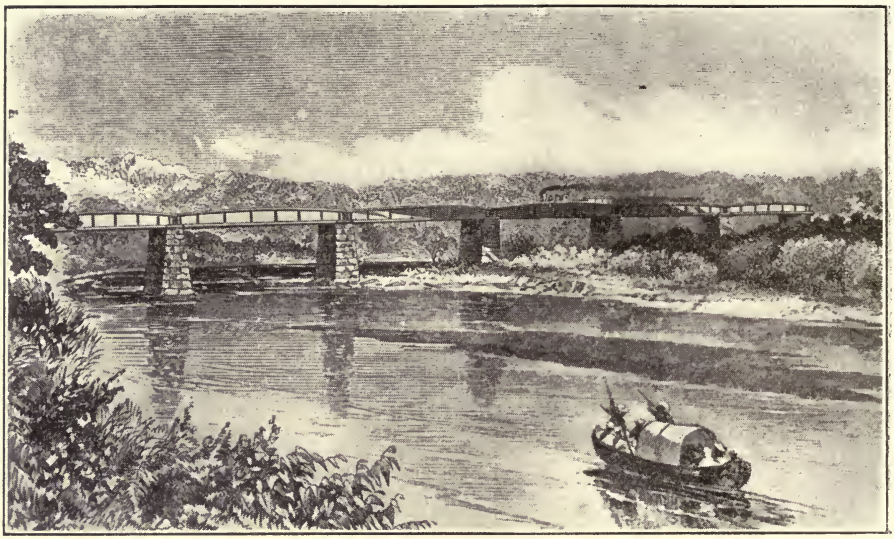
Satin-smooth was each nut-brown curl,
  Dainty and white were your frocks alway.
You were the Judge's little girl,
  My father worked "by the day."
Shamed, and reluctant, my sun-burnt feet,
  Were steered to the waiting school house door.
They laughed—the others—but you were sweet,
  And you *said* that two and one made four.

Friendly, and soft, were your dove-gray eyes,
  Square the set of your dimpled chin.
My numb heart woke with a glad surprise,
  And opened, trembling, to take you in.
You never cared that your frock was fine,
  While my legs were scratched and my bare feet sore.
You laid your soft little hand on mine,
  And two and one *made* four.

You broke the laws of your caste, that day.
  (They were made to be broken by hearts like yours.)
And the lesson you taught in your dear child's way,
  Sank deep, and through time and change endures.
Grim, the long-drawn struggle, the testing dire
  I have fought to a finish—thank God, it's o'er;
And I *know,* where there's courage to walk through fire,
  Two and one may be stretched to four.

And I shall go back to you dear, to-day.
  To the spot where the school house used to stand;
I shall look, once more, in your eyes of gray,
  I shall clasp in my own your faithful hand.
But I could fall down on bended knee;
  It seems a miracle, more and more.
That you ever could care for a chap like me,
  That two and one could with *you* make four.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.



Bridge of Difficulties on the early Panama railroad. (From an old print.)

Across the Isthmus in '53

By Elbridge Colby

THEODORE WINTHROP, the American novelist, made two trips to Panama. The second was more properly to the Isthmus of Darian with the ill fated expedition of Lieutenant Strain in 1854. But on the first of September, 1852, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company sent Winthrop to Panama as cashier and ticket clerk. Many long letters were written home from the Isthmus, telling picturesque and interesting details of the life about him, of his own occasional sickness, and of the beneficial influence on his character of "direct contact with men," by which he hoped to be "disciplined into discretion and self-command." But after a few months he became dissatisfied with his place, and left for San Francisco on board the California the 8th of March, 1853. Winthrop was quite impressed with the industry, the enterprise and the activity of the thriving town by the Golden Gate, and spared no praise of the Pacific Coast in his letters to his mother in the East.

On the 17th of April he wrote: "You need not be surprised to see me at home towards autumn, if I should come home across the plains or by Mexico." He traveled then to the north; visited Portland and Oregon, and explored about the Columbia River, which he spoke of as "a great broad massive stream, whose scenery has a breadth and a wild, powerful effect every way worthy of it." He grew very enthusiastic about Oregon, "a grand field for a man who is either a world in himself or can have his

Surveyor's of '53 had their troubles locating a route —From an old print

own world about him." He met there a Kentucky pioneer, a surveyor to whom he straightway took a fancy, and wrote: "I am off across the plains, and may return home that way. Hurrah for freedom and the wild life!" Some time was spent traveling about Vancouver's Island, the Umpgua River, and Oregon; and then, about the end of August, he "mounted a fresh horse and went galloping along across the continent."

But we hurry along too fast. In a book published at Boston in 1862 ("The Canoe and the Saddle") Winthrop devoted the last seventy-five pages to a recital of his adventures on the Isthmus, under the title of "Isthmiana," and these adventures, written in clear and living descriptive language are interesting to us of the Twentieth Century, who have seen and known a different Panama. To go over the many letters written home, and to take them in conjunction with the narrative in "Isthmiana" is to get a splendid picture of Panama sixty years ago. We can extract the account of one of his overland journeys.

The gold rush of "forty-nine" was over and past, but the Isthmus was yet the route from East to West taken by many "ardent Californians." Transcontinental railroads were as yet dreams and promises—destined to be but dreams and promises for many years to come. Travelers went by boat to Aspinwall (now Colon) on Manzanilla Island, Navy Bay. Then they hastened to Panama on the Pacific, and took the earliest possible steamer north—chafing at every delay. A straight line, the ancient Euclid used to tell us, is the shortest distance between two points. But axiomatic truths become useless paradoxes in Panama, and the route across the Isthmus in 1853 was far from being a straight line. It was a very crooked and very difficult route, with many ups and

Difficulties of transportation along the route in '53.—From an old print.

downs. American enterprise had built a railroad—twenty-three miles of it—but various hindrances brought construction to a stop. From 1850 to July, 1852, the road builders had succeeded in laying tracks as far as Barbacoa on the Chagres River. From that point travel was by boat up the coffee colored stream to La Cruces, thence by mule train across the worst of all bad roads, and through many forest windings to Panama, a long journey and an exasperating trail. The Chagres had to be bridged at Barbacoas with a bridge three hundred feet long over a deep and rocky channel. The river was subject to sudden freshets, often rising forty feet in a single night; and one of these freshets swept the span away when it was nearly completed. Work was re-commenced, but sickness among the laborers again caused trouble. Work faltered and at last stopped entirely. Many men from many nations strove to push the railroad on through the dense forests and over marshy lands, but sickness and discontent were perpetual impediments. It was not until January 27, 1855, that the last rail was laid and the road completed. The next day a locomotive passed from sea to sea.

But when Winthrop was there in 1852 there was no orderly confusion of dams, locks, cuts, sluices, slides, and excavations; construction was at a stand-still, and the railroad reached only to Barabacoas. The gleam of inland lights that now flash from point to point would then have been obscured by tropical growth. Landing at Aspinwall, on Manzanilla Island—formerly a retreat of the notorious pirate, Morgan—Winthrop found a disreputable, ramshackle "town" of frail houses, lying so close to the sea that windy weather often saw waves of the Atlantic rolling up the very streets. There were some shops, a number of bleak hotels, some tawdry saloons and billiard rooms. A number of frail cottages for employees and a hospital or so made up the resi-

The Chagres River, Panama
—From a painting by the American artist, Norton Bush.

dential section. The hospital was a necessity, for "an Isthmus fever floats tangibly in the air. It hangs a yellow veil before every object."

The railroad out of town had been pushed for seven miles through a festering swamp. Winthrop has characterized that attitude of the "ardent Californians" in picturesque prose:

"To American adventurers, struggling towards their seventh heaven, the Isthmus seems to concentrate the obstacles of a continent. They hurry over a railroad, laid, as they have been told, on human sleepers. The rich luxuriance of the forest along its course, now first opened to the eye of man, seems only rank, unwholesome vegetation. Instead of appreciating the almost superhuman enterprise that has placed such a trophy of civilization in the very home of unchanging repose, they growl because the prudent trains do not despatch them speedily enough to the discomforts of the next stage of their journey. It is nothing strange to them to be greeted by the whistle of a locomotive issuing from the depths of a tropical swamp. Nor strange to pass through an untouched garden of such magnificent, broad-leaved plants, and such feathery palms, as they had only seen before, dwarfed exotics, cherished in warm recesses of a conservatory. The twisted vines that drape the stem and swing from the branches of the massively buttressed trees, are mistaken by their averted glance for the terrible convolutions of gigantic serpents. They embark on the river (at Baracoas), are perplexed by the jabbering confusion of the boatmen, and again hardly observe the beauty which surrounds them."

Travelers were next borne in small boats up the coffee-colored Chagres, a pure type of the tropical stream. For-

ests overhung its course, so dence that hacking and hewing alone could open pathways; purple and scarlet flowers flecked the green, and wild orchids gleamed a welcome. Low, flat places, rich in marsh weeds, alternated along the banks with high, rounded hills covered with tall trees. The wild and luxuriant growth shut in the view to a narrow compass. Occasionally, a clear space, surrounded by crested palms and cocoanut trees, framed a native village, where dirty and dilapidated thatched bamboo huts were scattered without rhyme or reason amid small patches of plantain or sugar cane. Occasionally there opened vistas of broad, rolling savannas, dotted with small groups of trees, where curious cattle peacefully grazed. Here, uttering quaint native oaths, the scantily clad "bogas" drove the boats up against the rush of water where the noisy splash and whirl of the rapids answered the screams of paroquets.

After this trip through tropical wilderness, and up a few perilous rapids, Winthrop came to the shabby, straggling huts that gave the semblance of a town to La Cruces. Two thousand people lived there in the midst of a curious mixture of mud and forest undergrowth. For transients, who merely remained overnight on their journey to Panama, there was a so-called hotel—if a flimsy, floorless structure of reeds and thin white-washed boards can by any stretch of the imagination be termed a hotel. It presented a shelter and scarcelt that—in fact, it was usually so overcrowded that the men had to "bunk" in a public room and the ladies were proportionately discomforted.

Next morning Winthrop was off on The Cruces Road through mud hole and swamp hole, through gulley and alley. Elements of muddiness and rockiness conspired to render passage difficult, yet not in combination. If the two had been found together, transit might have been endurable; the rocks would have filled the mud holes and the mud would have filled the uneven spots, and the deep crevices of the rocks. But the *immortales* had not so willed it. There was a careful segregation; and, as a result, the muddy spots were the muddiest, and the stony spots the stoniest, that had hitherto or have since existed in the world.

Where there was no mud there was rock Narrow alleys called *callejons*—were the alterative attraction to the moist slipperiness. These passages had been cut or worn ten to twenty feet deep in the soft rock of the frequent ridges; some were mere widenings of natural fissures. They were dark and cool, protected from the glare of gaudy noon-day by branches intertwined above. The refreshing coolness of the air and the beauty of the moss and fern growth on the sides, however, were overlooked amid the vicissitudes of travel. Narrow, so that only one mule could pass at a time, the alleys were the desperation of riders who chanced to meet a constant succession of pack trains. The tramp of innumerable hoofs had worn deep prints into the roadway into which the animals stumbled. For a short distance out of La Cruces there had been an old pavement underfoot; but the rest of the road to Panama was an exasperating succession of obstacles which were surmounted only by simultaneously pulling at the mules from ahead and pushing at them from behind. It took one traveler, Dr. Autenreith, eight days to cover the thirty-eight miles of the Cruces Road.

Winthrop writes as follows:

"Disgusted with falls backward and falls forward, with mud, with rain, with revengeful beating of their mules, with the whole Cruces Road, our friends are indisposed to admire the luxuriance of the forest, the noble trees of its open glades, the gleams of glowing sunlight through its rain spangled vine tracery, the dewy darkness of its moss covered rock alleys, the glimpse of a far reaching expanse of dark, untrodden woods. . . . Wearily they plunge through the yellow mud of La Sanbujedera, and emerge yel-

Railroading in the tropics of Panama in '53

—From an old print.

low; wearily through the blue-black mud of La Ramona, and come out blue-black over yellow; wearily through many tinted muds, each of which, like a picture restorer, depicts a new layer of ugliness upon the original, until the original has to be scraped like an old picture to find out the fond."

Out of the rich confines of the woodland, by the undulating reaches of wonderful savanna, over the single span of an old ruin of a bridge, through an ancient gateway, the travelers would ride into Panama. The city seemed old, solid, decaying, in comparison with the frail, fresh, mushroom growth of the recently built towns. Venerable Spanish buildings lined the roughly paved streets, old buildings with high ceilinged rooms and very thick walls, which stood around brick-paved inner courts. There was a quietness in the very air. Life was slow and peaceful, except on steamer days, when there was squabbling of porters, shouting of boatmen and hurrying of people, and tumbling of luggage.

The antique Cathedral Square, the dingy looking houses, the quaint towers of the Cathedral itself, even the clinking of the old cracked bells, reminded one of long-forgotten glories of Spanish romance. One fine relic of other times, the college of San Domingo, was a splendid ruin . . . majestic cupolas, moulded ceilings, crumbling walls, all covered with blossoms, bare remains of a former magnificence. It made one think of Tennyson, "a broken chancel and a broken cross . . . the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Winthrop has pleasant descriptions of the life of the town, of a visit to Old Panama already overgrown with vegetation and half hidden in the quick forming rock of the country, of the broad and beautiful bay, of the island-mountain Taboga. The view out to sea, across the bay dotted with green isles and inlets was as beautiful then as it is to-day. From the summit of one of these, the island-mountain of Taboga, there could be obtained a superb view of the whole. One single glance would tell the differences of sixty years. Land and water met the eye. Water, to-day alive with the coming and going of boats, to be teeming to-morrow with the commerce of the world, was then merely slightly ruffled by a few small ships, representing the transitory population of the Isthmus, eager for California. On land there were to be

seen a few shabby, red tiled buildings, a few dirty church spires, and a few squalid huts surrounding. That was Panama, an unworthy outpost of mid-Victorian civilization, scarce other than an ugly blot on the face of nature, an antique, rusty city, cowering and wasting away behind low fortifications, altered to a semi-Americanized life. To landward all was green background; a partially wooded slope rose gently to the high main ridge of the Isthmus, while nearer, rolling savannas tossed in irregular waves . . . long, swelling reaches covered with short grass. A few clusters of trees or of shrubbery of a darker green broke the monotony of the expense. Stagnation, total, absolute and perpetual, appeared to be all that Panama had to offer. Aside from the mere passersby, the ardent Californians, one felt no material connection with the world beyond. The town was "dead in the fortnightly intervals between steamers."

Winthrop writes of the end of the traveler's journey:

"In the evening perhaps they take the air upon the Battery, are *desorientes* by finding the Pacific eastward instead of westward. They think everything looks very shabby, and totally unlike the staring newness of Yankee town. They sleep in an Americanized caravansary; are lulled by the murmur of returned California curses, that permeate the house; dream of alligators and boa-constrictors they ought to have seen. Nightmare comes to them in the shape of the mules they have bestrode. Next morning, waked by the clinking of the cathedral's cracked bells, the gentlemen invert their boots to search for scorpions and the ladies regret that they have anticipated mosquitoes by three months."

These were interesting times on the Isthmus. To-day American constructive enterprise has cut a broad swathe from sea to sea for the building of a canal. Then the road builders were pushing into tropical forests and through rank swamps, clearing little more than was necessary, clearing so little that great branches brushed the sides of the railway cars, and broad leaves swung across the track to hide the twinkle of the tail lights before a turn of the road could cut off the gleam of the red. Many men of many nations wished to go to Panama. As to-day, the commerce of all countries demands quicker and cheaper transcontinental passage for the world's business. American enterprise was in the fore, and the building of the railroad was sign of that great nationality which aims to connect East and West. No man was more appreciative of this American idea than Winthrop, and after having seen Panama and the work being done there, after having visited the Coast States and known the courage of the pioneers, their abilities, their hardships and their spirit, he wrote:

"This composite people may, in its wide realm, attain to the most varied splendor of success in all pursuits that can make its future rich, refined, noble and happy. But let us not forget that our march must be sustained by a hearty devotion to the true principles of freedom. If we fail of public or private duty—if we cleave to any national wrong—that great experiment of mankind will fail, and our life corrupt away, through slow decaying to dishonorable death."

He loved America:

"A land he worshipped with rapturous love;
Grand with the gloom of forests' mysteries,
Grand with the sweep of billowy, boundless plains,
Surging on westward like a rolling sea.
Hopes of a world are launched and sailing there."

Tales of the Golden Trail

IV--Trapped

By Harry Golden

SOPHIE LA VERE ran headlong across the small clearing before the Snow-shoe cabin and dived into the thick woods. On and on she hurried. The stiff manzanita brush tore her skirt, and in places scratched her flesh. Many times she stumbled; often she fell, but always she regained her feet, and ever she pushed blindly on. Whither she did not know. She had lost all sense of direction. This, however, seemed of no consequence to her. She was lengthening the distance between herself and the cabin.

Darkness had crept in among the trees, and she did not see the half-rotted log before her. She stumbled, pitched head foremost. Her breath came in hot, quick gasps which seemed to scorch her throat. A few scalding tears stole down her cheeks. They were tears of shame—shame which came with thoughts of her mad, frantic flight. Many times she had pitted her quick wit against the quick wit of others, with her liberty as the stake, and always upon those other occasions she had rather enjoyed the excitement they had afforded. Always she had played the game in a cool, deliberate way, cock-sure that she would win.

True, in the little tableau scene in which she had taken part that evening on the cabin porch, she had played with all her old time skill; but once she had begun the flight, all her reasoning seemed to have left her. As she dried the tears of mortification, she told herself that it was all because of her great desire to remain free. With the growing of her acquaintance with the big, open-hearted Sully it seemed that this desire had grown a thousand fold. What would he think? Of course she wanted Sully to know some day, but she wanted to tell him herself. There were so many things to explain, and the time was not yet ripe for the explanations. A dry sob escaped her throat.

Up from the clearing, on the cool evening breezes, voices were wafted. The sounds were scarcely audible, and the words were totally unintelligible, but she understood from the inflections that her escape was being discussed. Then abruptly the voices ceased.

A large, full moon peered over the hill beyond the cabin. Rifts of her pale light filtered through the thatch work of branches overhead and fell in silvery pools about the forest floor.

Sophie la Vere sat up and her mind became active with the formulation of a saner, more dignified manner of retreat. She arose and carefully picking her way through the undergrowth, she mounted to the summit of the ridge before her. The crest of the ridge was comparatively free from brush, and led in a gentle unbroken slope to the southward. Here she found traveling a great deal easier, and on and on she walked with regular, measured stride.

She seemed to have forgotten all the terrors which had spurred her into the mad flight of a short time before.

She even hummed a few bars from a catchy popular air. Then she paused, and almost with reverence she stood stock still gazing upon a wonderful scene below her. A lake—a half-hidden pot of molten silver—lay smiling up at the moon. Giant pine trees had crowded close about the shore; their gnarled old branches, being tossed by a wayward breeze, fantastically gesticulated in reflection upon the placid surface.

A long-drawn, plaintive wail broke the almost oppressive silence; swelled —lingered for a moment—then died away. And now the echo came back from the neighboring ridge, more terrifying than the original cry.

Sophie la Vere's heart bounded into her throat and seemed to have become wedged there. The beauty of the scene vanished. The woodland became filled with horror and danger and dread. The fear of the Wild reached out and held her immovable, powerless. A stealthy panther was bringing up the rear. Again came the cry and again came the echo. On cold, half numb limbs she moved unsteadily, then stumbled hurriedly along.

She had no weapons—nothing to protect herself with—nothing but her slender hands. These slowly clenched into tight fists. The woman bit her under lip till it bled. It seemed unjust to her that even the beasts of the wood should join in a harrying pursuit of one lone, defenseless woman. Her fighting instinct became aroused. Indignantly she checked her gait until it again became measured by regular, almost reluctant steps.

Slowly the intervening distance between her and the panther shortened; then she gave a sudden gasp that had more of spontaneous delight than any idea of fear, for there among the trees she caught what she believed to be the flat roof of a cabin, with her astonished eyes. Instantly the vision of this refuge was lost amid the dismal gloom of forest fastness. But she was still of supreme faith—still believed in what she had seen; until presently her judgment was rewarded by a better, surer view.

Quickening her pace, she turned abruptly from the open stretch on the ridge and crashed through the undergrowth directly toward the cabin. The rustling of the dry branches behind her attested the fact that the panther had also turned from the ridge.

Sophie la Vere did not glance back. She was filled with but one desire, and that was to gain the protection of the cabin. She reasoned that she had come far enough. A stray rift of moonlight revealed the cabin almost within reach of her outstretched arms. The low doorway stood open.

"Hello! Hello in there!" she cried in a high-pitched tremulous tone.

No light, no sound issued from within. Without an instant's hesitation she sprang inside. She felt rather than saw that all was dark and empty space—bare walls, rough log flooring, upon which dried twigs snapped beneath her tread. Almost before she knew she had reached the further extremity of the small enclosure. Her arm brushed against something, which gave way, and a deafening crash rang out through the silent night like the crack of doom. With a muffled cry, her knees sank beneath her, and she collapsed upon the floor. When the thundering echoes of that crash had died out, only the hysterical sobs of the woman broke the night silence of that wild ravine.

How long she wept there upon the floor she could not judge. But finally she took heart. She raised her head, and looked about. The square patch of light through which she had entered had been blotted out, and the gloom of the interior was intensified. She saw that the door had merely slammed to. Perhaps there had been a gust of wind; perhaps—well, it did not matter. She now felt secure inside. With a sigh almost of relief she stretched full length upon the rough floor logs and fell asleep.

With the coming of the first faint lights of dawn, Sophie la Vere awoke. Her limbs were stiff and sore. She

She sat there waiting

sat up and looked about in a dazed manner. Then the wild adventures of the night came back to her as the remembrance of a bad dream. She arose and passed to a chink in the wall, and there within a stone's throw she saw a stream tumbling down the mountain side.

The sight held a pleasant fascination for the woman, for with the coming of daylight the woods were bereft of the terrors which had lurked in the darkness. She reasoned that she was somewhere in the vicinity of Gold Lake and that with slight effort she could find the camp of some pleasure seeker. Then she would go on down the mountain to the valley, where there were railway trains and automobiles which would afford a fair chance for escape.

Sophie la Vere moved toward the door. A slight fever, caused by the late excitement and exhaustion had left her very thirsty and she thought to pass on to the stream and refresh herself. But a new surprise awaited her. The door was constructed of heavy logs; it was hinged at the top, and when she had entered it had hung horizontally close beneath the low log roof, with its lower end reaching almost to the center of the enclosure. A rude iron catch had held the door suspended, and this was connected by a wire to an ingenious trigger arrangement fastened to the farther wall. It was this trigger her arm had inadvertently brushed against, the catch had thus been released and the door had swung into place.

When the woman had studied out the mechanism of the odd contraption, and she at last realized that she had imprisoned herself in a bear trap, an amused smile flitted across her face. However, the smile quickly vanished when she attempted to raise the heavy door, for the logs of which it was fashioned were round and smooth, and furnished no dependable hand-hold.

After several attempts she managed to raise the ponderous barrier a few inches, but she could conceive of no plan by which she could hold what she had gained. Time after time she raised the great door only to find it slip from her hands and swing to with a bang. With hard set features she realized the futility of further effort in that direction and made a careful inspection of the entire trap. The logs of the roof and the sides were from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. There were spaces of about three inches between the logs. All this added to the certainty that she could never get out by her own efforts.

"How frail is woman's strength after all," she thought. "If Sully were only here, he could lift the door. He could tear it from its hinges even." The great difference in strength between the sexes came home to her. She wondered how long it would be before any one might chance to pass by that lonely, out of the way spot. In all probability it would be several days, for the main trail was surely two or three miles distant.

Her thirst had grown, and the sight of the cool water splashing in the sunlight close by became maddening. Determinedly she drew her gaze from the stream and began a close scrutiny of the tooth and claw marks upon the wall logs. These marks spoke eloquently of the frantic activities of many bears; bears that had as innocently walked into that trap as she herself. They, too, had feverishly longed for a drink of the little creek. This was patent by the fact that the logs on that side were more chewed and clawed than the others.

As the long forenoon wore away, the sun beat down upon the roof and through the chinks, sending long, parallel beams upon the floor of the trap.

Her gaze slowly traveled for the thousandth time along the summit of the ridge. A horse and rider appeared in one of the openings, and then instantly disappeared again behind a fir thicket. The woman held her breath until again they appeared in the next opening.

"Hey, there!" she called. "Hey, you!"

The man reined his mount, and

scanned the mountain side below him. Again the woman called. The rider turned his horse from the ridge and proceeded down the slope; but it was evident from his expectant manner that he had not as yet seen the trap. Again the woman caught a glimpse of the man on the horse. Instinctively she drew back from the wall. He was the detective whom she had encountered on the night before at the Snow-shoe.

The man rode on a little way, then stopped. "Hello! Hello, there!" he shouted.

Sophie la Vere crouched upon the floor. She did not answer.

The detective turned his horse toward the top of the ridge, perplexed. He swerved a little from his course. His horse splashed its forefeet in the stream, and burried its nose in the water. This sight proved too much for the woman.

"This way! Over here!" she called.

The man turned and spied the trap, then rode hurriedly toward it.

As the rider sprang down at the doorway, he saw the woman standing calmly just within.

"Well, you see, Mr. Detective, I have trapped myself for you," she said pleasantly. "Please hurry and help me out of here. I am almost choked for a drink."

Without a word he set his back to the door. In a few moments the woman stood beside him in the open.

Sophie la Vere hurried to the stream threw herself face down at the water's edge and drank her fill. She bathed her face and hands and then stood up.

"My, but that was good," she said, then, "I am your prisoner; lead the way," she finished, almost light-heartedly.

The detective took the woman's hand and drew her toward the horse.

"Allow me," he said, and he lifted her bodily into the saddle. "And remember, you are not my prisoner."

Sophie la Vere looked down at the detective in open astonishment.

"I—I don't understand," she stammered.

The man lifted his hand. "Please don't force me to explain," he pleaded. "Wait till you get back to the Snow-shoe. Your partner will tell you all about it. And we better be hurrying. That big fellow up there is pretty much excited. He's been scouting around in the woods all night."

Sophie la Vere rode on in silence, always keeping the broad back of the detective in sight. At last they emerged upon the clearing before the Snow-shoe cabin. The detective paused and stood waiting till the little woman drew up.

"I am going to leave you here," he said. "I shall look out for your partner on my way down to the valley. If I run across him I'll send him back. Good-bye!"

He held out his arms and lifted the woman down. Then he mounted the horse, and with a wave of his hat, disappeared down the trail.

Sophie la Vere stood with her face pressed closely against the window-pane. Suddenly her heart gave a great bound, for, through the gathering darkness, across the little clearing, came Sully.

She turned and flung the door wide. With a violent effort she restrained herself from throwing her arms about the big fellow as he entered the little cabin.

"Well, well, little partner, where have you been?" he began.

"Come on," she cried, excitedly, "let us sit down to this good supper, and I'll tell you all about it; though it was all so awful it makes me shudder to think of it."

After having finished recounting her trials, she said:

"But tell me, partner, why that detective brought me back here. I know that he is a Mulroy man; I knew it the minute I laid my eyes on him. Why didn't——"

Without speaking, Sully drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to the woman. She hastily glanced over it, then passing it back, she remarked:

"It appears that our detective is im-

plicated in some shadowy deals himself, doesn't it?"

Sully nodded. "He dropped this from his pocket; I picked it up, and when he came to—that is—er——" Sully stammered embarrassedly.

Sophie la Vere nodded understandingly, as she remembered having noticed that the detective had one swollen, discolored eye.

"Well," continued Sully, "he and I came to an understanding. He does not want you at present, and he does not want this paper to fall into the hands of certain authorities. I assured him that the paper would remain safe in my keeping as long as you remained unmolested to help me guard it."

Slowly the little woman nodded. Then she seemed not to hear the other's reassuring voice. She looked pensively into the open fire, and a sad look of longing crept into her big blue eyes.

"You should not have intervened for me. I am wanted for—I am—a—oh, Sully! it is so hard for me to tell *you!*"

"There, there," returned the big fellow. "Tell me nothing. Tell me nothing."

(*Continued next month.*)

EVOLUTION

Out from the soil and the dust and sod,
  Drawn from the source of eternal things;
Formless and shapeless—a breath from God—
Heaven-empowered with light and wings;—
Up from the earth the lillies nod,
  Down from the heavens the sky-lark sings.

Each in its orbit of color and sound,
  Holding its secret and melody,
Borne from the silence, where Beauty profound
  Fashions the blossoms for fruit of the tree,
Weaving invisible waves—far around:
  Wafting sweet visions and music to me.

And Man, high-famed, with the host of men,
  Loves and rejoices forever to be;
Faltering he goes—returning again—
  As the billows flow back re-embraced by the sea—
Life at the center, aglow, must then
  Surge—soul-laden—eternally!

ROSE DE VAUX ROYER.

La Benedic-cion De Los Animales

By

Ida C. Coburn

Rear of the vicarage and Mexicans in native costumes.

ONE of the strangest and most interesting religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed, came under my notice at Cuernavaca, capital of the State of Morelos, Mexico. It is called "The Benediction of Animals," and commemorates an epoch in the life of San Antonio Abad, who, according to religious records, lived a godly life as a hermit in Upper Egypt, in the earliest days of the Roman Catholic faith. In his years of solitude and prayer, with only birds and beasts for companions, he studied the lives of those innocent creatures and became strongly attached to them, so that when the order of priesthood was conferred upon him, and he felt it his duty to not only live a religious life himself, but to instruct and uplift others in his belief, he was loathe to leave his companions of mountain and air, and he called them together and blessed them; and so it is unto this day that Saint Antonio is reverenced as the patron saint of all animals. The benediction is believed to be a safeguard to all animals against epidemic diseases and to insure a prolific and healthy propagation.

The seventeenth day of January of each year is set apart for this beautiful ceremony, unless Sunday falls upon that date, when another is appointed by the priest. So on the seventeenth day of January on the spacious grounds surrounding the great and famous Cortez Cathedral, were gathered together animals (in custody of their owners) of every domestic species, which included horses, dogs, cats, cows, burros, chickens, pigs, goats and birds of every kind and every size. These animals were decorated in any and every way that

suited the taste or means of their owners, and presented a view that outrivaled a California flower carnival.

A young bull, a magnificent specimen of his kind, was adorned with a garland of natural flowers around his neck, a mirror between his horns, and a posy on his tail. He was led by the man-servant of his owner, and was as gentle as the many little lambs that were brought for the benediction. He looked unfrightened with his wonderfully beautiful eyes upon the glittering multitude of many colors, and listened with equanimity to the conglomeration of sounds composed of the barking of dogs, grunting of pigs, cackling and crowing of chickens, bleating of lambs, and all other sounds which proceed from feather and hoof, mingled with that of the genus homo. A most agreeable contrast surely—a bull in a churchyard receiving a blessing with holy water before the portals of a great cathedral, by a priest in holy garb—to the nauseating one of a bull fight. Of the two extremes, who but a fiend could but choose the benediction for his fellow creatures, since "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

The little lambs, some white and some black, were variously decorated in colors best suited to their complexions; the black ones completely covered with confetti; the white ones —some with pink and some with blue ribbons, and others with strands of beads around their necks. Many were painted, as were also dogs, cats, rabbits and chickens, in all colors and designs. Old hens with gilded bills and great bows of red ribbon tied to their wings and tails cast challenging glances at each other not unlike their human sisters. All of these creatures were either loose or tied only with a slender cord. Pigeons and doves rested upon the shoulders of their owners; hens in arms with broods of little chicks upon their backs; sleeping puppies in arms, the mother parent watching contentedly by the side of her mistress. Peace supreme reigned in this congregation where discord and battle would naturally be expected.

A side view of the cathedral, showing people on their way to witness the blessing of animals.

Man, who for ages back has broken the Seventh Commandment in trying to drive, drag or coax the hog a distance of two feet, should witness this creature led by a cord such as grocers use, and upon this occasion his back loaded with the beautiful Bougainvillia which grows so profusely in Cuernavaca, walking peacefully and happily beside his greatest enemy, the dog.

The little burro on this holiest of holy days for our dumb friends, is relieved of his over-heavy burden, his little hoofs ornamented with gilt, bows of ribbon tied to his tail, wreathes of flowers around his neck.

As we stood waiting under the wide spreading branches of the huge Amate tree in one corner of the churchyard, the heavy iron-studded portal of the

cathedral swung open and a priest in the full dress of his order, appeared upon the threshold, stoop and sprinkler in hand. A hush fell upon the multitude that moved with as little confusion as a trained regiment of soldiers, before the priest, with their various small animals held high above their heads for the benediction, which the priest gave by sprinkling them with holy water, after which they passed on to make room for others. Two fine horses belonging to Governor Manuel Alarcon, led by a man-servant, were in the curious procession side by side with the scraggy and overworked little burro, the sole support of his half-naked master at his side, for no distinction is made at the altars between persons or their beasts in this sincere religion.

As may be seen, not only the lowly, poor and ignorant, from whose eyes the hand of science and education has not lifted the veil of superstition, but all of the Catholic faith, from the Governor of the State to the humblest owner of a dog or cat, take their beasts and birds to receive the blessing. Many foreigners who witnessed this scene laughed in ridicule, while the faces of a few reflected the joy of the believers. Let us hope that blessed are they who believe in the protection and care of our dumb animals.

A Bear That Saved His Bacon

By Flint Locke

THE Santa Lucias are a rugged range of mountains extending from Monterey to San Simeon. Rising abruptly from the ocean, they attain a height of perhaps 5,000 feet. In places, marble, or limestone, crops out, giving the appearance of snow capped peaks.

At the time of which I write there were no roads in this region, or even trains, except those made by the wild animals. To one unaccustomed to mountain climbing, this part of the country seemed inaccessible. But with a sure footed mule or mustang a man could ride over the most of it. There was plenty of grass for the ponies. Fine springs of cold, clear water were numerous, the climate was delightful, the scenery was enchanting. Wild animals, such as bear and mountain lions, wild cats and foxes, were plentiful. Deer were very numerous. The first mountain quail I ever saw was there, and trout fishing, on the head waters of the Sur river, was of the best. Bee trees, containing the finest honey, were easily found. The bears marked them with their claws. Altogether it seemed to me a sportsman's paradise.

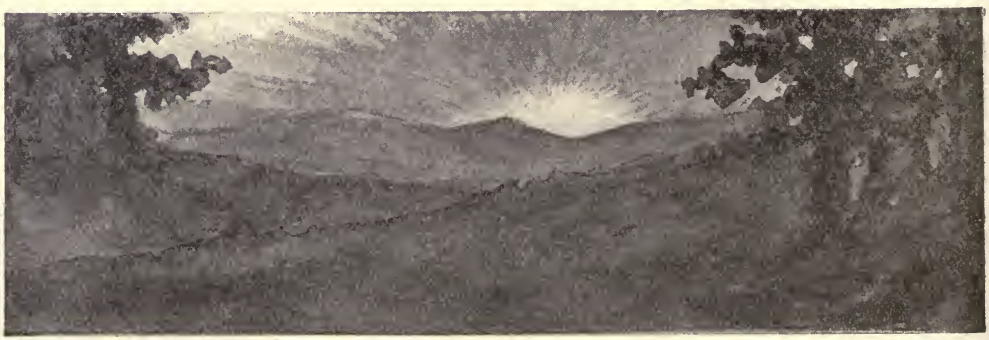
In this little known country, at that period, I spent some days at the camp of a hunter called "Rock," or "Rocky," whom old residents of Monterey County will remember, as he used to visit that town occasionally to replenish his supplies.

There were no game laws at the time. The old fashioned muzzle loading rifle was in general use. They were not so handy to load, as the automatic guns of to-day, and ammunition was not wasted in such a reckless manner as now, when there seems to be a hunter for each deer. Each hunter, armed with some kind of a machine gun, with which they sally forth once a year, on a certain day of the month, and proceed to make things lively, not to say dangerous, for the peaceful inhabitants of the country.

Rock, who had always been a good hunter, sported a fine rifle, and was a dead shot. He told me that he had spent several years in that locality, where he had hunted deer for their meat and hides, which he dried in the sun, and for which he found a ready market at any trading post. He also killed mountain lions and occasionally a bear. He said that some of the old grizzlies were ugly customers, hard to kill, and when wounded, very dangerous. He never shot at one unless he had a good show to keep out of his reach.

Bears strip the heads off the wild oats when in an edible condition, and devour them with great relish. One day Rock saw where one had been feasting in this manner near his camp. He visited the spot early next morning with the intention of killing the animal. Sure enough, there was the bear. But instead of harvesting oats, he was busy digging out a ground squirrel. The bear was a grizzly, one of the fiercest as well as largest of its kind. Its tracks were as large as the bottom of an ordinary pie plate. As the wind was right, the hunter, whose feet were clad in buckskin, with silent steps approached under cover of some bushes, within short rifle range. But instead of shooting at the bear he stood watching him dig out the squirrel. Rock thought himself safe, as he was close to a small pine, which he could easily climb. With a few strokes of his terrible claws, the bear soon unearthed the poor little squirrel, which, however, managed to escape and fled with incredible speed to the very top of a pine, about the size of the one by which the hunter stood. Seeing this, the giant grizzly rushed at the tree, which he shook so hard that it nearly came up by the roots, and about ten feet of the top of it broke off. The squirrel tumbled to the ground again, where he was nearly caught by the bear, but providentially he saw a hole into which he suddenly disappeared.

Rock, with ripened judgment, saw the bear start the dirt flying in the vicinity of this hole. Then he stole swiftly and silently away. He said that if he had shot at that bear and failed to kill him at the first shot, his only chance of escape was to climb the pine, and that the bear would have shaken him out before he could have reloaded his rifle.



TRUTH AND FICTION

By Dolores Butterfield

I.

THE SHADE of "Daddy" Harrington's cacaragua trees was grateful indeed to Bert and McElwin, as they drew up and dismounted before the little ranch-house. From the far-away line of the ocean to the blue mountains inland, sky and air seemed to quiver with heat, the white alluvial dust of the road, and the flat, monotonous stretch of sugar cane, unbroken save for the deeper green of occasional banana groves, giving back blindingly the glare of the noon sunshine. Hackett was lounging in the hammock on Daddy's front porch, and as there was something more than six feet of him, and no surplus hammock, and Daddy himself was occupying the only chair in sight, Bert and McElwin dropped negligently upon the edge of the porch.

"Hot, all right," vouchsafed Bert, fanning himself with a Mexican palma hat, which, following the immemorial custom of tenderfeet, he had adopted, and which he had garnished, besides, as an additional protection from the sun, with a red bandana.

"We thought we'd drop over and have Sunday dinner with you and Mother," said McElwin. "We did not know you had company already—ought to have telephoned. But since we're here, you can bet your best pair of boots we're not going back till sundown."

"Stay until sun-up, and welcome," said Daddy. "Mother just about guessed some of you boys would be over from Morirato; and if she can't slap down a meal for all of you, it'll be the first time it ever happened to Mother. Why don't you boys get some chairs from inside?" he added.

"Will, if present accommodations get too hard," answered McElwin.

Suddenly Bert whistled. "Look who's coming," he drawled. "What do you say for yourself now, Hackett?"

Hackett—who would have been handsome but for his habitual expression of laziness, surliness and cynicism—roused himself sufficiently to cast a glance down the long, straight road to where a wagon was advancing through a cloud of dust. "Wyer's horses," he observed indifferently. "Looks like Wyer driving."

"You take it cool," said McElwin, "after sending half the boys in Morirato off on a wild goose chase on the only day they get to half way rest up in."

"They wanted to go," said Hackett. "I didn't tell 'em to."

"No," but you got off the tale that made 'em go," retorted McElwin. "Glad I was Doubting Thomas and didn't pay any attention to you. I noticed you didn't go yourself."

"I was busy with the write-up—and I had to get it off, for there won't be another ship out for ten days. What have you got to roar about, Mack? You're not out anything."

McElwin turned away with barely concealed disgust; for there was no affection lost between him and Hackett at the best of times, though they bore with each other, after a fashion, as compatriots in a strange country are expected to. Meanwhile the wagon had drawn close.

"Hello, Wyer, ain't you dead?" was Bert's salutation to the occupant.

"Yes; don't you know a ghost when you see one? What's the news, folks?"

"You're being killed, mostly," said Bert. "No papers from the States since we last saw you, and the papers around here don't dare chirp. I can't read 'em anyway. But what happened to you, Wyer?"

"You'd better tell me. I been selling onions, and that's all I know about," said Wyer, bringing his horses to a halt opposite the porch, under the shade of the cacaraguas.

"Well, a rumor came along that you had been killed by rebels—you and the boy both. Hackett knew all about it. He's sent a write-up all about the bloody butchery to some of the El Paso papers—or was it Los Angeles, Hackett? We won't get to see the papers for a month or so, I guess, but I bet it'll look swell. I only wished he'd asked you for your picture. It would a-looked fine sitting in the midst of things."

"I swiped one of Mack's," said Hackett. "Who'll know the difference up there?"

"Doggone it, he ain't half as good looking as I am," said Wyer. "But listen here, Hackett. This is the second time you've killed me, and now you've taken to killing my boy along with me. Just for luck, s'pose you kill somebody else for a change."

"What's your kick?" answered Hackett. "I'm making you famous, man. Besides, I can't help the rumors. If they say Wyer, Wyer it is. I'll make an international complication out of you yet, if I can."

"Well," said Wyer, "I ain't superstitious, but I don't want you to make three times of it; I want the boy let alone."

"But it makes such good copy—thirteen year old boy brutally slaughtered by ferocious rebels. You're not in it, Wyer, for working on people's sympathy like a boy."

"Don't you do it. Here's Bert—only a pathetic little kid himself. You don't need to tell any one what he measures across the shoulders, nor what size boots he wears. And if he won't do, here's Mack—he's always obliging. And when you're through with him, maybe Daddy and Mother will let you give them a good write-up too."

"But Mack won't consent to be butchered by rebels. He's a red headed Irishman, and he's got a soft spot for rebels that goes all the way through him."

"Then you've got another guess coming," said Mack, "for I call them Constitutionalists, and not rebels at all."

"Aw, shucks! Just another bunch of thieves. Last year they were Maderista Federal Volunteers chasing the Orozquistas; and now they've cut loose and joined whatever Orozquistas have not swapped round to be Huertista Federal Volunteers—and it's their turn to run around and loot."

"Well, 'patriots must eat,' as the Mexicans say. And maybe if we were in their shoes—their bare feet, rather—we'd be cutting up the same kind of jinks."

"I guess we would," said Daddy.

"Well, what do you say if I make it Federals, Mack?" asked Hackett. "'Foolhardy American sympathizes too warmly with the rebels, and gets his head bashed in by Federals.' Fix it up a little, and it'll be a corker. And I don't care, you know—just so the whole darned bunch gets licked, and my land gets worth something. Yours, too, Mack—don't forget that. And since I used your picture for Wyer, I guess he'll let me use his for you, so you'll come out the winner there, too."

"Cut it out," said Mack. "Leave me out of your international complications. If any rumor wanders your way about my being killed, just try some *quien sabe* on it, and a couple of shrugs, and don't bulge in and write to any of your yellow newspapers till you get my bona fide autograph invite to a regular old Irish wake. We all know you've come nearer to being plugged by an American, Hackett, than I'll ever come to being plugged by Mexicans; and because you hate Mexicans, and bear them ill will, and meet their ill will in return, is no sign that I can't

get along and make friends with all colors and kinds of them."

Hackett growled, while Mack turned carelessly away, and, as became a Constitutionalist sympathizer, whistled a few bars of "Viva Madero."

"Where's Mother?" asked Wyer.

"Hustling the girl around to get dinner for you boys," answered Daddy. "Get down off that wagon, Wyer, and make yourself at home. Bert was too lazy to get a chair for himself, but he will get one for you."

"Well, I like that," said Bert, good-naturedly, as he got up to get one.

"I got to get back," said Wyer. "The boy and Dona Basilia are alone on the place. I've only got two men, since they all hiked off to join Carranza—and those two mostly go to Limon over Sunday to blow in their Saturday pay. But I'll stay and help eat Mother's dinner—I ain't passing that up. Here's a sack of onions I brought for Mother. Ain't they beauties? There's lots besides sugar to be got out of this land." And Wyer launched into an enthusiastic discourse on the capabilities of the land thereabouts, which was interrupted by a surly growl from Hackett.

"Huh! what's the good of it all? You couldn't sell your place for five cents an acre right now."

"I ain't selling it," said Wyer. "I'm hanging onto it."

The appearance of a group of horsemen a little way down the road drew an exclamation from Bert, who had reappeared with a chair in each hand.

"Here come the boys, Hackett, and they don't look none too cool and collected after the little Sunday ride you gave 'em. Guess they'll have something to say to you."

"What they got against Hackett?" asked Wyer. "He ain't been massacring a bunch that size, has he?"

"No, but when they heard his bloody tale about you and the boy, they organized to go over and rescue your ghastly remains, and maybe take a shot or two at whoever done it, if they could locate 'em. Mack and I kept our hair on. We know Hackett."

"Fine work, Hackett," said Wyer. "Gone and spoiled their Sunday—rush season, too, and they working like dogs in that sugar mill all week. They ought to give you something you would not get over in a hurry. Must have got to the place after I left this morning. I been breaking the Sabbath all over the country selling onions—good figures, too. You fellows that sit around yapping for intervention to make your land valuable are missing some good little money in the meanwhile."

"I'm no farmer," growled Hackett, who knew that he was meant. "It's my business to sell land—and it don't sell for corn shucks these days. I bought my own piece cheap, and if I can sell it a few years from now for a few thousand more than I put into it—which I can if Uncle Sam does his duty and intervenes—it's an honest investment; but I'm not going to dig onions out of it, nor anything else."

"Except minted dollars," added Mack. "Hello, boys! Come and weep over the bloody corpse of poor old Wyer—and thank Hackett for your little Sunday jaunt."

"Yes, I should say, thank Hackett," cried one of the young men from Morirato. "It's such a beautiful, cool day, isn't it, to be careering around in the sun. Just wait till the sea-breeze comes along to revive us, Hackett! And next time you'd better unload your pipe dreams somewhere else."

"In San Francisco, for instance," said McElwin. "Remember how he played refugee last year when the Buford came down, and how he went all the way down to Acapulco and back all the way to San Francisco, and reeled off blood and thunder by the yard to the San Francisco intervention papers—and then turned right around and came back on the Buford's second trip? And after getting all that for nothing, he kicked because he said all his free board went glimmering off San Francisco. You boys will get to know him as well as I do, after a while."

"I give you fellows my word," said Hackett from the hammock, "I didn't invent that story about Wyer. Some

peons came along and told me about it."

Hackett's word, both as a newspaper correspondent and as a real estate dealer, being somewhat in disrepute, no one seemed particularly convinced; but the appearance of Mother announcing dinner (dinner is the noon meal, in Mexico), put an end to the conversation. The Morirato boys, feeling themselves too numerous to accept Mother's invitation to dinner, waved a salute and trotted off toward the big plantation in a cloud of dust, while Mother and Daddy, with their four guests, repaired to the dining room.

About the middle of the afternoon, Bert, McElwin and Hackett were riding toward Morirato, where the two former worked, and where Hackett intended to take the train that evening for Ciudad Aldama, his customary place of abode. Rounding a bend in the road between two high cactus fences they suddenly encountered a band of perhaps fifty ragged, unkempt men of the Mexican lower class.

"Hello!" ejaculated Bert.

"I bet you what you like that's Estrada's bunch of dirty rebels," said Hackett.

"Take notice, Hackett," said Mack; "no dirtier, no more ragged, no more nearly naked in these times of war than you and I have seen them in times of peace under the Old Man. Stow that in the back of your head somewhere, and think it over after a while. Maybe a little light will begin to filter through that solid cranium of yours."

"Oh, you're bughouse," said Hackett.

"Say, they're getting their guns in focus," interposed Bert. "Shall I give them what to shoot for?"

"Keep still; they only want us to halt," said Mack.

"I'm damned if I will," said Hackett. "I've a mind to ride right over the pesky rats."

However, he did not. He had no desire to precipitate intervention by getting a bullet through his own head.

"You keep your scowling mug out of sight, and I'll talk to them—since Bert probably won't volunteer," said Mack.

"No, not much," said Bert. "I know about as much Spanish as a fairly intelligent junebug, anyway."

Mack rode a little forward to meet the advancing men, armed only with the most winning smile in the world. It was a true Irish smile, beautifying his homely face, and going as straight to a Mexican's heart as to any other—a smile that had made friends for Mack wherever he went. "*Que huvo, muchachos?*" he asked blithely. "We are not Federals."

"We did not know you were Americans," said the leader, slowly lowering his rifle, while his men followed suit. "We mistook you for Huertista volunteers. Why does your friend wear that hat?"

"That's so," admitted Mack, and in English: "Chuck that bandana, Bertie-boy, or you may get us in trouble yet. But is it likely that three Huertista volunteers would be allowed to roam at will over the country?" he added, in Spanish. "They keep them mighty close to barracks in Morirato. Do you know——" lowering his voice that Hackett might not hear—"that there are a hundred Federals in Morirato—not counting the volunteers, which can not be depended upon?"

"Yes, sir, we know it—regulars, that is," answered the Constitutionalist. "They are no longer Federals, for the army is no longer a Federal army. It upholds a usurper."

"Regulars, then," smiled Mack. "And where are you going, my friends?"

Even in the face of a warm-hearted Irish smile Estrada shook his head. "You are going straight to a Huertista garrison, is it not so, senor?" he asked. "We do not wish to interfere with Americans, so we will let you pass on; but we must at any rate have your promise to say nothing in Morirato of having met us."

"You are heartily welcome to mine," said Mack; and refrained from adding that Hackett's was not worth anything in particular in any case.

"Go ahead and promise them, Hackett—and don't explode while you're about it. If you want to get the train at Morirato to-night, you can afford to be a little obliging. I'm not saying they'll shoot you, but they might corral you out here in the woods for a while."

Hackett, with a scowl and a growl, signified his acquiescence, and Bert readily followed suit, after which Mack bade Estrada a cordial good-bye and the three Americans pursued their way toward the plantation.

It was growing dusk, and Mother and Daddy had just finished their supper, when a noise on the porch and a knock at the door sent Daddy to investigate. A group of armed men, numbering about a dozen, ragged and unprepossessing, confronted him.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"One of our scouts, who was near here a short time ago, says he heard some one whistling 'Viva Madero' on your front porch, so we thought that sympathizers with our cause must live here," explained the leader of the group.

"That was a friend of mine. He is in Morirrato, and you can't go there for his sympathy, because the Federals are there," said Daddy, who spoke Spanish very well.

"Regulars, sir," conscientiously corrected the Constitutionalist. "Have you got any guns?" he added.

"I suppose if I have, you want them," said Daddy. "No, I learned my lesson when the Orozquistas were running around here. I have no guns." As he spoke, he carefully opened the door as far back against the wall as it would go, to conceal a rifle leaning in the corner behind it.

"Ammunition, then," urged Estrada, for it was he.

"Why should I keep ammunition without guns?" asked Daddy.

"Well, can you let us have any money?"

"I don't keep any money here on the place."

The man glanced back at his followers. "We are hungry," he said. "We thought to find friends here. My men who have friends over in the village at Limon have gone to see what they can get from them; but we—— Can you give us something to eat?"

"I've always a bite for hungry men," answered Daddy. "Come into the kitchen, and my wife will give you what she can spare."

They trooped into the kitchen, from behind the half-open door of which Mother and the Mexican servant girl were regarding them with ill favor. Mother, learning from Daddy the object of their intrusion, measured out some coffee for them, but when she got to the third tablespoonful, they announced that that was enough. The third tablespoonful of sugar they also declared enough. A loaf of Mother's own home made bread they considered lavish. But while these accessories were being provided, their eyes roved hungrily to the remains of the roast pig, to which Bert and Hackett, Wyer and Mack had done justice at noon. Mother herself had forgotten the pig, intending it for the chickens, when Estrada meekly inquired if his men might have it. Mother handed it to him.

"Do you mind if we eat here, or shall we go away?" Estrada asked Daddy.

"You might as well trot along now," said Daddy. "If the Huertista Federals in Morirato should learn that Constitutionalists got food at my house, they might make it unpleasant for me."

"Regulars, sir," again corrected Estrada; and with profuse thanks to Daddy and Mother, he gave the word for his men to withdraw.

II.

"Papers from the States, Daddy," cried McElwin, as he dismounted under the cacaragua trees, having ridden over with the mail from Morirato. "And here's a letter for Mother. That's why I thought I'd come over this afternoon with it, instead of waiting for you to get it in the morning. It's from the girl, isn't it?"

Mack did not know "the girl," but all of Mothers "boys" indulged a fraternal feeling toward her, and several of them, visiting her when on leave in Los Angeles, with letters of introduction from Mother, had found it hard to remember not to call her by her first name.

"Bless the boy's heart!" cried Mother gratefully, opening the letter and retiring behind it and her spectacles.

"Heard the news, Daddy?" asked Mack, as Daddy unrolled his newspapers. "Estrada rounded up all the men he could in this district—yes, weeded 'em out of Morirato itself, right under the Federals' noses—and took 'em over to his main command, and now he and Paredes between 'em have walloped the Federals out of San Quintin. That's going some, isn't it?"

"'Regulars, sir,'" mimmicked Daddy. "What else?"

"The Morirato volunteers lit out last night; the Fed—regulars—that were guarding them went along with them. Paredes has set up his provisional capital in San Quintin, and says he's the constitutionally elected governor of the State—which he is, for that matter—and he's going to have Huerta's military appointee in Ciudad Aldama by the scruff of the neck——"

"Well, what do you make of this?" interrupted Daddy, whose attention had become riveted upon his newspapers. "Mother, here we are in print as big as life! And of all the whopping lies——"

"And here's a clipping about us in Elsie's letter, and Elsie all gone wild," said Mother.

"It's the same thing," answered Daddy, comparing it. "Here it is in the paper: 'Aged couple maltreated by Mexican rebels. American rancher and wife, 75, brutally abused as rebels loot their home. F. H. Harrington and his wife, seventy-five years old——'"

"Say, doggone it, I don't have to be seventy-five years old because you are," interrupted Mother, who was only forty-nine.

"Well, that's what it says here. 'Seventy-five years old, who have been living on a ranch in the Morirato Valley on the west coast of Mexico, were the victims of a rebel attack last week when the outlaw band of Mateo Estrada (spelled Estarda), so-called Constitutionalists, entered their home in the night and searched the house for weapons and valuables. The aged couple was dragged out of bed by the rebels, who ransacked the bedding for money and weapons——'"

"Did you ever?" gasped Mother.

"Hold on a minute. 'Previous to the attack on the Harrington ranch, Estrada and his band held up and robbed three Americans on the road between Harrington's ranch and the town of Morirato——'"

"Hackett!" exclaimed Mack. And since to speak of the devil is to have his imps appear, Hackett at that moment cantered up under the shade of the cacaraguas trees in a great cloud of dust.

"Hello, people," said he, with the utmost good humor of which he was capable. "What's everybody so fierce about to-day?"

"You're in bad, as usual," said Mack. "I think Mother has something to say to you."

"You bet I have," said Mother.

None of Mother's "boys" ever denied that she had a temper. In sickness she lavished upon them the tenderest care; in health she ministered to their appetites with excellent meals. They went to her for advice in their perplexities, for comfort in their tribulations, and for whole-hearted sympathy in their rejoicings. But in anger they fled before her—even Mack, who was one of her particular favorites. Hackett had not the advantage of being one of Mother's boys—on the contrary, to her, as to the other Americans of the locality, he was simply an imposition of circumstances, who had to be put up with, more or less, because he was a fellow-countryman in an alien land. But now

Mother felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"You listen to me, Joe Hackett," said Mother, sternly, advancing upon him, and speaking with a rapidity which left him paralyzed. "You read that letter—there's my poor girl been reading your fool stuff and got scared out of her life; been telegraphing us to find out what's become of us, and there's her telegrams held up at Galveston or some fool place, and her money in the Western Union's pocket—and she a widow with two little children and no money to throw away, and doesn't know now whether we're alive or dead! Scared up till she don't know whether she's afoot or a-horseback, and can't sleep or eat for thinking of us being dragged out of bed by rebels and pitched on the floor, and our house tore up and looted; and now she don't know what's going to happen next, but she's ready to believe we've been scooped out hollow and stuffed with hay and taken for pack saddles by the rebels. Talk about making mountains out of molehills! You'd make a mountain out of a hole in the ground; for you weren't held up and robbed any more than Daddy and I were dragged out of bed and our house looted, or any more than I'm seventy-five years old when I ain't —but of course you'd got to sit around and cackle for intervention like an old malaria-colored gander, and I guess you'll have us all gobbled up by alligators and sea serpents, if that'll bring Uncle Sam any quicker than rebels——"

Mack had by this time discreetly reached and mounted his horse, tethered in the shade of the cacaragua trees; but as he pounded along the road toward Morirato the sound of Mother's voice, upbraiding Hackett without pause, still reached him. "Go it, Mother; go it," he murmured to the sunlit air, as he let his horse come to a walk at the river ford. "Hit him a lick for all of us. It's wasted breath, perhaps, for the critter is what he is; but we'll come over in a body from Morirato to shake hands about it afterwards."

A RONDEAU TO ROMANCE

Romance is dead! No more the prize
Of high adventure fires our eyes.
  We walk with sober steps and slow,
  Where once we trod with hearts aglow.
Romance is dead—and we are wise.

All youthful follies we despise.
Romance is dead. He cannot rise.
Forgotten is his grave, and low.
  Romance is dead.

Adventure? Love? Such folly dies.
But look! Where last the soft breeze sighs—
  Two lovers in the sunset glow,
  Her face upturned; his face bent low—
This lie is chiefest of all lies:
  "Romance is dead!"

M. C. Davies.

A ROSE OF PARADISE

By C. W. Stiles

WITH THE LIGHT of a brilliant tropical sunset pouring over her, Violet Fane was pacing the length of a long azotea overlooking the bay of San Juan. Behind her was her mirador; the room in which she lived and made her home, built directly on the flat, brick paved roof of one of the tallest houses in San Juan. This roof was surrounded by a parapet and was called an azotea. Up here she was always sure of finding the air pure and the breeze unfailing. As she had elected to spend the summer in the tropics, this last was an item worthy of consideration.

The floors below her, in this big house, were cut up into various suites of apartments, but when any one was heard mounting the last flight of the seventy-nine marble steps which led up from the street door to her azotea, she knew some one was coming to see her.

Just now she half halted in her promenade to listen, for she thought she heard a step on her particular flight. In a few minutes the sound became unmistakable, and she said to herself, "Captain Trent."

As the Captain appeared at the azotea door, which was fastened back to show she was at home, she went forward to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Good evening, friend," she said, cordially. "Where have you been hiding for the last three days? I have missed you at dinner, and nobody seemed to know anything about you."

Captain Trent was a handsome man in the prime of life, who when quiet, looked the picture of health, but who, in walking, required the use of a cane. He seemed uncertain on his legs. While fighting in the Spanish war in Cuba he received a wound which resulted in his present condition.

The Captain now said, in response to Violet's question.

"I have been hibernating for the last three days. I was not fit for the society of my kind, having been in one of my fits of black depression. I am not perfectly sure that I am yet fit to come out, but thought I would try the experiment on you."

"Forget about it," cried Violet, cheerfully. "Come over here and tell me what these ships are which have just arrived in the harbor. Forget yourself for a while, take an interest in other things and you will lose all thought of a little thing like depression of spirits."

Captain Trent looked at her with his soft, beautiful brown eyes, and the look pierced her heart. She saw in their depths a soul in torture, and instantly the desire to help, which was always her predominating motive, took possession of her.

She took him carefully by the arm and led him to the parapet and pointed to the ships whose names she wished to know.

Captain Trent, whose rooms were still nearer the bay than hers, knew all the ships and gave her their names. They were all Uncle Sam's minor war vessels. He pointed to a little ship lying close to the water, which looked not unlike a ferry boat, and said:

"That ship off there, the third in line, is the Don Juan de Austria. It is one of the ships Dewey sank at

Manila. It was dug up and renovated, and now forms a part of your Uncle's navy."

Violet looked at it with interest, and then said, scornfully:

"Well, if all the ships Dewey had to fight were of that size, it takes all the gloss off the victory."

"You must remember that the ships he had to fight with were pigmy ships also. They were not unequally matched for ships. It was the brains behind the guns that told."

Violet said thoughtfully: "The longer I live among the Latin race the more I am inclined to exalt the Anglo-Saxon. In the first place, it is the only race with a bona-fide conscience. Then courage, as we know it, is not even thought of among the Latins. Of course, they have their own peculiar advantages, but for all round, strong, manly virtues give me the Anglo-Saxon every time."

"I wonder that you can content yourself over here among these Latins so long. Three years is a long time to live away from your own people. Do you never get lonely and downhearted?" asked the Captain, rather wistfully.

She looked up at him, her face alight.

"Never. Not for one little instant. How could I? Life is too enthrallingly interesting for one ever to feel bored. Do not you feel it so?"

"Candidly, I do not. I am ready to quit, to give up the struggle this moment. You see," he went on in explanation, "I am naturally a leaner. I do not seem to have the backbone to stand alone. I have for twenty years leaned upon my wife. Whether she has become tired of bearing my weight or not, I do not know. But she refused point blank to come down here with me, so for the first time in my life I am now left to stand alone. I have borne a little weight on you, but I know you would not consent to bear it all, and it is the knowledge of my unfitness to wrestle with it that makes me not only willing but anxious to leave the world. I have tried drinking to drown my sorrows, but although I drink continually I appear to have lost the power to get drunk and so win forgetfulness."

"If you keep on drinking in the tropics you will not be long in killing yourself. It is sure suicide over here. If you are not fit to live, do you think you are any more fit to die?"

The Captain mused.

"I don't suppose I am," he finally said. "But some other time I may be better equipped. If I do go out, would you like to have me come back to see you, if I can? Would you be frightened?"

"No, I don't think I should be frightened. At any rate, frightened or not, I hope you will try. Let me tell you," she added suddenly, "if you find you cannot make me see you, bring me the odor of flowers, will you?"

"What kind of flowers shall it be?" asked Captain Trent, showing more interest than at any time since he had appeared.

"Oh, any kind will do. Preferably roses, I think, as those are the flowers I love best, and for some reason nobody ever gives me roses. People bring me flowers of all other sorts, but when they have roses to give away, they give them to somebody else. So you bring me their odor even if you cannot manage the flower itself."

"All right," said the Captain, cheerfully. "When I die, if I can get back and make you see me, I will do so, and if not then I will bring you the odor of roses. It is a bargain. *Es verdad?*"

"Si, senor," she responded, and turned the conversation to other things. Gradually she won the Captain to comparative cheerfulness. When night suddenly closed round them, she proposed that they should go to the Plaza Principal and listen to the Retreta or concert. He consented quite eagerly; always being willing to go anywhere or do anything if only some one would go with him. So the evening which began so dole-

fully for Captain Trent ended happily, and when he left Violet at her door he held out his hand, and pressing hers, said heartily:

"Once more you have been my good angel. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. I am going home now, and expect to go straight to bed and sleep until morning, a thing I have not succeeded in doing for three nights."

"Good-night, amigo mio," said Violet; "all good angels guard you."

All the next day, in leisure intervals, Violet was revolving schemes to help Captain Trent. She formulated and dismissed various plans calculated to increase the quality of self-reliance which he so sadly lacked.

"He is missing all the joy of existence," she said in her thought. "I wish I could help him to find himself."

She had been thinking about him so persistently all day that when she went to the dinner table that night she was disappointed at seeing his place opposite hers still vacant.

"Where is Captain Trent? Have you seen anything of him?" asked her neighbor, Mrs. Stacey. "I am beginning to feel uneasy about him. He has been absent now four days, and may be ill."

"No," answered Violet, "he is not ill. He made me a little visit last night. He was as well as usual, but very depressed."

"That is nonsense," said the practical Mrs. Stacey. "There is no man in San Juan more popular than he. What has he to be depressed about?"

Violet gave an evasive answer, and the conversation veered to other subjects.

The next day passed without news from Captain Trent. The third day, in the afternoon, Violet was sitting at her piano, idly trying over some old music. She sat directly in front of the wide open door, with a window on each side of the room also open. When she lifted her eyes she could see the brilliant blue sky, with the fleecy white clouds floating over it, and from one window she had a fine view of waving palms against the blue.

She turned around to get a piece of music from the rack behind her. When she moved to place it upon the piano, she started and gave a small shriek at seeing Captain Trent standing beside her, his cane in one hand and his hat in the other.

"Captain Trent," she asked joyfully; "how did you get here without making any noise? I am as delighted as surprised. When you have rested from climbing those stairs don't you want to try over that duet we were playing last week?"

Captain Trent sat down rather heavily in the easy chair she pushed towards him, overlooking her outstretched hand and seeming in no hurry to reply. Thinking him breathless from his long climb, Violet hunted out the music, took his violin from the case and brought forward his music rack and placed it in position, then said:

"When you are quite rested we will begin."

The Captain rose heavily and a little stiffly from his chair and lifted the violin. Just as he was about to draw the bow the clock began to strike. He stopped and looked at the time piece.

"What hour is it striking?" he asked. "Five o'clock? I did not think I could do it so quickly."

"What?" asked Violet, but as he did not reply, she began to play.

He was a fine musician, and in a few minutes became absorbed, as Violet knew he would. They played two or three pieces, then the Captain asked:

"Will you not find and sing my favorite, Anabel Lee, before I go?" This was a piece Violet hated to sing, and she began to demur. Captain Trent stopped her with a gesture.

"Please. I may never be able to ask for or to hear it again. You know how I love it. So oblige me."

Without further demur, Violet sang the pathetic little ballad. As soon as

she had finished, he rose and said, rather abruptly:

"Good-bye. I must go," and started for the door.

"Wait," called Violet; "one moment and I will take you down past the part of the stairs that has no bannister. It is time I went to dinner anyway."

She stopped to replace a piece of music on the piano which had fallen to the floor, then followed fast after him to the head of the stairs. He was not visible. She looked all around in surprise. It had not been sixty seconds since he went out of the door, and now he was out of sight. She looked up and down the azotea and down the whole length of the stairs. She could see two straight flights from where she stood, but there was no trace of Captain Trent.

"Well," said astonished Violet, "this matches Keller. Where in the name of all the mysteries did Captain Trent go?"

As it was dinner time she locked the door, and after descending the many steps went up the street to her boarding house, expecting to find the Captain already there and receive his explanation.

She had no more than time to seat herself and observe that her friend was not in his place before her neighbor, Mrs. Stacey, who seemed literally bursting with information, broke out:

"Oh, my dear, is it not awful?"

"What?" asked Violet.

"Have you not heard?" with repressed joy at being first to tell. "Captain Trent is dead."

"Dead!" Violet's expression was blank. "What do you mean? I have just parted from him."

"Impossible, my dear. Be exact. He died in the hospital this afternoon at half-past four o'clock. I had the news from the surgeon who was beside him when he breathed his last. Yes, poor fellow, he is gone." The rest Violet did not hear.

"Half past four, and at five he was in the mirador taking note of the clock striking. No wonder he seemed surprised at the good time he had made. She had not understood him, and he had vouchsafed no explanation. All the way home, Violet walked as if in a dream. A girl friend tried to join her, but she dismissed her without ceremony. She wanted to be alone. Over and over she kept repeating to herself:

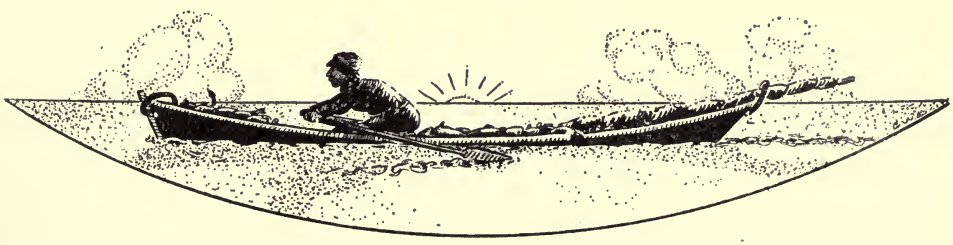
"If that was not Captain Trent who was talking and playing with me, who or what was it?"

When she opened the door of her mirador, an overpowering scent of roses met her.

"Oh," she exclaimed joyfully, "roses; where could they have come from?"

She turned on the electric light and looked around, from the powerful odor expecting to find quantities of her favorite flower. She saw nothing of the sort, but was still surrounded by the sweet smell of innumerable roses. She stood perfectly still in the middle of the room for a few minutes, meditating. Presently she noticed that she had left the piano open in her haste at leaving, and went over to put down the lid. As she touched the lid, she saw lying on the music rack one magnificent, long stemmed American Beauty rose, fresh and fragrant, as if just plucked and laid there.

Then she knew.



THE FEMININITY OF ANN

By Helen Christene Hoerle

EPISODE I.

"MISS MEREDITH, by all that's holy!" Jack Holbrook delightedly grinned as he came face to face with the tall girl in yellow, leaning gracefully against one of the pillars that supported the porch. "I'm jolly glad to see you; an awfully pleasant surprise, don't you know. How are you, anyway?"

"Mr. Holbrook!" she exclaimed incredulously, as she smilingly extended her hand. The man crushed it between his great sunburnt ones, and beamed down on the vision before him.

"I never expected to see you here," he went on breathlessly. "But I'm tickled to death. There's a waltz. Shall we try it, or are you engaged?"

The girl shook her head slowly. "No, I'm not. Mother and I only arrived yesterday, and there aren't many people here whom we know. They are all coming later. I thought you were in Egypt or England, or somewhere," she continued, as he dexterously steered her through the crowd toward the brilliantily lighted ballroom.

"I was," the man rejoined "Both in Egypt and England. Had a wonderful trip, only I was rather lonesome Not much fun in traveling around alone Just got in yesterday, and thought I'd run out here for a week or two before getting back in harness. Now I'm mighty glad I did."

The girl laughed and met his intense gaze fearlessly. Straight and lithe as a young sapling, she stood almost shoulder to shoulder with him, and the grey eyes and the brown were nearly level. Their steps fitted perfectly, and to the girl it seemed as if she were floating on air.

"I'm glad, too," she murmured. "We shall have a chance to become better acquainted. I think it's horrible to meet a person once or twice and then not see them again, don't you?" darting him a swift glance. It was as if she had thrown down a gauntlet and challenged him to a duel.

"I do," Jack Holbrook laughed, as he reluctantly withdrew his arm from the girl's slender waist, and led her toward the broad veranda. "There," he continued, in satisfaction, as he placed a light scarf over her ivory shoulders, and then threw himself in a chair next to Ann's. "That was joy and this is solid comfort."

"Yes?" The girl's tone was slightly sarcastic. Slipping down in her chair, she leaned back and regarded the man from under half closed lids. This was the Jack Holbrook she had met at a few receptions the year before—Jack Holbrook, millionaire, globe trotter, financier and all-round athlete. Ann had been in society long enough to know and read the male species rather well, but this same Jack Holbrook had always been a puzzle to her. Tall, debonair, not especially good looking, Jack Holbrook was a typical type of young American manhood. Never had any scandal been connected with his name, and although he had many friends, there was no one who could be called an intimate. He had always interested Ann, and she had always been more than anxious to know him better. Now here was her opportunity.

The orchestra struck up a gay "Turkey Trot." "You don't want to dance this, do you?" Holbrook asked suddenly. Ann did, very much, but she saw he didn't, so she said no. "You know I hate to see girls dancing these so-called modern dances," the man went on. "They are so ungraceful and——"

"And not half so warm and tiring as the old fashioned way," Ann finished.

"You don't dance them, do you?" the man inquired, gazing at her in surprise.

The girl never moved an eyelash. "Oh, no, I'm not an expert; once and a while I dance at them." She threw back her head, with its myriad of soft brown curls and laughed merrily.

"I knew you wouldn't," Holbrook persisted. "You know, Miss Meredith, I disapprove wholly of the modern woman."

"Yes!" The girl could scarcely conceal her astonishment at this unexpected statement.

"I believe in the old fashioned woman," Holbrook continued, "the woman who stayed home and made a home—a genuine home—for a man. The woman who could cook, sew, wash and iron, if necessary, and—and bring up a family. That is my ideal of a perfect woman. Look at the woman of to-day." He arose and stood looking down at the girl. "All they care for is money, clothes, pleasure, and have about as much use for a husband, home and children as they have for the smallpox. Haven't time for them, they will tell you. Good heaven, what are we coming to? Now you, Miss Meredith," he went on, sinking into his chair once more and leaning toward her, his voice suddenly growing tender, "you are my ideal of a really feminine woman."

The girl laughed rather nervously. "The Eternal Feminine," she asked, brightly, her eyes drooping under his ardent gaze. "I did not think that you were interested in it."

"Yes, the eternal feminine," he repeated softly. "I hate to see woman tramping around golf links and other such places, exposing themselves to the sun and wind, browning and callousing their hands. Women's hands were made for tenderer offices."

Ann surveyed her large, white hands as they lay listlessly in her lap, and thanked Heaven she had only arrived at Bristol Hall the day before, and those appendages were still white and soft.

"Then evidently you don't believe in the so-called feminist movement," the all-round champion of 19— Vassar questioned quizzically.

"No," emphatically returned Holbrook, "I don't. Why do women want the vote? Just because they think that men have something on them, something that they can't do. Suffrage! Nonsense. When I was in England——"

"Excuse me," Ann interrupted gently, "won't you tell me about it tomorrow? It is late, and there's mother looking for me. We are over at the cottage; there wasn't room here at the Hall."

"So am I," the man chuckled. "May I have the pleasure of walking over with you?"

"You may, if it be a pleasure," the girl smiled demurely up at him.

"What a question," he returned gallantly, as they were joined by the girl's mother.

"What a pity," Ann thought, as they traversed the short distance between the Hall and the cottage, with only the light of twinkling stars to guide them, "that he has such old fashioned ideas. He's really awfully nice when he talks sense."

"Yes, Mrs. Meredith," she heard him reply to some question of her mother's, "the suffragettes over in England are a disgrace to all womanhood!"

"Oh, Heavens," Ann groaned to herself. "I wish I could——" Then she almost laughed aloud. "I have it." Turning, she gazed reflectively at the tall, well built figure at her side and silently admired the broad back and the ease with which he wore his clothes.

EPISODE II.

"Do you know, mamma," Ann called abruptly a few minutes later, when they had bidden their escort good-night and had gained their own rooms, "Jack Holbrook has ideas about one hundred years behind the times."

"Yes," her mother never stopped unfastening Ann's gown.

"He sure is. Imagine, mamma, dear—A woman's place is in the home. Not on the golf links." Ann's clear voice deepened as she imitated the man's, and her eyes danced wickedly. "What if she hasn't got a home?"

"You seem very indignant about it," Mrs. Meredith glanced questioningly at her daughter.

"Ann laughed gaily. "It is really too funny. I approach his ideal of the really feminine woman, although he doesn't approve of athletics for the female sex. Evidently he doesn't know I was champion at college." And although her lips smiled, there was a troubled light in the grey eyes.

"Mr. Holbrook's opinions evidently bother you."

Ann turned from the mirror where she was brushing her rebellious locks, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, kissed the smooth cheek. "Mumsy, dear, it's a secret, but I think I like Jack Holbrook better than any man I've ever known. I am going to do all in my power to bring his ideas up to the present generation."

"And how?" Mrs. Meredith's tone was verging on sarcasm so as to cover her true feelings.

"How?" Ann echoed as she tumbled into bed. "How? I'm going to give him such a dose of the eternal feminine that it won't require a very strong antidote to bring him around to value," she laughed sleepily, "the modern woman he despises so very much. Good-night, honey!"

And Mrs. Meredith, being a wise mother, asked no more questions, but silently switching off the light went softly from the room—and wondered what the next day would bring forth.

EPISODE III.

The next morning when Mr. Jack Holbrook was returning from a particularly excellent breakfast, he was met by a dainty little figure in a frilly, much be-ribboned blue gown.

"Good-morning, Mr. Holbrook," Ann smiled sweetly, "isn't this an ideal morning?"

"It certainly is," Jack agreed. "I'm going to play a set of tennis with——"

"Oh, may I watch?" Ann begged eagerly. "I love to watch tennis."

"Don't you play?" Holbrook inquired.

Ann Meredith raised her delicate eyebrows, and gazed innocently up at the clear cut, bronzed face at her side, as Holbrook swung along next to her. "Tennis!" she echoed, holding up her hands, and thereby dropping the magazine she held under her arm. "Oh, no. I pride myself on keeping my hands in condition for bridge, and I couldn't do that if I played tennis or any other of these games. Now could I?" pouting prettily.

"No, of course not," Holbrook acquiesced. "Do you play bridge much?"

Ann saw that she had made a mistake. "No, not much, but then I pour tea at receptions—and——" she hesitated.

"I see," Holbrook agreed gravely, "society is your pastime."

"Not that I like it," Ann went on, unheeding his interruption. "I'd much rather stay at home, but——" She sank in a hammock and curled up like a fluffy little kitten, motioning the man to a bench a few feet away from her.

"Now do tell me all about the suffrage movement in England," hastily changing the subject.

Holbrook frowned. "You aren't really interested in suffrage, Miss Meredith." Then, without waiting for her reply, for which the girl was very thankful, "it is inconceivable to me how refined, cultured women can go around breaking windows, burning houses, and cutting up capers gener-

ally. My mother—did you ever meet her?"

"No," the girl answered, looking up, amazed at the change in the man's voice. Suddenly it had grown infinitely tender.

"I'm sorry you didn't. We were great companions, she and I. Mother used to say that nothing was too menial for a woman to do in her own home, and that she ruled it as a man rules the State. Then I say let the woman rule the home, and man the State. You agree with me?"

"Yes," Ann began cautiously, "I do, but do you think that a woman ought to have no interest outside her home circle."

"No, of course not," Holbrook reassured her; then in a hurt tone: "Here comes Matthews for that game. Shall I see you later?"

"When the sun goes down, mother and I are going for a drive. If you care to join us—about three——"

"Delighted, I'm sure," Holbrook smiled as he strode off toward the tennis courts.

Ann smiled wickedly at his disappearing figure. "Jack Holbrook," she whispered softly, "you are such an awful big goose, and I'm afraid I'm very much in love with you, but you may as well prepare yourself, for I'm going to be the most feminine piece of femininity you have ever met."

However slight had been Holbrook's doubts as to the femininity of Ann, they were entirely dispelled within the next few days. Morning, noon and night she played her part, and played it well. Holbrook was her almost constant companion, and never for a moment did she fail to be the gentle, clinging, old fashioned woman of his dreams. Nevertheless, at the end of a week, she could see that his eyes would eagerly follow the young women who sported on the links and tennis court, and then turn and rest on her, as if mentally comparing their alert vivacity with the slow indolence of her movements. Holbrook had once said in one of their many discussions that a lady was never in a hurry. These signs Ann viewed with delight, and knew that gradually the teachings of a fond, old-fashioned mother were being supplanted by newer, wider ideas. Results that not even years of travel, study and thoughtful observation had been able to effect, Ann Meredith, by a little scheming and clever acting, had been able to accomplish in one short week.

Saturday evening at the formal weekly hop, Holbrook and she were resting in a secluded corner after a slow, dreamy waltz, that suited Ann's new role perfectly. She was leaning back, her charming profile turned toward Holbrook, and quite conscious that his eyes were devouring her.

"Miss Meredith," he began unceremoniously. Ann turned slowly toward him. "You are the most beautiful woman here to-night, yet——"

"Yet!" she repeated, dazed for the second by the abruptness of his assertion.

The first strains of the music for the next dance came to her as in a dream.

"You don't dance the Tango, do you?" Holbrook asked, rising, quickly bringing her thoughts back to the present. Then without waiting for a reply. "What a foolish question. I know you don't." That "you'" hurt Ann. "I have this with Miss Jameson. Will you excuse me, please?"

"I didn't know you danced it," poor Ann murmured.

Holbrook had the grace to blush. "Miss Jameson taught me to-day, and says she'll risk it with me this evening." And bowing, he left Ann, a sad little figure in her corner behind the palms.

"Ann Meredith," she said sternly, "to-morrow is the day for you to discard the eternally feminine and become yourself. You have played the game to win, and now is the time." Rising slowly, she slipped from the crowded room, and evading every one ran quickly up the hill to the cottage. Sinking down on a low settee in a corner of the deserted piazza, she sat for a long time with her head in her

hands, trying vainly to think. From the hotel came the strains of the music, borne to her on the wind and softened by the distance. Somewhere down there was Jack Holbrook, dancing the Tango with some one, while she—practically the introducer of it to society—refused to dance. A bitter little smile curled the corners of her mouth, and a little salt tear found its way down her smooth, white cheek. Finally she rose, and with a determined look on her almost colorless face, Ann Meredith entered the house. Once again she had planned a campaign, and she had planned to win.

EPISODE IV.

When Ann Meredith awoke the next morning the first thing that entered her curly head was that this would be her last day of self-inflicted femininity. Rising hastily, she donned the same becoming blue frock she had worn the first morning Holbrook had been at the Hall, and did her hair in the fluffiest, most becoming fashion. As she left her room, and descended the stairs, the first person she met was Holbrook.

"Good-morning, Miss Meredith," he cried. "Where did you escape to last evening. I hunted all over for you."

"Oh!" Ann searched her fertile brain for an excuse, and then fell back on that most feminine of all excuses "I had a headache," she lied bravely, not daring to say heartache.

"I'm so sorry," he exclaimed, "I wanted to teach you the Tango. Do you know it is really great."

Ann smiled a wan little smile. "Yes? I thought you didn't approve of the modern dances," she chided gently.

The man laughed uneasily. "I did not, but really they are not at all bad. I'm afraid I was getting horribly set in my ways. You must let me teach it to you," he pleaded earnestly.

"Some other time, maybe," Ann rejoined. "But at present I'm much more interested in breakfast than dancing."

"Excuse me for detaining you. I thought you had breakfasted," Holbrook protested, moving to one side and permitting the girl to pass. Then as she disappeared down the path to the hotel, he looked at his watch. "Nine-thirty, and I promised I'd play tennis with Miss Jameson at nine-forty-five. Too bad Ann Meredith doesn't do something but sit around all day and look pretty, though I will admit she is a stunner. A wife like that would bore me to death in a week, yet I think I like her better than any other girl I know if she only hadn't such set ways."

Which only goes to show how a man's ideas may change in one short week.

Half an hour later, returning from breakfast, Ann came upon Holbrook moodily pacing the tennis court.

"Anything wrong?" she asked brightly. It is strange, isn't it, how much brighter things look in the light of day than the dusk of night, and now the sun was shining brightly in the heavens, so all looked joyful to Ann.

"I had an appointment to play tennis with Miss Jameson at quarter to ten, and she isn't here yet," Jack growled.

"Really?" Ann's eyes opened wide, and she laughed whole heartedly. "Why, Agnes went motoring with Bobbie Matthews." Ann didn't think it necessary to add that she had begged Agnes to go, and let her play with Holbrook in her place.

"That is a fine thing to do," Holbrook rejoined. "And there is not another soul on the place to play with. I'm getting horribly bored here, and I think I'll return to town to-night."

The girl caught her breath sharply between her teeth. "If you really want to play as much as all that," she whispered so softly that the man could hardly hear her, "I know someone who is just dying for a chance to play. I'll get them and be back in five minutes."

Not waiting for a reply, she picked up her skirts and fairly flew over the

grass. In five minutes to the second, Holbrook saw a tall, erect figure in gleaming white tennis costume, coming toward him. The rebellious brown curls were confined with a broad red ribbon, while a tie of the same color caught her blouse at the throat. There was something vaguely familiar about the lithe figure, but——

"Ann Meredith," Holbrook cried, incredulously, "it can't be. I—I thought you didn't——"

Ann looked up at him, her gray eyes full of trouble and pleading silently with him. "Mr. Holbrook," she began, then rushed on, her tongue tripping over her words, "I thought I would give you a taste of the eternal feminine you talked so much of, and admired so heartily. I wanted to show you your ideas were all wrong about the women of to-day. She is just as feminine as the woman of other days, only—but what's the use. I'm only an ordinary girl, full of energy, and this last week of inactivity has about done me up." Suddenly she laughed. "Don't please look so tragic—it was only a joke, and I'm more than sorry if you're angry. If not, let us play. I warn you, though, you'll have to work. I was champion at college." It was said without boasting. To tell the truth, Ann didn't know exactly what she was saying.

Holbrook gazed fascinated at the energetic little figure before him. "Ann, Ann, dear," he cried suddenly, "I didn't realize. Heaven, how I love you."

A little sob of joy broke from the girl. "Jack," she whispered, as he took her in his arms, "Jack, everybody will see us."

"Hang everybody," Jack grinned joyfully, his fine face aglow with happiness.

"Let's go back to the house," she begged blushing, and slipping from his embrace.

"Ann," he murmured as they hurried along, "I never before realized how wrong I was."

"No, I know you didn't, but I determined to show you. I do all these awful things that you disapprove of so heartily for women: play tennis, golf, everything. I just love to get my hands black, and—and," her voice grew melodramatically tragic, "I believe in woman suffrage."

"So do I," her lover agreed, and joined in her gay laugh. "And I've learned one thing from you already."

"And that?" she questioned.

"That there is nothing like the eternal feminine—in moderation," he added, as despite her protests he crushed her to him, and kissed her again and again on the lips.

HEARTSEASE AND WHITE POPPIES

Heartsease for sweet remembrances,
  You wear above your heart;
The purple blossoms breathe our love
  Though we are far apart.

White poppie-flowers I wear for you;
  They soothe away regret;
You want, dear, to remember,
  And I—just to forget.

JESSIE DAVIES WILLD[illegible].

THE EX-VOLUNTEER

By O. Garfield Jones

WITH a short whirr of chains, the "Borongon" dropped her kedge anchor into the mud of the river bed, the brown-skinned boatmen tugged at the oars to tow the lines ashore, and the ship began to swing toward the pier amid the clanging of bells, the coughing of dummy engines, and the "Larga! Larga! Tira la maquina!" of the officers. A tall man in campaign hat and khaki shirt stepped out on deck and swept the shore with his eye. Yes, the old thatched shacks on their stilts were still leaning to the west just as the typhoon had left them. Like a line of cubist quadrupeds stuck in the mud, they seemed vainly striving to pull their wooden legs from the black, salty mire of the river bank. And the old dock perched on its slender pilings, also leaned upstream as if to brace itself against the outgoing tide. Suddenly peering more intently at the group of laborers on the pier, the man started, looked again, then withdrew quickly through the nearest doorway. Any one on shore would have guessed Lake to be an ex-soldier, and so he was. Back in '98 he had left the lumber camp to join the volunteers, and then, when mustered out after three years of Philippine service, he had stayed in the islands to "clean up a little money" at contracting. Six years had passed, and he was still "going home next year."

The object that startled Lake so was an extra dark skinned Filipino who was evidently waiting to rush across the gang plank and pick up a job among the passengers, like the other carriers who crowded at the end of the pier. His frayed shirt and clinging, full length trousers, almost concealed his well knit frame and sturdy legs, but no clothing could conceal that beautiful poise of body that always marks the Malay carrier, long accustomed to great journeys and heavy loads. This Filipino, Antonio by name, had been Lake's hostler, but he had quit his job without excuse and without warning, leaving the horses to suffer for food and water. Love for horses is not an Oriental trait, but with Lake it was a religion, and he could not forget the piteous nicker with which his ponies greeted him as he found them without food or water in the tropical sun.

As soon as the gang plank was down, Antonio came rushing on board, and just as he went by the door, Lake stepped out, calling to him: "Tony! What're you doing this morning?"

"Wa Pa" (nothing), he answered, wheeling about expectantly, for he had not recognized the voice. But at sight of Lake his face changed. Backing away, he cried: "I've got to work for Mr. Lim! I've got to work for Mr. Lim!"

"No you don't, Tony!" snapped Lake, stepping toward him with a hard look in his eye. "You carry that grip to Calivo. Do you hear!"

A scared "Yes" came from the Malay as he stooped, half dodging an imaginary blow, and picked up the grip without once taking his eyes off his employer. He wanted to run away, but did not dare make the attempt. It is not brutality and passion, but, rather, a long memory and a certain controlled fierceness that gets work out of Malays, and Lake was the best foreman in the province. Tony knew

Lake had not forgotten, and besides, there was that big revolver at his hip. One couldn't run away from that. To be sure, no one had ever known Lake to use a gun, but he always had one handy. So Tony shouldered the grip and started down the gang plank.

Legatic is simply a port. The real city of the district is Calivo, six miles away, at the upper end of the long, sandy neck on which Legatic is situated. Turning into the Calivo road with Tony in front for safe keeping, Lake set out with a fast, swinging stride that indicated something more than a long journey ahead. Tony broke into a trot to keep out of the way; and as he jogged along with that noiseless, pacing, carrier's step, he scarcely noticed where he was going, for his attention was fixed on the steady crunch, crunch, of the sand that yielded beneath the firmly set feet of the ex-soldier behind him.

Tony felt safe for the time being, because the first three miles were through a sort of string town on the pike. Houses were strung all along through the cocoanut grove, and, besides, the open beach where the fishermen worked was scarcely a hundred feet off to the right. But beyond Tondog were the rice paddies where the road turned inland to cross the river. There the trees swept away from the road on either side, leaving a vast open space like a forest lake, with only the road, a causeway, high and dry above the swamp grass and mud of the rice fields. The toll bridge at the river was the only object in that whole area to break the monotony of straight, dusty road blazing in the torrid sun. When the gateman came out to collect the toll one paid him for the shelter of the bridge and for his presence there to break the solitude, rather than for the privilege of passing through. Coming from the road hedged in by houses and trees into this open space with no houses and no trees, made one feel far, far away from the rest of the world. Nobody could hear calls for help there, for the sounds dissipated themselves over the expanse of swamp grass or faded away into the blue haze above. Tony listened to the grinding steps of the angry man behind him, and prayed that he might get past the toll bridge in safety.

Lake was foreman of the Calivo road, and he was particularly proud of this three-mile stretch through the cocoanut grove where the dark mangrove swamp to the left only added, by contrast, to the beauty of the waving palms and the brightness of the Visayan sea that gleamed through the trees to the right. Here the road was a canyon cut through a mass of stately palms that touched the sky. And at the bottom of this canyon where flowed the caraboa carts laden with hemp, rice and copra, there was only the regularity of the road bed and the gravel bins at the side of the road to testify to Occidental invasion. But it was not the pride that stirred within him as he tramped along with frowning brows. He was going to beat up a Filipino, and yet he had been arrested several times for this very thing. He thought of all he had suffered through the law; the time a lawyer had him locked up for mere spite in a strange town back in Michigan. That had cut his pride to the quick, but he did not know how to avenge himself. That was partly what sent him to the war. Then when he invested all the money he had earned at contracting in a warehouse at Legatic, the American treasurer of the province had tied up his land titles because of a personal grudge, and caused him to lose every cent. Official influence and not justice was the basis of court decisions in those days. In recent years he had drunk too much —and on several occasions had beaten up Filipinos in drunken fights that landed him in jail and cost him a heavy fine besides. A plain lumber jack and soldier, he wanted to play fairly the game of give-and-take, but the cards were stacked against him. The sneaking trickery of men who were afraid to fight made him bitter; nor did the noonday sun that beat

down upon his head and shoulders help to soften his spirit.

On reaching the toll bridge he sent the gateman to his house half a mile away for some matches. Then he turned to Tony. With a lunging blow he caught him squarely in the mouth before he could drop the grip. Both grip and man went sprawling in the road and the blood began to flow. "Get up, you khaki-faced brute! You thought I'd forget you, didn't you! Get up! Get up before I kick your damned head off!"

As fast as he rose to his feet, Lake smashed him in the face, sending him groaning to the ground again and again. And when, with the obstinacy of desperation, the groveling Filipino refused to get up any more, Lake pulled him to his feet by the hair, and with one arm round the thick brown neck, beat him in the face until the pent up fury of three months' accumulation burned itself out, and he let the trembling body sink into the dust.

As soon as Lake got his breath, he told the poor creature to wash the blood from his face and clothing. "I won't hit you again. You've got enough, and you know why you got it, too!"

Groaning and trembling, Tony climbed down into the river and washed away the blood. Then he shouldered the grip, and followed his master into Calivo. He was not going to make any complaint. He knew he deserved a beating and he had more respect for Lake as a result of it. The rough-shod Spaniards never could understand an "awakened" Filipino, but they certainly knew how to manage the ignorant "tao."

A politician in Calivo noticed Tony's bruised face and asked him how it happened. Under the Spanish regime there was one justice for the Filipinos and another for the Spaniards. A white man was seldom found guilty of a crime, while the natives were imprisoned for the merest trifles, or worse still, for pure spite. Consequently, when the Filipinos were given control of the courts, their first desire was to square old accounts. Their one idea was "soak the white man!" The politician quickly persuaded Tony to charge Lake with "lesiones minores" before the justice of the peace. The Filipino policeman who made the arrest very wisely refrained from showing any insolence, and simply asked Lake to "come over to see the justice of the peace."

When Lake strode into the court room, Tony slunk back behind the group of "politicos" who had come in to "help soak the American." But Lake did not blame Tony. He knew who was responsible for the complaint and he also knew with what eagerness those "politicos" had come to see him "soaked again."

The judge was an old, spectacled Filipino, whose wrinkled, dark brown skin contrasted strongly with his white military coat, open at the neck. "Mr. Lake, you are charged with committing 'lesiones minores' on one, Antonio Bargas, at the toll bridge on the Legatic road two miles east of Calivo. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am guilty," said Lake, without hesitation.

"Have you anything to say in your own defense, sir?"

"Nothing, except that Tony got just what he deserved, and he knows it. He went off last January and left my horses to starve. He got what he deserved, and if it hadn't been for these damned politicos he'd never made any complaint either."

The politicos scowled when Lake shot a definant look at them. But they were grinning smugly as they turned to whisper among themselves. When Tony was called to testify, they pushed him toward the judge, and then stood between him and Lake until the judge drew enough scared answers out of him to piece together his side of the story.

The testimony taken, the politicos sidled over toward the judge, and kept their eyes on him until he gave his decision. "Mr. Lake, I find you guilty of lesiones minores, and I fine you fifty pesos with costs!"

"I won't pay it!" shouted Lake, rising from his chair, while the politicos, startled by his burst of anger, huddled together unconsciously and moved nearer to the judge.

"How much will you pay?"

"I'll pay ten pesos and no more! Do you call this a free country? Justice? Liberty? You Filipinos beat up a servant, and not a word is said. But if an American slaps his cook, some one runs straight for the police. Not a day passes but what some one of you fellows kick a servant or beat him with a cane for the least offense, and yet you fine us Americans for punishing insolence that would never have been shown if the servants did not know you would protect them. An American here is worse off than a Chinaman. This is what you call Philippine justice! That is what you call a free country! This shows your ability for self government!" Lake slammed ten pesos down on the table and walked out without another word.

The politicos were surprised into silence. They looked at each other, then they began to talk. Their pride as up to date, self-governing people had been touched. They had an instinctive desire to soak the white man, but at the same time they were very jealous of their reputation for political capacity. The inconsistency between "soak the American" and free government had never occurred to them before.

UNDER CANVAS

A sun-flecked tent beneath a big bull pine,
When blue skyed August burns,
The sweet earth smells, the salt tang of the brine,
A floor of trodden ferns.

The young Arbutus bracken, shoulder high,
Where the dim trails divide,
On the hot, yellow sands the great logs lie,
Beached by the homing tide.

Ripe purple berries, berries ruby red,
Sharp thorn and leafage green,
Within the cone hung branches overhead
The small birds sing and preen.

Circling the sparkling sea, waves crested white,
A white gull winging home,
The crested mountains pierce the azure light,
With snows as white as foam.

Moonless the ashen dusk falls silently,
The sands are cool and grey,
The dulcet murmurs of a hidden sea,
Mourn the departed day.

A shadowed world and waters, a wild breeze,
A starless firmament,
The pattering of raindrops through the trees
Of rain upon the tent.

L'Envoi.

As the earth's incense rises after rain,
To you, to me,
Lost hours arise, grown golden once again,
Transmuted by love's alchemy.

LUCY BETTY MCRAYE.

IN THE SILENCE

By Catherine Canine

WE WERE on the Monterey peninsula, one of the most charming places on the Pacific Coast, and mother was making progress toward health. Dissatisfied, however, with her rate of speed, she sought to accelerate it by absent treatments from one of the many institutions which dispense health in thoughtloads. Cheering letters came containing sets of comforting phrases, which were to be repeated by the patient until the very matter and might of them became part of her subconscious self.

Mother believed that she sensed improvement; but, wishing to put on more speed, she asked me to go each day into The Silence for her, concentrating upon those strong, uplifting phrases. With no faith in the efficacy of such a method, I did comply, nevertheless; and the result was startling. No effect whatever could the patient perceive. But for me, when by monotony of repetition the outer senses had been stilled, there was lifted a tiny fold of that vast curtain which blinds humanity. It was raised, however, in a disconcerting manner, and I was deceived cruelly.

That deception was the bitterest experience of my life. The shock of learning the truth was, indeed, so severe that it permanently injured my health. Even now my heart beats sluggishly as if in memory of the time it sank down and stopped.

My deceiver, my almost destroyer led me in a peculiar manner to believe that I had discovered vast stores of gold. Looking backward, it is easy to see how a bit of inquiry, a little knowledge, would have saved me. But secrecy was cunningly made to seem imperative. It was a great, superphysical hoax to which I lent a foolish credulity.

Yet credulity was the natural thing for one undeveloped, as I was morally and mentally. Knowing nothing of psychism, I considered it marvelous to the border even of divinity to see with closed eyes, places wholly unknown to me and to be able, later, to identify such places in hard, material fact, even to the point of tiny details.

My first vision appeared as I sat alone, sedulously repeating mother's comforting phrases. It was a large oblong of granite, thickly flecked with gold. It was followed by a bright young pine tree beneath a bluff. Over the bluff ran a small, crooked path. Both pictures were full of luminous color. But I had before seen fleeting etheric and astral visions, and beyond a moment of wonder at its purport, I gave it no attention. My astonishment, however, was complete the day following, when, on a new and hitherto untried way to the sea, the very tree, the bluff, and the path, appeared at my right hand. With the subjective block of gold-flecked granite in my mind, I set out upon the little, crooked, toilsome path, which led far away from my original destination; which led me to a stern, rocky promontory jutting into the ocean, where I was soon cut off by a great incoming tide and had to await its ebb.

During those hours with the sea birds, a fog which had pelted in, and the wind which got itself into a rage, I searched—searched ceaselessly for a gold flecked block of granite. None could be found. All the rocks there

were flinty and bony, and most unpromising. Rather dejected to find the important part of my vision untrustworthy, I listlessly set forth across the channel, once again bared by the ebb. Something glistened under foot, near a little tide pool. Stooping, I found crumbling granite flecked with bits of yellow mineral. The joy of it! There was not time in the impending dusk and the heavy fog to reconnoiter. Breaking off a large piece, I hid it under my loose coat, while I hurried homeward. With dancing heart I made the long walk, to find at our cottage end of it a perfectly joyless and almost frantic mother. She had imagined me the victim of every possible ill, and was contemplating a search party when I appeared. Of course she was made much worse by nervous worry, and we both went precipitately Into the Silence for the benefit of her nerves. It seemed unwise to relate my fortune at once to her lest the reaction prove too severe.

So interested was I planning an early morning return to the great promontory, that concentration In the Silence was difficult. When it had been attained, and my outer senses stilled by the familiar monotony, there appeared an entirely different scene. Among solemn pines ran a tiny brook. At a sharp bend which that little stream made just before it loitered and lost itself in immense, white sand-dunes, I saw again granite flecked with gold. No indication of direction was given except such as the white dunes furnished.

On the next day, after taking the shortest path to the big dunes, which I knew were at the west end of the peninsula, I stumbled upon a little rill of water, and at its curve before the sandy tract appeared the same substance found in the tide channel on the north side of the land, a mile or more away. Wondering if the vein ran through to the first discovered point, pondering on the ownership of the land, and excitedly trying to devise means of obtaining title before disclosing my secret, I hurried homeward. Mother frequently needed attention. Always she was disturbed and distressed by a continued absence that I had ever the feeling of a culprit after a long walk.

Nevertheless I took many long walks, for several new places flashed before my vision, and I ferreted them out, always to find the same marvelous crumbling yellow flecked rock. It began to look as if the entire peninsula was underlined with gold.

Then misgivings came to torture me. I prepared carefully some samples, and sent them to my brother, who was in Chicago, my only living relative, beside mother. He should give his opinion; and if he thought there was any doubt about values, have the ore assayed. And how could we raise money to buy the land, I asked eagerly —having for the moment successfully silenced my fears; I didn't want to incorporate, I told him; yet the land was forest, and held at a thousand dollars an acre.

After sending off the letter and sample to my brother, I had but one more vision. It was strangely mixed and confusing. But in it appeared the San Carlos Mission Church in Monterey, with three nuns in the foreground; while to the right, down a hillside and over a gulch was a black iron fence, set with big square black posts. A mere glimpse I had of a man in monkish garb, who resembled the statue of Padre Junipero Serra, founder of this and many other Californian Missions.

The San Carlos Mission I had seen only from the car line, two blocks distant; but when I visited it early in the morning of the next day, I found all the details accurate. An iron grating and the facade of my vision, too small and too dim to be seen by physical eyes while on the electric car, were in front and over the door. It was the hour of early mass, and as I gazed, the three nuns of the evening before appeared. To my right, down the hillside and over the gulch, was the heavy black fence; but I saw, with a tiny, involuntary shiver, what had not been present in the vision: the black

fence formed the boundary of a burying ground.

My aversion to such a place was conquered as soon as recognized. The scent of gold was stronger than any scent of death. But though I wandered and searched, with dew-draggled shoes and skirts, throughout the precincts of that ancient cemetery, not the smallest trace did I find of the crumbling, yellow flecked rock. All here was hard, dull black or glistening white, decay being confined apparently to the old headstones and the unthinkable horrors beneath. On some of the tombs stately sounding Spanish names were carved, names of the knights of ancient houses, who had sacrificed much to found a new religion in a strange land.

My dew draggled shoes and skirts gathered dirt as my pilgrimage grew. With a heavy sense of futility and a weighty distrust, I left the burial place and wandered, because I knew not what to do, over to the house which had once held that prince of novelists and men, Robert Louis Stevenson. Even that was uncannily disheartening. The white plaster was peeling from dark sod walls, while an impish little negro child was clambering and shouting over the broken stairs which *his* feet had trod. Outside, a cypress tree, magnificent but depression spreading, completed my sense of deep, dull gloom.

Our tiny cottage facing the sea, covered with bloom of the scarlet passion vine, offered haven and restful harbor, but these I could enjoy only so long as sufficed to change my clothing and attend to mother's needs, for my restless sense of loss, of treachery, of deception, drove me back upon plain methods of common sense. Hastening to the public library, I read every available reference to gold and placer mining, and borrowed such text books as might be carried away. The more I read, the more I wondered at my previous neglect of such an easy, accesable source of information.

My specimen pieces of rock had all crumbled at a touch. An old flour sieve had served for a cradle; and many a lump I had relieved of its gold colored flecks. It had seemed that by crudest placer methods a vast fortune could be washed out in a short time.

After my reason had intermittently asserted itself, I had been concerned about the shape and size of the yellow deposit; for the bits were thin and often not larger than a pin head. The information that gold was sometimes found in thinnest sheets, which frequently broke up into tiny flecks, reassured me somewhat; yet the weight persisted all around my heart. It was not, therefore, a matter of much surprise, when I found my gold failing to answer to such tests as I was able to secretly apply; when it would not, for example, form an amalgam of any sort with mercury.

Yet moments of joyous confidence and happy belief remained; and it was during one of these that my brother's letter arrived. It was cruelly terse:

"Decaying granite with iron stained mica. Nothing of the least value. Cost of assay, five dollars."

It was then when hope fled definitely that my heart sank down and stopped. The physician pronounced my ailment a sort of nervous prostration. Mother, whose ills faded away as mine grew large, was able to care for herself, and give me the little attention I required. Truly this was not much, for I lay in a semi-torpor, silent, aching disappointment possessing me. I told no one my grief, nor did I show sign of it; but in the depths of night, hot, sudden, unexpected tears would scald my eyes.

It was on the seventh night that *he* appeared, the luminous one in monkish garb somewhat resembling Padre Junipero Serra, but who was not the padre, only one of his priestly followers; he made me understand. For his method of communication was in part by word, with a silvery voice of delicate bell tone and partly by pictures. I saw the stately but decaying house which had been his ancestral home in Spain; saw him and his brother Ferdinand leave it to follow the fortunes

of the Padre, the one brother with a pure flame of devotion burning in his heart, the other involved in lurid passion clouds, selfish, ambitious, grasping. And with the varying fortunes of that great expedition, the attitude and appearance of these two remained as at first, except that the pure flame in the breast of Don Carlos brightened and enlarged, while the lurid clouds enveloping Ferdinand grew more hideous, coarse and dense. He cared naught for the success of the expedition, naught for the sufferings of the scurvy smitten sailors, naught for the untaught peril of the Redmen. His object was to find gold, to return with it and re-establish the glory of his house, which would enable him to wed the proud woman of his fancy. So ever he searched for gold, passionately, ceaselessly, over the hot hills about San Diego, while the Padre built there and for a time occupied his first mission; and ever more fiercely and passionately on this, the Peninsula of Monterey, while the Padre himself, weary and footsore, with Don Carlos, sought here, there and everywhere for the medicinal herbs which would soothe the suffering of the sick sailors. While many perished in anguish, still Ferdinand sought gold, gold!

Then the luminous one told me that his misguided brother believed he had found the treasure, even as I had believed; that Ferdinand had discovered the very spots of my strange experience, and had secretly washed gold, gold, quantities of gold, which, alas, had proved to be utterly worthless: that in a disappointed rage a blood vessel had been severed, causing instant death. Ferdinand's body was laid in the burial ground, but no rest could be obtained for his soul. Earth-bound, passion-hounded, he persisted, held down by desires which he would not or could not relinquish.

"I have remained on the Astral one hundred and twenty years," Don Carlos explained gently, "in order to counteract his influence. He watches and waits his opportunity. When someone who is even a little psychic appears on the peninsula, he begins his machinations, proceeding by pictures and suggestions to lead them into some sad error such as you pursued. His unsatisfied greed has turned to malignity, and his only source of pleasure now is the suffering, the disappointment, the anguish of others."

"Is he able to deceive many?" I murmured, miserably.

"Few respond to the extent you did," he replied. "You were made practically defenseless by the opening of the ordinary bars. You stilled senses ordinarily active, and you had not yet developed the higher senses. Into that void my wicked brother threw his devilish forces. Many feverishly seek they know not what, and are ever unsatisfied.

"You ran into dangers which I cannot explain," he continued. "I was enabled to divert, to keep the worst elementals from touching you. For the future——"

"Oh, must there be a future?" I interrupted wearily. "A future on earth for me? Cannot I escape?"

His gaze grew stern.

"With the definite, bulky realities of physical life you can best work out your salvation," he answered. "To try to shirk is useless. Somewhere the victory over the lower self must be gained. I repeat, 'twill be easier for you on the physical plane. Be glad of the opportunity."

"Will you ever be near again to help? Shall I ever again see you?" I cried wistfully.

"Whether you see or not, help will ever be near."

So saying he disappeared. In his stead arose on the darkness a luminous white cross, which, vanishing, gave place to a wondrous face and form—the form and face of The Christ, the World Teacher, strength and promise of the future. With His going another gleaming cross appeared.

Ah, well, the visions have faded, the glory departed, but with me remains the surety of His return, not to me alone, but to all the world.

A TRIP TO MAGDALENA BAY

By W. W. Rickard

FOLLOW the 24th parallel of latitude to where it jumps off into the Pacific Ocean, then up the coast line a short distance, and there stop with me for a few days, for I want to tell you about one of the least known, although one of the largest harbors in the world.

Magdalena Bay (Bahiade Magdalena) in Spanish, is situated on the Pacific side of the peninsula of Lower California, about seven hundred miles south of San Diego, Cal., and is formed by two islands.

One on the north called Magdalena, and one on the south named Santa Margurita. It is ninety miles in length with a maximum width of eighteen miles, at least thirty miles of its length is navigable for large vessels.

The islands are of volcanic formation, and rise on the ocean side in precipitous cliffs to a height of several hundred feet, or nearly the entire coast line.

The entrance to the harbor is five miles wide. Three and one-half miles of this is navigable for ocean going vessels.

There are several stretches of sand beach, but for the most part, their ap-- pearance in approaching them from the ocean is barren and forbiding, which may be said of nearly all the Lower California coast.

On entering the harbor from the west, one is at once struck with the immensity of this great inland sea.

To the south, water; to the north, water; to the east, on a clear day (and that is practically every day) can barely be discerned a thin blue line, which is the mainland of Lower California.

Turning our prow to the north, we sail along under stupendous cliffs for eight miles to the town of Magdalena on the island of the same name, situated on a little cove, and surrounded on three sides by giant hills.

Here we find a quaint little village of perhaps three hundred people, the principal occupation of which seems to be watching for the monthly steamer, and an occasional tramp trading schooner, several of which ply up and down the coast, but on looking a little closer into the every day life of these people, we find them variously employed: some are fishermen, others earn a livelihood hauling wood and water from the mainland in small sailing vessels, as there is no water, and very little wood on this island. Provisions of all kinds have to be transported also from Lower California.

The majority of the people, however, are employed in gathering a shrub which grows everywhere on the hillsides, from which is manufactured a beautiful red dye, and is also used in making ink.

The dye wood is cut and bound in small bundles, and is packed into the town on burros, very commonly known in the southwest as Mexican mocking birds.

Magdalena Island is owned by an American company, with headquarters in New York City, the only reservation made by the Mexican government being a piece of ground on which is built the customs house. The company has a large concrete store house, and the shop, in addition to the dye factory and the manager's house, would do credit to any American city. We were surprised to find here a public school.

with an enrollment of thirty-two scholars. Ex-President Diaz has been called a tyrant and dictator, but the public schools, entirely unknown in Mexico up to the time of his first election to the presidency, can now be found in every hamlet and village in the land, and stand as living monument to his progressiveism.

The American Company also owns a strip of the finest land in Lower California, fifty miles wide by two hundred miles long, directly east of Magdalena, most of which is a cattle range, although there are some fine farms.

This is the company that was reported as having negotiated with representatives of Japan for a coaling station at Magdalena, and which created such a furore in American diplomatic circles at the time. Magdalena Bay was at one time leased by the United States government from Mexico for a target practice ground for the Pacific fleet, and was also used for the same purpose by the sixteen battleship fleet of the United States on its famous trip around the world. The target buoys and other appurtenances are still stored there, and the range monuments can be seen in the hills south of the town.

The cove in front of the town is in the form of a half moon, and provides anchorage for the largest vessels, and being on the east side of the island, and the prevailing winds from the west, it is usually as smooth as the proverbial mill pond, and, on account of the great depth near the shore, forms an ideal anchorage.

Leaving Magdalena and traveling in a southerly direction twenty-two miles, we came to the only settlement on Santa Margurita Island, consisting of only a few huts. Formerly this island had a large colony of American farmers, who were very prosperous, owning large herds of cattle and horses, and raising good crops of corn, wheat and vegetables without irrigation.

By some curious freak of nature, the summer rains, once so copious, suddenly ceased, and it has not rained, with the exception of an occasional shower, for twelve years. Nothing now remains to remind one of the former prosperity, except an old well, and four date palm trees, and here we encountered another curious freak of nature. These four trees are all that is left of forty originally planted by the colonists, the balance being covered with the sand.

This could easily be believed, as we gathered dates from our saddles off trees that must have been at least thirty feet in height, as the trees were only a quarter of a mile from the ocean, this phenomenon is easily explained by the fact that the wind for at least three hundred and twenty-five days of the year blows from exactly the same direction, viz.: west and northwest trade winds. At each receding tide, the sand washed up by the breakers, dries sufficiently, so that the wind carries it inland, and the first obstacle it strikes begins to pile up like a snow drift, and eventually forms a hill, or sand dune as it is called; thus the trees have gradually been covered, and will more than likely entirely disappear in course of time. Plenty of water for domestic purposes was found in this part of the island at a depth of fifteen feet.

Almost the entire southern half of Santa Margurita Island is owned by the heirs of an American named Hale.

It seems now to be practically valueless, except for the fact that there are large deposits of magnesite here. There are also immense deposits of the same in the northern part of the island, for which an American company located at San Diego, Cal., have concessions. This company, besides erecting a large factory at San Diego, the cost of which, including the machinery, was upward of $65,000, built a wharf on the island, erected several buildings, and opened two quarries, the material being shipped by steamer to the plant at San Diego.

Magnesite is a chalk-like rock, resembling gypsum, and occurs in deposits. It is generally a dead white, but sometimes has a blueish and again a pinkish cast. It is used in the

manufacture of ornamental brick and tile, crucibles, furnace hearths and mantels, and other interior decorations. It has all the appearance of the finest marble, and is very strong and durable. In the form of magnesium sulphite for whitening wood pulp, and in medicinal tablets as an aid to indigestion.

Magdalena Bay is a veritable fisherman's paradise. Here are found great schools of mullet, Spanish mackerel, pompano and halibut. Sea turtles, some of them three feet in diameter, sharks of every description, from the little shovel nose, three feet in length, to the big man eater, often attaining a length of eighteen feet. A company of Mexicans, located at San Diego, Cal., have the fishing concession from the Mexican government for the west coast of Lower California, from San Diego to the extreme lower end of the peninsula, and the fishermen have to pay them a royalty on all fish and lobsters taken, unless employed by the company.

One exception to this is a little monopoly enjoyed by a Mexican living at Santa Margurita: sharks, being nonedible fish, do not come under the concessions referred to, and this man does a thriving business catching them and rendering the oil, which is used for tempering steel tools, buggy and automobile springs, and in dressing leather in the manufacture of harness.

A description of his tackle, and method of fishing will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the immense strength and voracious appetite of these creatures.

His hooks are made from one-half inch round steel about eighteen inches long, to which is attached about three feet of chain. The line is a Manila rope five-eighths of an inch in diameter. The whole of a turtle, say two feet in diameter, is wired to the hook. One end of the line being attached to a stake, the bait is towed out into the channel about two hundred feet for Mr. Shark's supper. He tries to swallow the whole thing, and if securely hooked is left to die and be towed ashore, as it would be useless to try to land even a small sized shark without a windlass, unless he was first killed.

Through the courtesy of the Magnesite Company we made a trip in their launch out through the straits to the south, which separates Santa Margurita from the main land. The distance is sixteen miles.

Rounding the southern extremity of the island, out into the ocean, and coasting four miles to the west, we visited the wreck of the Pacific Mail Steamship Indiana. She was a steel vessel of eighteen hundred tons, with a cargo of lard, steel and copper wire. She struck on a shelving rock, going full speed, at high tide, and slid up so far that at low tide she stands perfectly upright, nearly out of water.

Not a soul was lost, all making their way overland to the settlement of Santa Margurita, thence by boat to Magdalena, there taking steamer to San Francisco. The cargo and fixtures were later recovered by wreckers from San Diego.

It has always been a mystery how she came to be nearly three hundred miles out of her course, but there is no probability of it ever being cleared up, as the captain shot himself in his cabin soon after the wreck, and the ship's log was never found. Returning late in the afternoon, as we rounded Cape Tosco, and entered the straits, we saw countless thousands of birds on the sandy stretches. There were pelicans, coots, gulls, ducks, cranes and natives of these regions, of which we did not learn the Spanish names.

They roost, squatted on the sand, and here, also, they nest and raise their young, without so much as a stick for a nest, simply scooping out a little hole large enough to hold the eggs.

WHERE WATER IS KING

By Fred Lockley

THE MID-SUMMER sun beats mercilessly down upon the desert. The whole plain is like the top of a vast superheated range. There is no escape from the grilling sun above nor the reflected heat from the shimmering sands under foot. The whole landscape is a-quiver with the rising heat waves.

The wheels creak as they sink into the yielding sand while the perspiring horses plod onward slowly. From the scanty shelter of the dust-covered sagebrush a jackrabbit lopes awkward away, pausing a few yards distant, its mule-like ears pointing forward with curiosity. The horned toads, like miniature gargoyles, squat inert by the roadside, or, alarmed, scurry to shelter beneath the twisted roots and contorted limbs of the sagebrush.

Here the whitening bones of a cayuse are scattered promiscuously, a grim reminder of some long-past banquet of prowling coyotes. The bare, weather bleached skull with its broad expanse of teeth seems to wear a perpetual smile, but the gayety of the teeth is belied by the sombre and cavernous eye-sockets, eloquent of desolation. A mottled yellow-brown snake moves with sinuous grace among the bleaching bones. At your approach it pauses, throws its body into coil, raises its triangular shaped head, and you hear the weird, nerve racking warning of its vibrating rattles. With sinister, unblinking eyes, it watches you, while its forked tongue plays angrily back and forth. A shadow moves slowly across the road in front of your horses. From the shadow you look upward to where a buzzard floats in ever widening circles, a black silhouette against the cloudless turquoise of the sky.

The whitening bones, the cactus with its blotched and spine covered lobes, the circling buzzard, the cowardly coyote slinking up the draw—the scene is typical of death and desolation.

When you pass that way again, you will see here and there khaki clad figures with their stakes and chains and instruments. A great gash has been cut across the sagebrush waste; scores of men and teams are extending and widening the gray scar across the face of the desolate plain. The clank of chains on scrapers, the creak of sweat covered harness as the straining horses drag the finely pulverized, flour like volcanic ash up the banks of the cut, come to the ear. Eventually, a yellow-brown flood is lead from the distant river into the reservoir and drawn through miles of radiating ditches.

Come back again. Lo! a miracle has taken place. Here, in the land of little rain, where sand and sagebrush reigned supreme, you will see an ever extending carpet of velvety green. Where the rattlesnake crawled over the bleaching bones stands a school house with a score or so of bronzed-faced young Americans playing in the yard.

Here, in the desert, water is king, and the desert is the bride of the king. For centuries, the great gray waste has lain passive, dormant, asleep. The desert has been waiting; she has not known for what. At the coming of the king she feels a thrill of life, throws off her trance like sleep, and, as though by magic, adorns herself

in wondrous green, as befits a desert bride. When the desert and the water meet, things do not seem merely to grow—they almost leap from the fertile earth, so rapid is their development through Nature's wondrous alchemy. Here in the one-time desert you may now see mile upon mile of waving alfalfa.

Stand by the side of a vividly green field of alfalfa, on a day in early summer, and watch it swaying and bending beneath the caress of the West wind until the whole surface ripples with tiny waves, like the surface of some inland lake; the blossoms form a purple haze over the surface of the field, and as the delicate tints of green and purple blend and merge before the vagrant breeze, it is as though you were looking at a field of changeable silk shimmering in the sunlight. The swaying stalks, the nodding leaves and blossoms keep up a gentle murmur as though they were whispering age-old secrets learned from the Arabs who gave alfalfa its name, and who grew it when Mecca and Ispahan, Bagdad and Damascus were but villages.

We are apt to think of alfalfa as a newcomer among the forage crops, and yet it is almost as old as history. Long before the Christian era, the shepherds by the shores of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf realized its value. The flocks and herds of the ancient Greeks were fed upon it and the world conquering Romans carried to the countries they conquered the knowledge of alfalfa. When the Spaniards came from Aragon and Castile to the New World on their mission of exploration and conquest, they brought not only alfalfa hay for their horses, but alfalfa seed. From Mexico it was taken to the west coast of South America. The knowledge of alfalfa came slowly to this country. It was not until after the discovery of gold in California that it was planted in the West, being first grown in California in 1854.

Alfalfa has now become the principal forage crop and the main reliance of the semi-arid farmer. It thrives in the Imperial Valley, in California, a hundred feet below the level of the sea, and on the plains and mesas of Colorado at an altitude of about 7,500 feet.

"Nothing but sagebrush and cactus and sand," the newcomer will say in disgust, as he looks out of the car window at the vast plains of Idaho or Eastern Oregon, and yet the sagebrush and cactus and sand, to the experienced eye, prove that the soil is ideal for the growth of alfalfa. The presence of sagebrush and cactus indicates that the soil is sandy loam and that it is well drained, for where the soil is heavy and the drainage is poor alkali is present, and you will see greasewood growing instead of sagebrush.

Back of the prosperous town, back of the railroad, is the ranch, and the ranch is prosperous and profitable because of hogs and alfalfa.

Given a deep and well drained soil, abundant sunshine and hot summers, all that is then needed is plenty of moisture and you have ideal conditions for the growth of alfalfa.

The farmer in the semi-arid regions has a big advantage in the condition of his land over the farmer who settles along the coast where timber or brush must be removed. One of the familiar sights of Southern Idaho or Eastern Oregon is the four-horse team dragging a railroad iron across the new homesteader's quarter section. The heavy steel rail uproots most of the sage brush. What little remains can readily be grubbed up by hand with a mattock. Near the homesteader's shack you will frequently see huge piles of sagebrush stacked up for winter fuel.

In the Northwest the expense of clearing the land is light. Two or three dollars an acre will cover the cost of removing the sage brush. In the Southwest, however, the cost of clearing is apt to be much higher. The land in many places is covered with a dense growth of tornillo, mesquite and shad scale, and the cost of

clearing will run from fifteen dollars to fifty dollars an acre.

Many inexperienced farmers come to the conclusion that if a little water is good, more will be better, and ruin their land by over irrigation. Unless the drainage is good, too much water raises the water table—the level of the water—too near the surface. The water table should not come closer to the surface than four feet. As the water raises in the ground it dissolves the sodium sulphate and sodium chloride or alkali salts and the alkali in solution is brought to the surface where it is deposited.

Another mistake the inexperienced farmer frequently makes is flooding his alfalfa field with water full of silt. The water sinks into the ground, and a fine coating of silt is deposited all over the surface of his field. This film of silt, or muddy sediment, unless broken up by the disk harrow, keeps the air from getting to the roots of the plant and the alfalfa languishes. Go out into the field and pull up a young alfalfa plant. Better still, dig it up carefully. Clinging to its roots you will see a number of sponge-like nodules ranging in size from a grain of wheat to the size of a pea. These nodules are the nitrogen gatherers. Instead of drawing its supply of nitrogen from the soil and thus impoverishing it, the alfalfa draws the nitrogen from the air, enriching the soil. These nodules decay and leave in the soil nitrogen in available form to be used as plant food. On new land it is frequently necessary to innoculate the soil; that is, to broadcast two or three hundred pounds to the acre of soil from a field in which alfalfa has been grown. This provides the bacteria which produces the nodules or tubercles which convert the atmospheric nitrogen into available forms of plant food. The usual practice is to sow from twelve to eighteen pounds of alfalfa seed to the acre, putting it in with a six inch press drill and planting it from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a half deep. In the Northwest it is usually planted in March or early April. When the alfalfa is eight or ten inches high it is cut, the cutter bar of the mower being raised about three inches from the ground. No water is put on the young alfalfa, since it is found that a hardship is good for it. The lack of water causes it to send its roots down to get the necessary moisture, and it thus forms a stronger and better root system than if watered. The natural affinity that alfalfa has for water will not be denied. Even though the water may be twenty or more feet beneath the surface, down go the roots—nor do they stop until they have reached the life giving moisture. To see a farmer with a disk harrow going back and forth over his alfalfa field seems the height of folly. Does it kill the alfalfa? Not a bit of it. It breaks up the surface, letting the air and moisture get to the roots and the sharp steel teeth of the harrow split the crowns of the plants, resulting in a more vigorous growth and a thicker stand. Methods of irrigation vary with the locations. In some districts the check system is practiced; in others, the border method, while in others furrow irrigation and flooding is used.

At scores of points throughout the Inland Empire you may see farms that are producing six or seven tons of alfalfa each season, which were a few years ago worthless sage brush wastes. The alfalfa yields three or more cuttings a year, and makes an ideal ration for cattle or hogs. As hay, the farmer can usually sell his alfalfa for from six to ten dollars a ton, bringing him with a minimum amount of expense a revenue of from forty dollars to fifty dollars an acre. Many of the more progressive farmers, however, prefer to sell their alfalfa in the more concentrated form of beef, or as butter or pork.

Increased acreage of alfalfa means an increased capacity to fatten cattle and turn them at the most favorable time into the market. The farmer goes into the interior country in the vicinity of Izee, Paulina or Burns, and

buys a bunch of cattle, drives them to his ranch, keeps them for awhile on alfalfa, till their gaunt sides grow round and sleek. The steer that weighed 1,000 pounds now weighs 1,250 pounds and the farmer receives twenty dollars more than he paid for it—in other words, he feeds each cattle two tons of alfalfa for which he receives ten dollars a ton in the form of beef. By use of the soiling system it is almost unbelievable what a number of hogs may be kept on a few acres of alfalfa, especially if you can let them run in the stubblefields to eat the shattered grain. Many of the Western farmers are selling their alfalfa in the form of butter-fat to the creamery, and are realizing handsome profits. So long as the Eastern States ship carloads of bacon and lard into the West, so long is there a need for more farmers to raise alfalfa and livestock on the Pacific Coast.

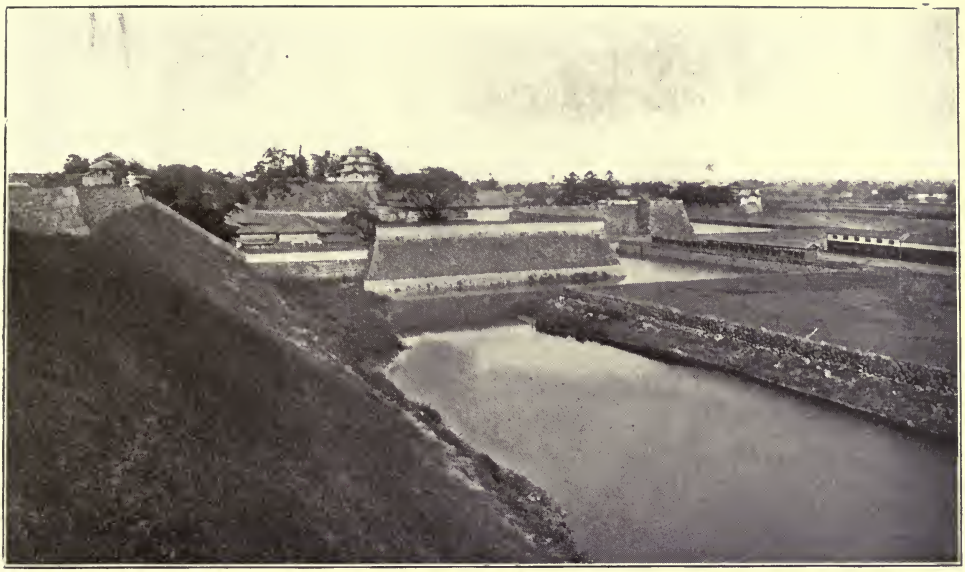
THE CHUCK-WAGON SONG

Oh, it's chuck, chuck, chuck, you "punchers" come along,
Don't you hear the cook a-singin' that appetizin' song?
Don't you smell that sweet aroma a-floatin' on the breeze,
As it mingles with the ozone of the lofty pine trees?
For the bacon's in the skillet, and the coffee's in the pot,
The flapjacks just a-turnin', the "frijoles" pipin' hot.
So it's chuck, chuck, chuck, you "punchers," come along,
And listen to the music of the chuck-wagon song.

It's no time to be a-talkin' of the broncs you used to bust,
And how that little "mustang" once laid you in the dust;
Or about your fight with "Injuns," and how you laid them low
When the odds were all against you, and it seemed your time to go;
For the bacon's in the skillet, and the coffee's in the pot,
And it's time to be a–chewin' while the grub is smoking hot.
So it's chuck, chuck, chuck, you "punchers," come along
And join in the chorus of the chuck-wagon song.

Hurry up, you jolly "punchers"—get a rustle—move along,
For the cook's not always singin' that appetizin' song;
So, gather round the wagon, grab your old tin plate and cup,
There's no time to be a-foolin' when the cook is "dishin' up;"
For the bacon's in the skillet, and the coffee's in the pot,
The flapjacks just a-turnin', the "frijoles" pipin' hot.
Then it's chuck, chuck, chuck, you "punchers," come along,
And answer to the call of the chuck-wagon song.

W. Peyton Bristow.



Inside the Imperial Grounds, Tokyo.

JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE UNITED STATES

By K. K. Kawakami,

Author of "Asia at the Door," "American-Japanese Relations," Etc.

ON THE MORNING of June 6th the two Japanese cruisers Asama and Azuma steamed through the Golden Gate amid roaring salutes fired from the guns of Fort Scott, and entering the harbor of San Francisco, took their position in man-of-war's row, where they remained for a week, receiving aboard tens of thousands of visitors from the bay cities. Thus the formidable agents of war, which played an important role in the corking up of Russian warships in the harbor of Port Arthur and in the annihilation of the Czar's amada in the Battle of the Japan Sea, were for once harbingers of good will and friendship.

The visit of the two Japanese cruisers to San Francisco and other ports on the Pacific Coast is a part of the schedule which the Japanese navy formulates from year to year for the training of the several hundred cadets whom the Naval Academy at Yedashima turns out every spring. The cruise affords the young men fresh from the academy an opportunity to gain experience and practical knowledge in the handling of warships as well as to broaden their outlook into the world. Sometimes they go to the Mediterranean, sometimes to the Baltic, sometimes to the South Seas. This year they happened to come to American waters.

A Navy of Recent Origin.

In a country like Japan, consisting of small islands, it is but natural that its people should cultivate a seafaring

habit and develop a spirit of adventure. Long before Commodore Perry knocked at her doors, many a daring soul of Nippon braved seas and oceans on small junks, and went forth into many foreign lands in search of fortune and adventure. To cite a few examples, a merchant named Tanaka crossed the Pacific and entered Mexico in 1610, obviously to find a new field of commerce, and three years later Lord Date, one of the most intrepid souls of feudal Japan, despatched an emissary to the Roman Pontiff by way of Mexico. Date's purpose in sending the envoy is not clear, but it seems that he was eager to find a wider field for his activity beyond the narrow precincts of the archipelago. About that time, another soldier of fortune, Nagamasa Yamada by name, steered his way across the China Sea and landed in Annam, where he subjugated the rebellious elements of the country and married the daughter of the king.

And yet when Commodore Perry's squadron entered Yedo Bay, Japan virtually had no navy. What she had then was only a collection of small junks, none of which was really seaworthy. Strange that the seafaring spirit which was flourishing in the early part of the seventeenth century had not borne fruit and resulted in the organization of a squadron of more efficient ships.

Part of the Harbor of Yokohama.

The explanation is not far to seek. In the early thirties of the seventeenth century the military magistrate of Japan, because of the indiscreet conduct of Spaniards, became suspicious of all foreigners. He had heard the Spanish missionaries preach a strange doctrine that there was a king of kings to whom the allegiance of all

souls was primarily due, and that the vicar of this king actually reigned in Rome. He had noticed the impetuous character of the native converts, the ingratiating acts and the popularity of the papists among the masses, the domineering behavior of the priests, and their claim to miraculous powers. To intensify his apprehension, he heard a Spanish naval officer boastfully declare that missionaries were sent abroad as the forerunners of conquest.

The Bank of Japan, Tokyo.

It was, therefore, but natural that the Tokugawa Shogunate should in 1635 issue an edict prohibiting foreigners from coming in the country and natives from sailing abroad, in order to prevent the inroad of Christianity. The policy enunciated was both inclusive and exclusive, and to enforce it the military ruler prohibited the building of large vessels.

The policy proved both pernicious and beneficial. It was pernicious in that it nipped in the bud the seafaring spirit which had just begun to assert itself. It was beneficial in that it afforded the Japanese two hundred years' tranquility and contentment, and an opportunity to develop the arts of peace untrammeled by the intrusion of foreigners. Like other policies of the kind, it worked admirably as long as the other nations took the same view or were content to regard Japan as beyond the pale of their interests, but it came to an abrupt end in 1840, when the national tranquility was rudely disturbed by the appearance of truculent foreign vessels off the Japanese coasts; and when in 1853 the American squadron under command of Commodore Perry anchored off Tokyo, Japan at once realized that her defense lay seaward.

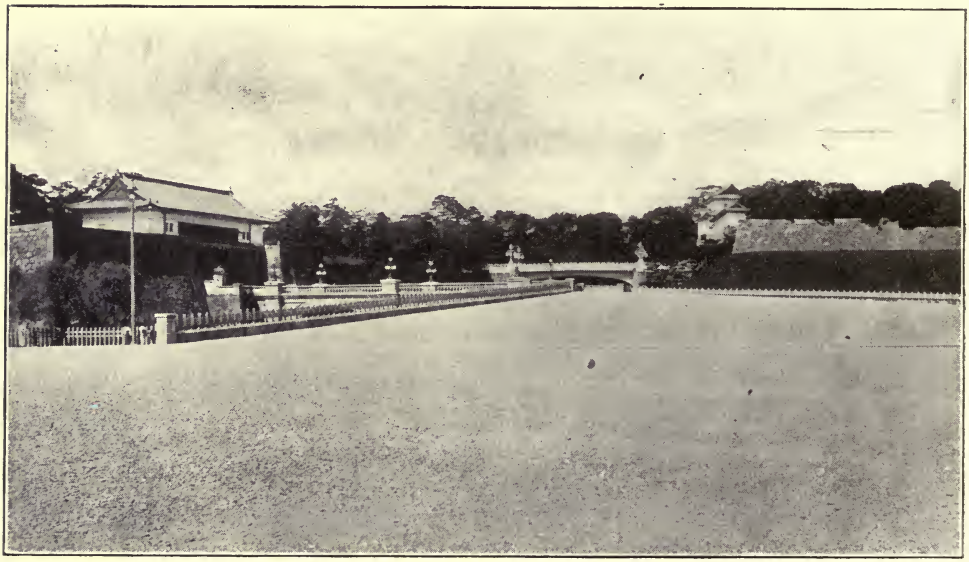
How the Japanese Navy Grew.

The sudden termination of the Arcadian peace which Japan had enjoyed

for nearly two centuries, was followed by a period of zealous activity for the creation of a navy. In 1854 the Japanese government organized a naval training school at Nagasaki. That was the nucleus from which the admirable system of naval education of today has been evolved. In 1857 the fleet itself began to take shape, as Japan had a few warships given by the Dutch, as well as a vessel presented by Queen Victoria.

It was, however, after feudalism gave way to the new regime in 1868 that Japan made systematic efforts for the establishment of a modern navy. about $175,000,000 for the construction of new ships, as well as for repairing and refitting their existing ships and the vessels captured from Russia. Of this sum, about $120,000,000 have been expended up to date; the remainder will be expended by the end of 1916. In addition to this, the government is to expend $40,000,000 to be distributed over several years, but this will appear in the budget as an ordinary item of expenditure.

The present naval strength consists of 18 battleships and battle-cruisers, 9 first-class cruisers, 13 second-class



Main entrance of the Imperial Palace, Tokyo.

As late as 1871 the Japanese navy consisted of 17 vessels, with total displacement of 6,000 tons. The period from 1871 to 1893 was characterized by a remarkable expansion. In this period the government expended $120,000,000 on the navy. At the time of the war with Russia, the Japanese navy consisted of 76 warships, forming an aggregate of more than 264,000 tons.

Subsequent to the Russo-Japanese war the government adopted a program necessitating an expenditure of cruisers, 21 coast defense ships, 9 gunboats, 6 despatch boats, 60 torpedo boat destroyers, and a large number of torpedo boats. Viewed from the points of tonnage, the Japanese navy occupies the fifth place in the rank of naval powers of the world. England, with 2,175,815 tons, comes first; Germany with 966,601 tons comes second; to be followed by the United States 749,368 tons; France's 602,535 tons; Japan's 510,132 tons; Russia's 350,086 tons; Italy's 238,454 tons; and Austria's 178,911 tons.

His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan.

Not the least important page in Japan's naval history concerns the phenomenal progress which she has achieved in the art of shipbuilding. Her shipyards to-day are capable of building not only cruisers and gunboats, but battleships of the superdreadnought type. In fact, the dreadnought Fuso, with a displacement of 31,000 tons, was launched at a Japanese navy yard, while the battle-cruisers Haruna and Kirishima, of 27,000 tons each, are being built at private shipyards in Japan.

The four navy yards at Yokosuka, Kure, Sasebo and Maidzuru, and the three repairing yards at Ominato, Takeshiki, and Bako, have furnished an eventful chapter in the modern naval history of Japan. The Yokosuka navy yard is laid out on a rather modest scale, but it is so well equipped that it provided all the propelling machinery, castings, forgings, water tube boilers, and most of the auxiliary machinery of the Satsuma, a battleship of 19,350 tons, built at that yard in 1906.

In the garden of the United States Embassy.

Progress of Shipbuilding.

The Kure Navy Yard dates from 1889, and contains two large building slips and smaller ones for destroyers and other torpedo vessels, as well as four graving docks. It launched the Ibuki, an armored cruiser of 14,620 tons, in six months after laying down the keel. At this yard the ordnance department is equipped for constructing guns and mountings up to the largest size, and it is here that practically all the armaments of the warships built in Japan have been manufactured.

Not far from the well known port of Nagasaki is the navy yard of Sasebo. It contains five docks, and is equipped for carrying out all repair works and construction.

The navy yard at Maidzura was opened in 1901. In the past this has been used chiefly for the construction of destroyers, but its equipment is equal to the task of building large vessels. Although the manufacture of armor plates in Japan was begun only in 1902, the Kure navy yard has so far perfected the various processes of the industry that it is able to turn out armor plates of good quality in sufficient quantity to supply all the needs of the Japanese navy.

In addition to the four navy yards maintained by the government, Japan has two large private shipbuilding yards capable of turning out the heaviest warships complete with their machinery. At the Mitsubishi dockyard at Nagasaki a first class cruiser was built complete with her turbine

machinery, and at the present moment the yard is busy with a second class cruiser and a large destroyer. At Kobe, the Kawasaki Shipbuilding Company has a yard in which a cruiser, despatch boats and several torpedo craft have been built.

Why Japan Builds Warships.

Japan's navy is first, last and all the time a weapon of self-defense. When Japan opened her doors to foreigners she found the establishment of an efficient navy inevitable, if she was to maintain her independence against the aggressions of Western powers. Had Japan been slow in awakening from the lethargy of seclusion, and in adopting the modern weapons of defense, her fate would indeed have been the fate of India, of China, of Burma, and all the rest of her decredit neighbors on the Asian continent. For there was no doubt that some of the Western powers harbored unholy ambitions in dealing with the Japanese, who had no experience in international diplomacy and who were utterly ignorant of international usages.

Scarcely had Japan escaped the disruption of her own territory and managed to put herself on her own feet, when the Korean question began to loom ominously upon the political horizon of the Far East. Soon the peninsula of Korea became the bone of contention, first between Japan and China, then between Japan and Russia. To surrender Korea either to China or to Russia appeared to the Japanese to endanger the very existence of their country. It was evident that unless Japan controlled Korea, either China or Russia would eventually absorb that country. And to prevent the peninsula from passing into the hands of a third power, Japan had to have the freedom of the seas, so that she might be in readiness to advance her soldiers into the mainland across the sea on a moment's notice. That was, in short, the main reason why Japan bent her energies to the organization of a powerful navy.

The myth of China's potential power was all but exploded as the result of the Chino-Japanese war of 1895, and Japan's hold upon Korea was recognized. Russia, too, had to beat a retreat before the onslaught of the doughty Japanese, and yet no one knows what she may do in the future. When she has sufficiently recovered from the effect of the recent defeat in Manchuria, will she not revenge herself upon the Japanese? She is busy improving the Siberian Railway, and adding new lines along the Amour River on the northern boundary of Manchuria. She is losing no time in replenishing her navy, the main part of which went down in the Battle of the Japan Sea and in the engagements off Port Arthur. She is concocting sinister designs upon Mongolia, and it seems only a question of time that the khanates will be added to the map of Russia. When her bases of operation around Manchuria and Korea are firmly established, and when her navy has become strong enough to cope with that of Japan, will not Russia swoop down upon Korea and Japan from her vantage ground in the Amour Province and Mongolia and Northern Manchuria? This, in brief, is what Japan has to be prepared for.

Abdur Rahman was right when he said: "Russian habit of forward movements resembles the habit of the elephant, who examines a spot thoroughly before he places his foot down upon it, and when once he puts his weight there, there is no going back, and no taking another step in a hurry until he has put his full weight on the first foot, and has smashed everything that lies under it. She has not occupied a place without being first certain of success. And after taking a place she makes announcements and a great noise about keeping the peace and signs new treaties and agreements —swearing all vows and oaths that she will never proceed any further. After this, Russia takes another place that may be lying near to the first

without either going very far or retreating again. When this place in its turn is properly absorbed, she moves on to another, treaties or no treaties."

History repeats itself. What Russia has done in the past she may do again and again in the future. She was defeated in Manchuria, but she has no idea of retreating from that country. On the other hand, her grip upon Manchuria is becoming stronger in proportion as her influence in Mongolia is increasing. Japan is to-day as much in awe of Russia as she was before the war, for

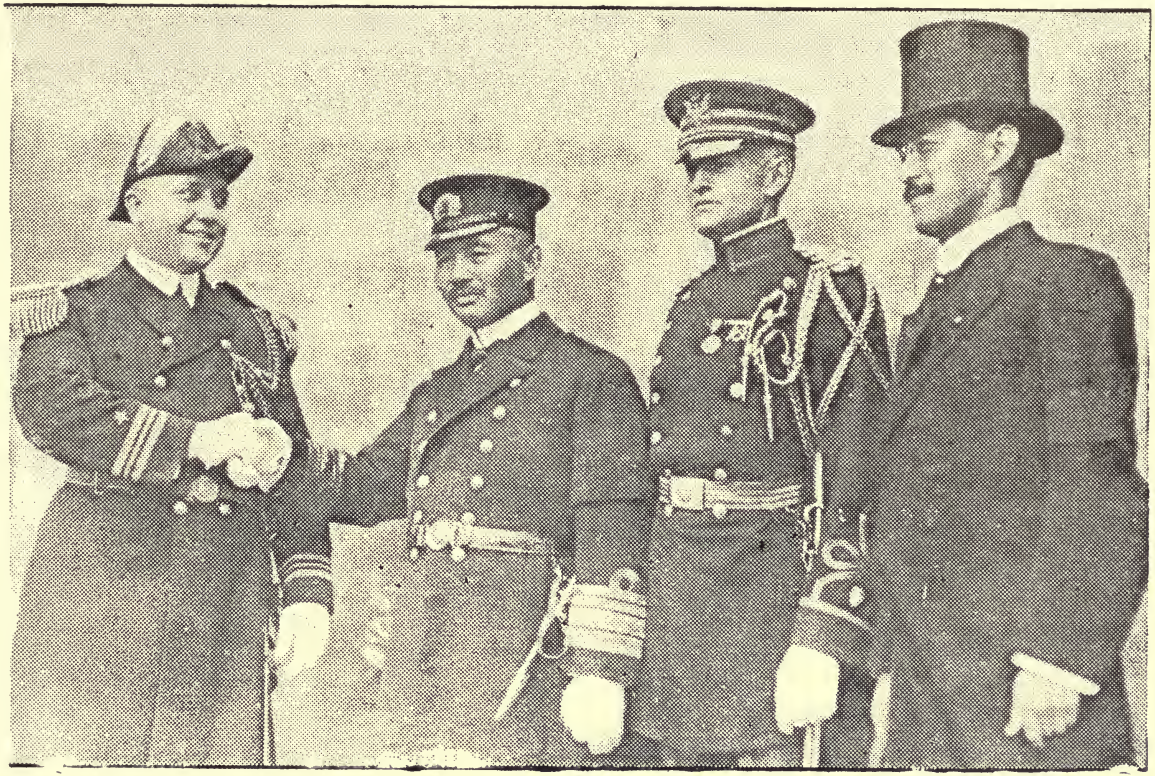
" . . . the Russian he sneers and says: 'Patience,' and velvet to cover your claws."

Japan's Dread of Russian Autocracy.

It was three centuries ago that Yarmack crossed the Ural Mountains and made Russia an Asiatic power. The conquest of Siberia was not to end in Siberia. Russia saw in it a chance to enrich herself at the expense of weaker neighbors. What but that motive led her, in 1858, to demand the Manchurian sea coast as the price of neutrality? The occupation of Port Arthur by the Japanese in 1895 was a checkmate to Russia's little game; supported by France and Germany, she gave Japan notice to quit. Had Russia confined her ambition to Manchuria, she might have continued to remain in possession; but another feeble State offered itself as a tempting prize—Korea was on the verge of disintegration. Russia set greedy eyes upon Korea, made interest with an impoverished court, and obtained the privilege of navigating the Yalu and cutting timber on its banks. Innocent on the face of it, this new enterprise of Russia was but a piece of "velvet to cover her claws." It portended vassalage for Korea and the ejection of the Japanese from the peninsula. In this Japan saw a menace to her very existence, and lost no time in entering a protest. Russia, as usual, resorted to the Fabian policy of delay, forgetting that she was for once dealing with a people whose valor and patriotism were not to be trifled with. The Czar put all the protests of the Japanese in his pocket and kept them there, while every train on the Siberian Railway was pouring fresh troops into Manchuria. Japan saw the utter uselessness of continuing negotiations with such a power, and having served an ultimatum upon the Czar, she opened hostilities. In the modern usage of warfare, the rupture of diplomatic relations leaves both parties free to choose their line of action, and no formal declaration of war is required. Japan, being the newest of nations, naturally adopted the most modern method.

The Russian advance in the Far East has been both steady and rapid. And the advance of Russia means the advance of an autocracy, of militarism, of religious intolerance, of discrimination against foreign interests in commerce and trade. When Russian influence was paramount in South Manchuria, immediately before the war, the Russian administration at Dalny refused to permit Americans to build "go-downs" for the storage of American kerosene, and announced the intention of the Russian government to exclude American oil altogether from Manchuria. At that time the Japanese found it difficult, almost impossible, to travel in Manchuria, while Americans were looked upon with keen suspicion if they ventured farther than a couple of miles from Newchange. The Russians also refused to recognize a British passport in Manchuria, and insisted that all British subjects traveling in that country must possess Russian passes. When in 1901 Russia occupied the port of Newchang in Manchuria, the Russian Imperial Controller of that port, in direct contravention of the rights of a treaty port, issued the following proclamation:

"As this port has now reverted to the control of the Imperial Russian government, all you who have matters in dispute and the like should bring



Lt.-Commander Woodward, U. S. N., greeting Vice-Admiral Kuroi on board the Japanese cruiser, Asama.

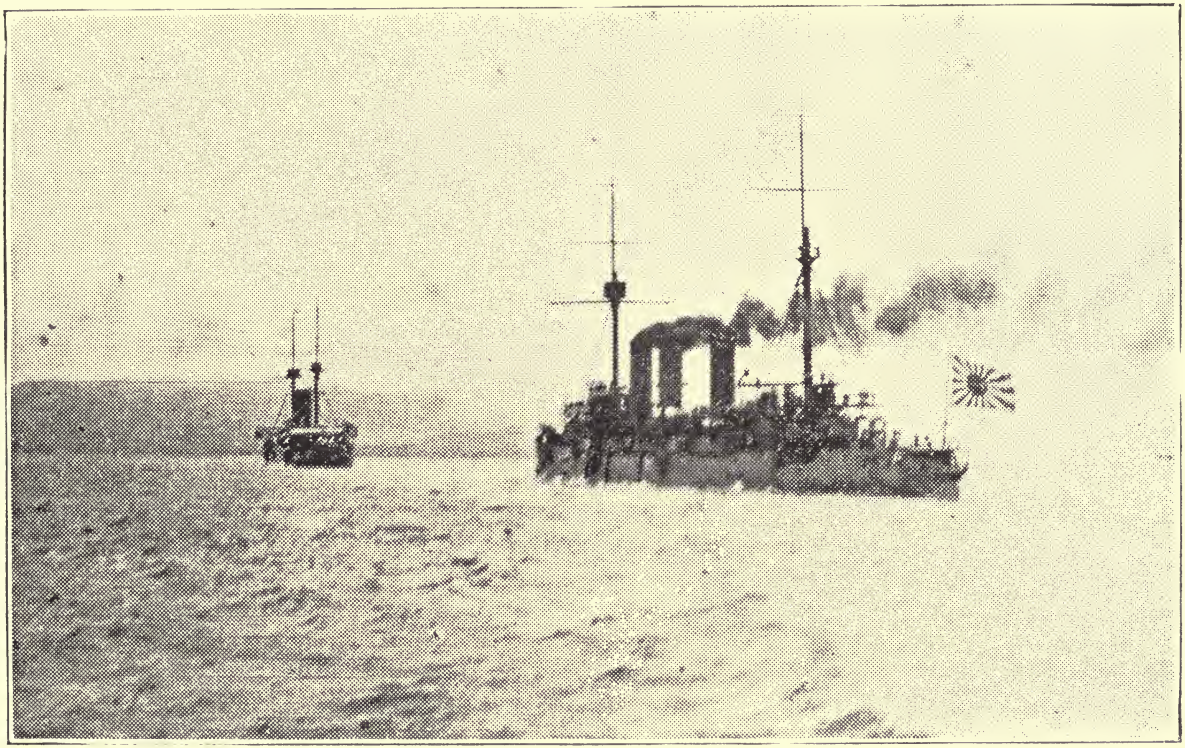
your petitions to the superintendents or other government officers, where redress can be obtained and cases settled in perfect justice and impartiality. If, after issuance of these presents, there be found any person disobeying this proclamation, I will punish the delinquent severely, and will exercise no mercy. Tremble! Be most careful! Do not say by and bye that you have had no time. A special proclamation."

Japan of all Asiatic nations is the one nation which stands for democracy and modernism. It is the desire of the Japanese to develop a system of government which, though monarchical in name, shall in spirit be democratic.

To this, the history of her constitutional government during the past two decades bear testimony. True it had its vicissitudes and its difficulties, but on the whole its progress has been both steady and wholesome. At this writing, Count Okuma, whose one ideal has been to guide his countrymen into the path of constitutionalism of much the same nature as that in Great Britain, is at the head of the Cabinet, and promises to curb the influence of the military clique and of the bureaucracy against which the "Grand Old Man" of Japan has been battering these many years.

China, after a very short experiment with republicanism, has already reverted to absolutism, for Yuan Shi-kai has proved to be a king stork in place of a king log. Japan, then, is the only standard bearer for democracy and modernism in the whole Orient. Geographically she intervenes between the great autocracy of the Muscovite Empire and the republicanism of the United States, and is struggling, single-handed, to stem the tide of Russian advance on the Pacific. Should her hold upon Korea slacken, should her influence in Manchuria give way to the incursion of Russian militarism, should she fall behind Russia as a Far Eastern power, then the United States must expect to see across the Pacific the gigantic figure of Russia wax still more gigantic in all its ominous aspects.

To gain some idea of Russian autocracy, we may glance at the writings of a few typical Russians. "It is a blessing for Russia," writes Aksakoff, "that she detests all Western culture and has preserved her Orthodox faith. Our Church remains pure, and the State has its foundations in the absolute will of the Czar." Pobiedonostseff, one time Professor of Civil Law at Moscow, later tutor to the Tsar Alexander III and Proculator of the Holy Synod, voices in his brilliant "Reflections of a Russian Statesman," a wholesale condemnation of Occidental civilization. A man of deep learning and unblemished character, a man who detested all self-seeking and opportunism, Pobiedonostseff commands even to-day the respect of the Russian people. "The Church, as a community of believers," he says, "cannot and must not detach itself from the State, as a society, united by a civil bond." To him parliamentarism is "among the falsest of political principles," the system of trial by jury is a mockery, the only school that can confer any benefit upon the people is a convent school. He regards the prevalent aspiration for reform as a manifestation of that spirit of discontent which he characterizes as "the malady of our time." The press appears to him to be the main instrument by which the populace was deluded by irresponsible and self-seeking writers. "Experience proves," he writes, "that the most contemptible persons—retired money lenders, Jewish factors, newsvendors and bankrupt gamblers—may found newspapers, secure the services of talented writers, and place their editions on the market as organs of public opinion. The healthy taste of the public is not to be relied upon. The great mass of readers, idlers for the most part, is ruled less by a few healthy instincts than by a base and despicable hankering for idle amusement; and the support of the people may be secured by any editor who provides for the satisfaction of these han-



Japanese cruisers Asama and Azuma steaming into San Francisco Bay with six hundred naval cadets aboard on an educational voyage.

kerings for the love of scandal, and for intellectual pruriency of the basest kind."

In her efforts to stem the tide of Russification in the Far East, Japan needs the support, if not the material assistance, of all Western powers, most of all the United States. It is not too much to say that in order to retain the sympathy of the United States, Japan has done all that she could with regard to the disposition of the immigration question. If she seemed at times inclined to befriend Russia, it was simply because she was not at all certain of the friendship of the United States. Following upon the heels of the Russo-Japanese war, many untoward events happened, all tending to estrange Japan from the United States.

It is not now very unnatural that Japan should become restive and wonder if the United States preferred to see Russian autocracy established on the other side of the Pacific to the detriment of the liberalism and modernism of Japan.

AUGUST

Drowsy a blue-eyed cornflower nods,
Where a great black spider weaves
Gossamer skeins of silvery threads,
'Midst the javelin-pointed sheaves.

A glittering glass the poppy lifts,
And a breeze stoops low to sup—
Then over the grasses fragments float
Of the shattered red wine cup.

The gaudy flash of a butterfly,
And rose leaves fluttering down—
While all forgotten on each throne,
Gleams a tarnished, golden crown.

Pink parasols, the clovers ope,
Where the sun's hot kisses rain,
And a withered thistle, ghostly-like,
Glides through the ripened grain.

A chorus low, where the locusts drone,
And a cricket pipes his lay;
Then August dreams as summer wanes
In the dawn of September's day.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

THE LOG OF A 49er

ON HIS TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN—JAN. '49 to JULY '49—FROM THE DIARY OF THEO. MESSERVE

PART II.

MARCH 1. This morning we had a fine shower and cloud gathering until sunset I spent the afternoon reading Dombey & Son. When I sailed from New York I had no expectation of passing the time away so pleasantly. We are lounging around with a comparatively perfect smooth sea. Mountains high, all is moonshine and fine weather. Sometimes I trot up the ratlings aloft and scrutinize the horizon around to see if there is any sail in sight. Then I take up a piece of rope and jump, for exercise.

March 2. A clear, warm day. Wind from the SE. Could not lay our course. Course S. This morning I listened to a lecture by Dr. H. W. Carpentier on the "Institutions of Our Country," which was very interesting. After supper this afternoon a squad of us made up a game of "tag" for exercise, which caused a great deal of amusement. Mr. Martin, the artist, and Cousin Samuel were the spryest, and ran up and down the ropes like monkeys. Moonlight night.

March 4. A clear, warm day. Wind fair. Close hauled. This morning Mr. Summers preached from a text from Acts 26, Chap. 28 verse. In the evening another short sermon.

The following are the names of all persons aboard the Panama:

Officers and Crew of the Ship Panama

Captain Russel S. Bodfish; in California 1861, there or thereabouts.

First Mate James Everson, drowned in the southern mines in 1851.

Second Mate Wm. Jennings; killed in the mines in 1854.

Carpenter, Francis R.

Sailors—Chas. Chase, Henry Hoyt, James Boyd, Hugh Barber, John Werlu, Horace Wilson, Jacob Scroder, Edward Hardson, Thomas Harbor, Morris Bond (in Stockton in 1863), Thomas Johnson, John Sumner, Robert Warner (hanged for horse stealing), Harry Morse (boy: in Oakland in 1861).

Stewards—Dan Brower (in San Francisco 1861; Harry Woodruff; Wm. Leavitt (suicide.)

Waiters—W. Skates, Wm. Johnson (lynched at Colma), Thomas Decker, Robert Conner, Billy the Smuggler.

Cooks—Charles Williams (died in Stockton in 1856), Nicholas Nelson, David O'Brien.

Names of the Panama Association's One Hundred and One Members.

John Hunt, Tiger, gone home 1850; Geo. O. Curtis, Eagle, in California

1851; George W. Whitman, Tiger, in California 1861; Henry C. Minor, Empire, went home June, 1851; Seth Hurd; John D. Cornell, Empire, went home 1850; Isaiah Goodspeed, went home in 1852; Wm. Goodspeed, dead, 1850; Wm. O. Wilson, Eagle, in California 1861; Daniel Whitney, Tiger, dead 1850; James Silick, Tiger; Jos. Reill, died in New York; William Sully, Mitchell's, in California, 1861; John H. Ackerman, Tiger; Samuel Sharp, Eagle, in California 1851; Jas. A. Sperry, in California 1861; Lewis Schroder; Lewis Grishon; Lara Slocum; Wm. McElroy; Philip Parmlee, Eagle, dead, 1849; Moses R. Martin, Tiger, dead; Leander Gale, in California 1851; Oscar P. Callenbeck, in California 1851; Mark Meyer; R. W. Roberts; Theodore Messerve, in California 1851; James Harper; Wm. H. Hilton, in California 1851; Lucas Smith, in California 1861; John D. Pierson, Eagle, went home 1850; Jas. Walsh, in California 1851; O. W. Burnham, Tiger; I. T. Brush, Tiger, in Stockton 1863; Wm. L. Banta, Tiger; John Gilliland, Tiger; Lewis Johnson; Junis Palmer, dead; John M. Prey; William Stratton, Empire, dead, 1849; Henry Langdon; Dr. Horace W. Carpentier, Eagle, in California 1861; Dr. Henry S. Baldwin, in California 1861; David Williams; Joseph Bennett, Tiger, in California 1861; Barnett Decker, dead, 1850; Abraham Sentes; James Everson, Eagle, dead, 1851; F. P. Rieffer; Thomas Fagan; Henry W. Preswick; Wm. DeFriece, in California 1851; John L. Frier; John Mann; Christian Jenson, Eagle, dead; Aaron Snedika; Isaac Acherman, in Oregon 1861, in Stockton 1863; Silvester Rosa, died in California 1861; B. Raine; Isaac Vandevere; Thomas Coffey, in California 1851; Francis Titus; Thomas A. Ayers, drowned, Law Bevens, 1859; Peter Maney; Thomas Williams, in 1861; Wm. H. Lockwood, Tiger; John J. Pierson, Eagle, went home 1851; William Jas. Messerve, went home 1850, in California 1861; H. S. Mulligan; I. W. Sherwood; Geo. W. Smith; Alexander Jackson; John McCann, in Oakland 1861; Andrew Fate; George Thompson; E. H. Martin; Wm. Doolittle; Thomas D. Yates; Mathew Chambers, dead, Crabb party, Mexico, 1855; H. W. Gerry, Thomas McCarty; Geo. Tousey, Empire; Adolph Gilbert, drowned in California 1851; George W. Lindsey, Eagle, in California 1861; Edward Hacker, in California 1851; R. J. Gough, in California 1861; Dr. Peter A. Mullen, dead; A. W. Heritage, in California 1861; Raymond Summers, in California 1861; Edward Alphonse; R. S. Chesley; I. L. Pillsbery; I. T. Miller; Minor F. Butler, Tiger, dead, in Sacramento 1861, went home 1850; Wm. R. Buckley, in California 1851; Wm. Newell, in California 1861; Samuel Jessup; Abraham Shates; I. Lee, and Russel S. Bodfish.

Names of the Sixty-seven Passengers on board the ship "Panama."

David Kettleman, Morris Cook, Nelson Blaksley, Caleb Beal, Lewis Derundee, Charles W. Smith, Oscar H. Millard (gambling house, Auburn, 1861), Milton Green, O. Hochstasser (died in 1850 in San Francisco), Andrew Moon (Oakland 1861), John Williams, Henry Bonnell, James Gardner (in California 1851), William Young (drowned in California 1850), Charles Holland, Emmet Fay (at Sandwich Islands 1850), Wm. H. Parkhurst (died at Sandwich Islands, 1850), M. McCann, Jacob Burns, Jas. Banta, John Rampen, A. G. Ayres, Geo. Mitchell (in California 1861), Alfred Tucker, Samuel Haddock, Wm. Dawson, Melville Denslow (in California 1861), Caleb Freeman, Dr. Jos. Carbery (dead), John H. Drunett, John Hankee, John Booth, Venez Bona (dead, in California 1861), H. F. Schourling, John Stilwell, Myron Hutchinson (in California 1851), Lewis Hutchinson (in California 1851), Dr. Samuel Jackson, Dennis Avery, McIntyre Waterhouse, Edward Hope, Henry Williams, Raymond Decker, L. R. Fish (went home 1850), Charles Williams (dead), Levi Bax-

ter, Edward Dawson, George Dornin (in California 1851, in San Juan, Cal., 1861), George Sileck, A. L. Bristol, F. H. Upthorp, George Benton, Alex. Caruthers, I. L. Polhemus (in California 1851), Robert Aylesworth, Jas. Smith, U. Hayden, Oscar Allison, George Pierson, John Shiers, Samuel Steele, Mr. Bodfish.

The Four Lady Passengers.

Mrs. Capt. Bodfish, Mrs. James Everson (dead, in California 1851), Mrs. N. K. Lewitt (in California 1851), Mrs. Mary E. Longly.

March 6. This has been an unusually warm day, the sun sending down a ray of light and heat insufferable. This morning we lay becalmed. About ten o'clock a large party of the good swimmers went in bathing, jumping from the deck of the vessel into the water, and some from the yard arm. After they had enjoyed themselves for an hour and a half or so, they were frightened out of the water by a large fish called a stingeree, which has much the shape of a flounder, and weighs from 20 to 40 pounds. They had hardly dressed themselves before a flow of wind struck the ship and sent us on our way rejoicing again. At sunset we had a most splendid sight of the sun setting between two black clouds, while the western sky was glittering with golden clouds. This evening the question was debated again whether war is necessary or not.

March 7. This has been a fine, clear day with a good breeze from northwest; course southeast; the yards squared. This morning an anti-swearing pledge has been going the rounds for signature. It is a very good idea, for something should be done to stop this infamous practice, which is nothing more than a habit of letting the tongue speak without the heart's consent. This afternoon, Mr. Jennings, our second mate, while a large school of porpoises were playing around the ship, made several attempts to harpoon one of them, but did not succeed. This evening a prayer meeting was held in the cabin. This afternoon I saw the sailors making some preparation for the reception of the "Sea God" Neptune.

March 8. This day has been a cloudless one with but little wind. I have spent the day reading Col. Freemont's Narrative of a Journey Across the Plains. This evening I turned into my hammock quite early, about an hour after sunset, and after lying in my swing on top of the cabin for an hour, awake, looking at the beautiful, bright moon and stars, I fell asleep. About ten o'clock I was awakened by the rain pattering upon my face lightly, so I went below and brought my India rubber coat up and spread that over my blankets and turned in again. I had lain there about the run of an hour, and had just fallen into a doze, when a gust of wind struck the ship, completely capsizing me out of my hammock upon the boats, and fortunately for me, the boats were there, for had I been upset on the open top of the cabin with nothing to lay hand to, I should have gone overboard, as the ship leaned or laid over to her scuppers. I hastily put on my India rubber coat and took my blankets and buttoned under it. I was just making my way across the top of the cabin toward the ladder when another squall struck us, and I had but just time to seize the reefing ropes of the spanker; here I hung on like grim death, my hair standing on end. The ship was nearly on her beam's end. I was frightened; still I could not help laughing at my odd appearance, with my blankets under my coat. The captain ordered all hands below some time previous to giving the sailors room to work, but I could get no further until she righted up some. The sailors were ordered to do something to the mizzen sails, which brought them in contact with me, and I was started below. I finally made for the ladder, which led from the top of the cabin to the deck; when I regained the deck I felt a relief, and hurried below looking like Merry Sir John

Falstaff. On my making my appearance below, I was met with a cordial reception and hearty laugh. On the strength of the squall, I concluded I would spend the rest of the night below, and put up with the disagreeable smell which is between decks at night.

March 9. About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, we tacked ship and stood northeast, and continued on this tack until about four o'clock this morning, then headed S by W. On taking an observation at noon, we found our position to be ten miles south, and so during the night we must have crossed the line three times. A large sail has been in sight all day over the starboard quarter astern. We, by looking at this vessel some time during to-day, must have been looking at a ship in the Northern Hemisphere, while we were in the Southern. She is on the same course as we. Our "learned blacksmith," Junius Palmer, a nervous old fellow about forty, delivered a lecture in his own peculiar and original manner this evening. The subject he handled was "The origin and varieties of the human species;" he had an odd manner of speaking, and sometimes, when he would be caught for a word, somebody would prompt him and help him along; the peculiar manner in which he classified the races, putting negroes first—in fact his lecture, to be appreciated, would have to be heard.

March 10. We have had a clear, warm day with but little wind. The ship which we saw all day yesterday is in sight to-day all day about twelve miles to windward. It being warm and oppressively close this evening, I could not stand it below, and not daring to venture on the cabin to sleep in the rigging since that squall, I obtained three camp chairs, and slept on deck on them with one eye open. I upset twice in the night.

March 11. A clear day with light winds. Mr. Summers preached this morning and this evening, and we have had a moonlight night. How much our ship resembles a small republic! The government of this small floating republic is in the hands of, first, the captain. He sees when the storm is coming upon his people and protects them from it. He is like a General, and attends to the elements.

The President of our Association: He, with directors and other officers, attends to our people that they may not want. We have elections monthly to decide who shall have the honor of serving the "people" the following month. The Association and passengers are the people, and "the people are God's own nobility, and wear their crowns, not on their heads, but in their hearts."

March 12. We have had a clear day with a good ten knot breeze. A new feature has been started of late, which is no less than an "Infantry Company," and this morning they had their first parade on deck. They have Captain Pensam as Commander. We have much amusement at these drills at the fine manner of their marching; they are headed by a fife, next a banjo, then the Captain and troops; "forward march" about three steps are got off, when the ship gives a lurch, and then all stagger to get their equilibrium. We are off Cape St. Rogue to-day.

March 13. A cloudless day with a light wind from the west. At 6 or 7 o'clock we passed the latitude of Cape St. Augustine; our course is now clear to the Horn. Two or three sails in sight during the day. About 8 o'clock in the evening we assembled on deck to hear the debate on the question, "Is the Use of Ardent Spirits Necessary." The discussion had hardly been entered into when a squall of rain arose and sent all below. So the water party was triumphant.

Persons who have never been on a long voyage think they are very tedious, and they are, but I as yet have none of those thoughts. I was fortunate to supply myself on my start with some excellent books, some of which I read while others I study; thus I manage to make the time slip along pleasantly. After I rise in the

morning, dress, wash and eat my breakfast, I put my berth in order and then go on deck, and either with a book or conversing with a fellow shipmate an hour or two is wiled away. Then perhaps a sail comes in sight, and up aloft I go to have a good look at her, so another hour slips around; then comes the taking of the latitude; then the re-coming up of how far we have traveled, and quite a confab on that head. Out comes the Atlasses, our position is found and marked out. By this time it is three o'clock, and the bell rings for dinner, when a hungry crowd hurry below to get their share of the pork and beans, or what it may be. After dinner, as a general thing, I proceed on deck and talk with a friend until dark; then if it is not debate or lecture night, groups assemble around the decks arguing, debating and by telling yarns in squads, or as the couplet in the Almanac has it:

"Sometimes we are aroused by seeing
a ship,
And sometimes by shipping a sea."

March 14. This has been a clear day, and we have had a good breeze all day. After breakfast the "Panama Infantry" and a new company called the "California Rifle Corps," commanded by Captain Hochstrasser, were on deck, drilling. The companies have marched around to the time of the fife, the ship giving a roll as the Captain gave the order of "Ground Arms;" down go the guns, not on the ground, but on their neighbors' toes, when the injured individual feels like making a "muss." This evening I stretched three stools on deck again and slept there. About eleven o'clock I was awakened by one of the sailors crying aloud, "Sail ho!" "Sail ho!" I sprang up, looked off, and beheld a ship lying within speaking distance, without trumpet. A lot of land-lubbers who were up on deck at the time made such confusion that we could not understand one-half of their questions, nor they ours; we could not understand her name, but heard she was from the Sandwich Islands, bound to New London, probably a whaler. Unfortunately, too, we might have learned something from California. The Captain reproved these noisy apes who did not know enough to keep their ears open and mouths shut.

March 15. Has been a clear day, with but very light winds. This morning after breakfast the bell rang for all hands to make their appearance on deck, as the Captain had a few remarks to make to the company. After all arrived on deck, he addressed them at some length about the outrage committed last night at the time of the speaking of that ship; he said he would be justified in putting the individual who made the disturbance on the evening previous in irons for a month, but excused and forgave them, as he knew it was not done from bad intent, but from ignorance. He concluded by informing them of several things which are out of order on shipboard. Just after the Captain concluded, the cry of Sail ho! was given, and a small craft was seen behind us. She continued to draw nearer, and by ten o'clock came along near enough to talk with those on board without the aid of a trumpet. She proved to be the schooner Rialto from Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. The schooner captain opened the conversation with:

"Who is Captain of the Panama?"

"Bodfish."

"How is Captain Bodfish?"

"Very well, I thank you. Who commands the Rialto?"

"Luce."

"Is Captain Luce well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard."

"Where bound?"

"California." (Three cheers from the Panama.)

"How many days out?"

"Thirty-seven. How many are you?"

"Forty. Have you spoken anything?"

"Nothing since we have been out."

"You muster strong?"

"Yes. We have got a pretty good crowd."

A number of questions in relation to our latitude and longitude, the wind and weather each has experienced, follows. They have had very rough weather, and intend putting into St. Catherines. She dropped astern of us and then came around to windward. We gave them three hearty cheers, which they returned, and passed by us like an arrow. She is a beautiful little schooner of 100 tons, is new, and looks beautiful with her new white sails and black hull.

(To be continued.)

A STUDY IN POPPIES

We planted poppies, and she told
  The colors they would be.
Bright blossoms purple, scarlet, gold—
  "And white—pure white," said she.

And what a day of God—that day—
  Sunshine above—deep blue above.
We planted where the trellis' shadows lay,
  And all my pulses surged with love.

Love answered from her pansy purple eyes,
  Ere scarlet lips the secret told.
And stinging, sweet, across my face there flies
  A breeze swept tress of perfumed gold.

Since then, 'tis but one little year;
  In the trellis' shade are poppies bright.
The purple, scarlet, gold are here,
  And some are white—pure white.

Oh, breaking heart that memory cannot place,
  Red lips, gold hair and purple, deep love light.
I only see that satin pillowed face—
  Her face: cold, white—pure white.

LOU RODMAN POLLEY.

Tympanum of doorway of Palace of Education.

INSTALLATION OF DISPLAYS

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

By Hamilton Wright

NINE HUGE exhibit palaces have been completed at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. Altogether there will be thirteen main structures on the Exposition grounds, and the Auditorium to seat 12,000 persons and to cost more than $1,300,000, is under construction at the Civic Center of the city.

The result of the work fulfills every expectation of the commission of famous architects to whom was entrusted the Exposition design. To blend into and fit in with the impressive natural surroundings of the site at Harbor View, the great hills that encircle the grounds on the south, east and west, the harbor on the north, with its islands and beyond the Golden Gate, it was planned to produce a single superb architectural design, and the plan has been carried out.

The Exposition grounds which face the harbor for almost three miles are occupied by three great groups of buildings. In the center are the exhibit palaces; upon the east is the amusement section, and on the west and nearest the Golden Gate is the section devoted to the pavilions of the States and of the thirty-six nations that are to take part.

From the heights of Belvedere, four miles across San Francisco harbor, the vast copper green domes of the main palaces, rising as high as the average twelve story city block, are seen to reach more than half-way to the first rims of the great encircling hills at Harbor View. Glints of gold and jade and sapphire are splashed over the buildings in brilliant, riotous colors that, in the distance, melt together in a vast mosaic.

In the center group eight of the ex-

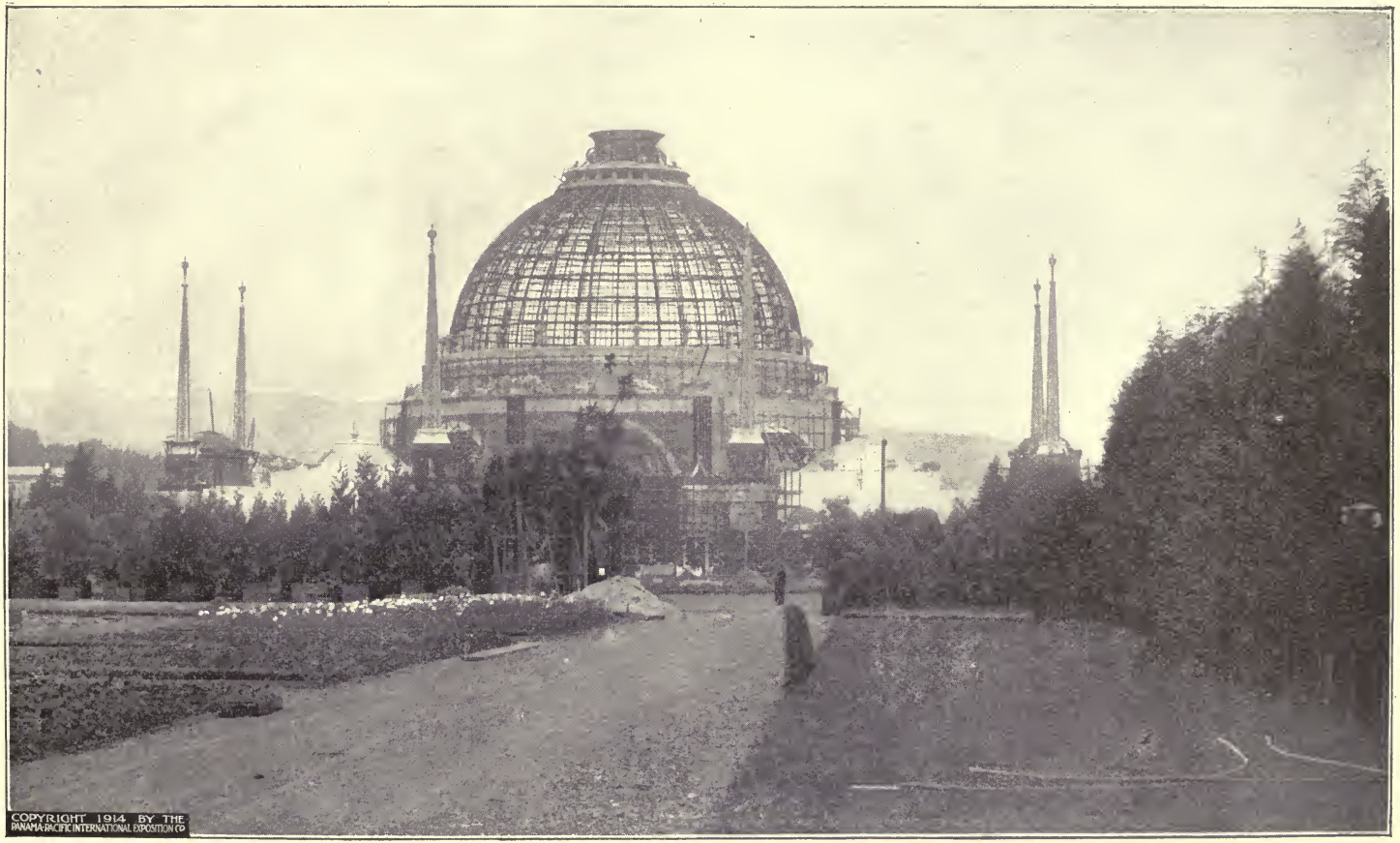
Half Dome of Philosophy, Palace of Education.

hibit palaces are joined in a rectangle. Four of the buildings face upon a 400 feet wide esplanade upon San Francisco harbor, and four face the South Gardens between the main group of buildings and the Exposition boundaries. The four buildings facing the harbor from east to west are the palaces of Mines and Metallurgy, Transportation, Agriculture and Food Products. To the south, completing the group, are the palaces of Varied Industries, Manufactures, Liberal Arts and Education. The buildings are identical in height. Their architecture as seen from afar is also similar, and it is only when one gets close at hand and within the courts that the divergencies are apparent.

Flanking this group of eight structures upon the east is the Palace of Machinery, costing more than $600,000. This was the first of the Exposition palaces to be completed. Its interior arrangement consists of three north and south aisles, each 136 feet in height and 76 feet in width, extending the entire length of the building, 967.8 feet. Three transverse aisles, each 126 feet long and 75 feet wide, run east and west through the center intersecting the north and south aisles.

Flanking the group upon the west is the Palace of Fine Arts, which is separated from the group by a lagoon which it partly envelops and which is bordered by flowers, shrubbery and trees, giving the effect of a forest lake in the tropics fringed with rich shrubbery and palms. The building describes an arc of 205,000 feet, or nearly five acres. The Palace of Fine Arts is of steel and concrete, and is fire and burglar proof.

Opposite the Palace of Education, in the South Gardens, is the great Palace of Horticulture. This huge structure covers approximately five acres, and in architecture is Saracenic. Its most prominent feature is a steel dome 186 feet in height and 152 feet in diameter, covered with wire netting glass. The dome is surmounted by a half-globe, "the flower-basket," 26 feet in height and weighing 28 tons. During the Exposition the half globe



Palace of Horticulture, almost completed.

Vestibule Palace of Machinery

will be planted with flowers of all kinds. At night the dome will become one of the most spectacular features of the Exposition. Kaleidoscopic lights from within will play upon the glass, giving the giant sphere the effect of a huge iridescent soap bubble. South of the Palace of Varied Industries, and also in the South Gardens Festival Hall, a rendezvous for conventions in 1915, is under construction.

The eight exhibit palaces forming the rectangle are divided by three avenues running north and south, and one east and west. At the intersection of the east and west avenue with the north and south avenue, lie three great courts of honor, the walls of the four buildings surrounding each court being indented to form the oval of the court. In the center of the group is the great Court of the Universe; on the west, paralleling the Court of the Universe, is the Court of the Four Seasons, and on the east is the Court of Abundance. Vast colonnades encircle the courts, running from their openings on San Francisco harbor back to the courts themselves. From almost any point of view, the visitor while traversing the courts will gain flashing glimpses of the blue harbor between the lofty colonnades.

The Court of the Universe is 750 feet in width by 900 feet long, and resembles somewhat in shape the great plaza approaching the Church of St. Peter's at Rome. The effect of the court is magnificent. Corinthian columns encircle it. The walls of the palaces behind the columns are colored a burnt sienna, while the vaults of the corridors are ultramarine blue. The columns are the shade of the Exhibit palaces, a faint ivory yellow the color of imitation Travertine stone. The columns of the Court of the Four Seasons are Roman Ionic, modified with a touch of modern detail.

The east court, or Court of Abundance, is similar in size and shape to the Court of the Four Seasons. An arcade, dominated by a great Oriental tower, 270 feet in height, upon

Palace of Machinery, completed.

Transplanting giant palms to the Avenue of Palms, Great South Garden.

the north avenue of the court, encircles the court. Between the courts along the intersecting east and west avenue are great open patios, where the ornamentation of the walls of the palace is very lavish. The patios are cut off from the courts by huge colonnades, so that each presents a distinctive scheme of color and decoration. The prevailing decoration of these vast open aisles is Pompeiian, with shades of green and terra cotta, of robin's egg blue and Venetian red blending in marvelous mosaics.

The outside walls of the central group of eight palaces forms an almost continuous facade. Throughout its entire circuit of the group its surface is unbroken save by the huge and highly decorated portals and entrances to the exhibit palaces, by the openings of the courts upon San Francisco harbor, and by the two minor courts that open out upon the South Gardens.

Throughout the circuit of the vast encircling facade there is regularity in the architecture. In the walls of the stately palaces are green latticed windows with a wealth of gold and terra cotta showing behind the network of the green. The windows recall those of the great monasteries. Indeed, several of these are replicas of portals in famous Spanish monasteries. Repeated groups of statuary, lofty Corinthian and Ionic columns, stately portals and a profusion of ornamental trees, some of them fifty feet in height, and shrubs contrast with the prevailing ivory tint, the walls lending life and beauty to the ensemble.

And in this great shell, which is to house the exhibits of the world, will the world's progress be worthily exemplified. Italy, which has appropriated $400,000 for the Exposition, was the last of the foreign nations to dedicate its site. Signor Ernesto Nathan, former Mayor of Rome, who visited San Francisco as commissioner from Italy to the Exposition, promised that his country would make the finest display ever presented by Italy at a foreign exposition. "Argentina will make a representation unsurpassed among the nations," said His Excellency Romulo S. Naon, when the Argentine dedicated its site last fall. That Argentina's exhibit will be extensive may be inferred from the fact that the great South American republic has appropriated $1,300,000 gold for its participation. Canada will make a huge exhibit of the agricultural resources of the Dominion. The great Canadian pavilion, to cost $300,000, is structurally completed, and the finishing touches will be put on next fall. Canada appropriated $600,000. France will expend $500,000. The figures run high. Thomas G. Stallsmith, one of the Exposition commissioners to the Orient, has given out a list of the appropriations of the Oriental countries: China, $1,000,000; Philippine Islands, $600,000; Japan,

$600,000; Australia, $400,000; Siam, $250,000; Dutch East India, $250,000; New Zealand, $200,000; Cochin China, $150,000.

Although Germany will not participate officially, more than fourteen hundred of the leading manufactures of Germany will be represented; $125,000 is devoted to an exhibit of a single manufacturing industry, that of potash, and the construction of the potash building has begun. Six hundred of the leading industries of Great Britain will combine in a collective display, despite the final refusal of the government to participate. Here is a list of the participating nations: Argentine Republic, Australia, Austria, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland, Chile, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, Uruguay and Venezuela.

More than 230 great international congresses and conventions, at which more than 500,000 accredited delegates will assemble, have voted to meet in San Francisco in 1915. It is expected that fully 500 conventions will have decided to meet in San Francisco by the time the Exposition opens. The delegates to these assemblages will come from every part of the globe, and leaders in art, science, industry and in the teaching of ethical propaganda will present in standardized form the results of the world's best effort in recent years. A resume of the conventions that have voted to meet in San Francisco discloses the following activities: Agricultural societies, 25; business, 20; educational, 21; fraternal, 37; genealogical, 7; Greek letter fraternities, 23; governmental and civic, 16; historical and literary, 5; industrial, 15; labor, 9; professional, 15; religious, 9; scientific, 20; social service, 8.

One of the most interesting conventions will be the International Engineering Congress. The engineers of the Pacific Coast have already raised a large sum to finance the Congress and the five great national engineering bodies comprising the congress have also guaranteed to aid in defraying the expenses of the meeting. An exhaustive discussion will be given to the construction of the Panama Canal, among the subjects, and the proceedings of the congress will be published in standardized form. Colonel George W. Goethals has been tendered and has accepted the position of chairman of the congress.

Among other important assemblages there will be an International Council of Nurses, to meet in San Francisco during the latter part of May next. Five thousand nurses from fifteen nations are expected to participate in this gathering; delegates from more than twenty-five nations interested in grape culture will attend the International Congress of Viticulture, to be held in June, 1915; the leading electrical experts of the world will meet in the International Electrical Congress in September, while the World's Petroleum Congress, the first ever held, will meet in the fall of next year; thirty-four American and three European organizations concerned with the marketing of the potato, will be one of the most unique conventions, as also will be that of the National Topnotch Farmers' Club, an organization of corn growers, with headquarters in Springfield, Illinois; the club consists of corn growers who have established a record in producing at least one hundred bushels of corn to the acre; the president of the organization is Mr. W. L. Dunson, of Alexander City, Alabama, who earned the presidency by growing 232.7 bushels of corn on an acre of ground. When the record is superceded, the grower raising the most corn on an acre will automatically become president.

BETTER BUSINESS

By William Hard

This is part of an unusually interesting article by William Hard, published in a recent issue of "Everybody's Magazine;" the excerpt given is enough to show the trend of the interesting points he so aptly illustrates. The article itself covers a field. In modern trade of vital importance to retailers as well as wholesalers; as relates to retailers, the article will be found of unusual interest to small shoppers as affecting both their purses and their buying judgment. Mr. Hard, who is recognized as an all-round authority on merchandizing, demonstrates clearly and cogently how shoppers are cleverly mulcted with "push" articles when they join a "bargain" rush in purchasing at "cut rates" any standardized goods with established, fixed prices. The article is illuminating to general readers on facts exposed in the keen competitive business system of the present day. "Price cutting," as spoken of below, has nothing to do with potatoes and spring hats, or any other commodity subject to fluctuating prices and closing-out sales. It has only to do with Uniform Standardized Products on which the manufacturer has tried to name a uniform standard price.

KOLYNOS Tooth Paste, Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and the Ingersoll Watch, and Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards," and hundreds of other well known and widely known products are so well known and so widely wanted that various retailers every now and then make up their minds to do their best not to sell them at all.

Why? Why, they are being cut-priced in the retail market. They are "leaders." They are too prominent. Their names are too famous. They have climbed too high. Down with them, under the counter; or, better, if possible, out with them through the door. The more readily the public purchases them at such times, the more reluctantly the retailers handle them.

Sounds like a madhouse. *Is* a madhouse. And getting madder every day, ever since the Supreme Court of the United States wandered into it.

The Ultimate Consumer rejoices, and smells the Bargain sale afar off, and gambols like a young goat upon the mountains. He reads the cut price advertisements, speeds to the madhouse, buys a few "leaders" and "bargains," and a great many other things that are not leaders, and not bargains, and then goes his way highly pleased with himself—and crazier than any of the patients.

This article is written to give him—and her—a glimpse at the interior decorations of the Bargain Scheme of Selling Standard Products—and at what it does to the production and distribution of good goods.

Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" for instance:

A friend of the people in Boston, prominently advertised his determination to sell Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" across the silk counter of his store at a big cut from the regular price. Competitors of his, owners of other retail establishments, took a look at his advertisement, buzzed in haste for stenographers, and began dictating advertisements in reply.

Within a few days, cut impinging on cut, Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" were being sold in Boston at as low as fifty-seven cents a yard.

There was just one disadvantage to the retailer in continuing to sell these goods at that price. He had to pay a higher price himself to the manufacturers. He had to take sixty cents of his own money and hand it to Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers, in order to get a yard of their "Shower Proof Foulards" to pass on to the public at fifty-seven cents.

As often as he passed it on, he lost three cents plus a good many more cents representing his rent and his salaries, and the rest of his cost in doing business.

So then, right then, the punishment of Cheney Brothers began. They were utterly and shiningly innocent. They hadn't started this cut price trouble. They had objected to it, clamorously. It wasn't their crime at all. But they were punished for it just the same.

For, right then, various retailers in Boston began to be aweary of Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards." They began to think scorn and disgust for the behavior of an article which had gone and got itself beaten down below the profit level. They began to be filled with admiration and affection for the character of other foulards, charming foulards, on which there had been no such bargain advertising, on which the public had not yet been led to expect an unreasonably low price, and on which a profit could still be made.

That season, in Boston, the sales of Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" fell off from their customary total by more than a third.

Something had been done to the Ultimate Consumer. The retailers, instead of giving her what she wanted to have, had been giving her what they wanted her to have.

When she went into her favorite store to buy Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards," they were no longer in stock. They had been sold out and no more of them had been ordered. Or else, more usually, though they were still in stock, they were occupying the background and obscurity, while other foulards were occupying the foreground and the conversation of the salespersons.

The result, as the sales record proves, was that thousands of persons who had customarily bought Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" were induced that season to buy other foulards instead. They went in to get one thing. They came out with another. Their access to the thing they knew they wanted had been narrowed, and it had also been planted with diverting hedges and mazed with alluring by-paths leading toward other things, substitutes.

I do not say that the substitutes were not just as good. Their goodness is not here the point. The point is the substitution itself. If you really want foulard A and get foulard B, foulard B is a substitute. And here we come to the seeds in the core of retail merchandizing.

The Ultimate Consumer has a right to expect that her retailer shall exercise an impartial judgment in her behalf with regard to those two foulards. But it is preposterous to think that he will do so when price-cutting has taken the retail profit out of foulard A.

On the whole, the mass of retailers will "push"—successfully—the wares on which the retail profit still exists, and they will "knock"—successfully—the wares on which the retail profit has been destroyed. That's not good for the public. It is very bad. And it is especially and particularly bad when you go on to the next point in it.

What had Cheney Brothers done to deserve that extremely painful contraction of their sales in Boston? They had succeeded, as various other textile manufacturers have succeeded, in giving their products a good name. They had spent some eighty years making the name Cheney mean something, and something right, on bolts

of silk. That's the fault they had committed.

That was why the friend of the people made such a stir in the pocketbook of the Ultimate Consumer when he announced that he would cut a Cheney product. That was why competitors felt obliged to meet his cut and go under it. That was why the sale went on and on to its disastrous finish.

So now you see how to do it. Make an individual product. Remember that. Individualize it. Put personality into it. Make it different from other products. Give it a name to be known by. Make that name known favorably. The public wants your product. It becomes famous. Then the price-cutting will begin. Then the destruction of the retail profit will begin. Then the unwillingness of the mass of retailers to "push" your product will begin. Then their eagerness to sell substitutes for your products will begin. Then the contraction of your sales will begin. And you will be punished for having made a uniform, standard, individualized, named and known product.

See, then, the contending forces: On the one side, Price Cutting and Substitution, fortified by certain recent decisions of the Supreme Court. On the other side, the growth of individuality in manufacture, and, along with it, the one-price system.

It is the manufacturer of the individualized product who has tried to say to the retailer: "One price—to all consumers at all times!" He is driven to this policy. He remembers what happened to Cosmo Buttermilk Soap.

It was a famous soap in its day. Its regular price, retail, was ten cents. That was the price at which the manufacturers asked the retailers to retail it. Asked.

At this point some of the members of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives begin to fear with a great fear. There is a bill in Congress saying that the manufacturer may bind the retailer to retail his product at a settled price, at one price, with no price-cutting tolerated. This bill was introduced by Mr. Stevens of New Hampshire.

Many Congressmen are troubled, sincerely troubled. If the Stevens bill were passed, what would prevent the manufacturers of Cosmo Buttermilk Soap from binding the retailer to retail their soap at twenty cents—or at a dollar? And then think how the public would be plundered!

The poor innocent manufacturers of Cosmo Buttermilk Soap! They didn't know that the game of business was so easy. They were in it. They would have liked well enough to sell their soap at a dollar or at ten dollars. But they couldn't. And the reason why they couldn't was so simple and so annoying. Their cruel competitors wouldn't let them.

The public bought Cosmo Buttermilk Soap at ten cents, compared it on its own account with other ten cent soaps, decided that it was a good soap at the price, and then came back and bought it again—and again.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap became prosperous, competitively; and its name, its trade mark, became valuable —so much so that its owners were offered more than a quarter of a million of dollars for it, and declined.

But there was a danger. The danger was in having any name at all. The danger was in being individualized.

Let me shift for just a moment from soap to coffee. Here's a coffee quite nameless, lying in a bin. Well, you can't hurt it, no matter what price you sell it at. And the Ultimate Consumer does actually buy it at thirty-eight cents and goes her way still highly pleased with herself. She does not know that it also sells at twenty-five cents a pound.

I mention thirty-eight cents and twenty-five cents out of real life. The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor in New York City has been inquiring at length into retail prices. Here's a coffee shoveled out of a bin and taken to a certain store. There it sells at thirty-eight. It is shoveled out of that same

bin and taken to a certain other store, owned by the same firm, and there it sells at twenty-five. Anonymous coffee.

And tea. Emerging from its sack, it travels to one store and sells at thirty-five cents a pound. Emerging from the same sack, it travels to another store, owned by the same firm in the same city of New York, and sells at seventy. Anonymous tea.

Happy anonymous commodities! The Ultimate Consumer buys them at one price here to-day and at another price there to-morrow, and all is merry as an Oriental bazaar. She can not remember anything against them because she can't remember them. She looks into their blank, identical faces and there's nothing to remember them by. They can be sold to her at a score of different prices and she does not know it.

"Universal Department Store. Bargain Sale. Cosmo Buttermilk Soap, Now Three Cents."

The Ultimate Consumer remembers that. "Cosmo Buttermilk Soap." "Three Cents." The name and the price.

Enter, then, lady into neighborhood grocery store.

Lady—Cosmo Buttermilk Soap.

Grocer—Ten cents.

Lady (sweetly)—Robber!

And exit one lost lady customer.

Grocer sits down and writes to the Cosmo Buttermilk manufacturers:

Gentlemen: You sell your soap, like everybody else making standard articles, at price which gives me only narrow margin for profit. And now you let Universal Department Store, this city, sell your soap for three cents. If you look for any more business from me you will be looking longer than I will live. Please cancel the order I sent you yesterday. Everybody told me you was a snide firm, and now I know it. Yours respectfully," etc.

There are millions of such letters in the files of the manufacturers of individualized products.

The price of an individualized product is as much a part of its individuality as its name. Demoralize the price and you demoralize the product.

This price-cutting may be done by local stores or it may be done by distant mail-order houses. The result is the same. The same old result. Retail profit in those products diminished or destroyed. Angry retailers. Fresh drummer who comes into retail stores and says to retailer: "Now here's a product your customers don't know much about. But push it. There's a big retail profit in it for you." Substitutes. And the distributing channels through which the well known and widely wanted products must reach the public are artificially clogged and choked.

It should all be blamed on great and courageous innovators like Mr. Babbitt, who saw his chance in the days when makers did not put their names on soap.

Mr. Babbitt saw his chance. He sawed his soap into chunks in his own factory and wrapped each chunk in a piece of paper and put his name on the paper. But it was a chance, this chance he took. For if you didn't like Mr. Babbitt's soap, you could spot it by its name instantly in every other retail establishment in the world. And you never bought it again.

Mr. Babbitt, and men like him in hundreds of other lines of business, went straight over the heads of the wholesaler and the retailer to the people. They conducted referendums. The people voted directly on their products.

For those products, therefore, these men changed the whole nature of merchandizing. If the vote of the people was unfavorable it didn't hit the retailer so very hard. It went back full force all the way to where the soap started, and hit the manufacturer. On the other hand, if the vote was favorable, if the people liked the soap and kept on buying it, they bought it not because of the retailer, but because of the name, because of the manufacturers.

It was a commercial revolution. In came an era of fiercer competition than had ever before existed between manufacturers.

The manufacturers of named and known products—in hardware, in jewelry, in clothes, in toilet articles, in furniture, in plumbing, in everything—couldn't save themselves by intrigues with the wholesaler and retailer. They couldn't trust to mere "pull" and "secret arrangements" for the "pushing" of their wares in wholesale and retail establishments. Their wares had names. They were out in the open, competing with all other similar wares, face to face, glovelessly, for the verdict of the public itself, each manufacturer standing or falling by what the public itself finally said.

That era is the era we now live in. True competition to-day in the price of named and known articles is not in the retail stores at all. It is in the factories. And it glows and flames there with a fire hotter than was ever before kindled in the modern industrial world. It is the most competitive competition ever invented. And it is dashed and quenched by price-cutting.

The Supreme Courts of Massachusetts, Kentucky, California and Washington have said that a manufacturer may bind a retailer by contract not to cut price his product. But the Supreme Court of the United States has also made a few decisions bearing on price-cutting. I skip the law on those decisions. I mention only the effect. The effect, throughout all interstate commerce, has been to give price cutting a broader range and heartier appetite. Price-cutting to-day is bolder than it ever was before, and more destructive. The need of a Federal statute about it has become urgent.

I touch on only one point of law—and that is a fact point. To many people a contract between a manufacturer and a retailer seems to be something against competition. They say:

This Dr. Miles Medical Company, which went to the Supreme Court to fight price cutting—it manufactures, among other things, a "Restorative Tonic." And it wants that tonic to be retailed at one price by all drug stores. Well, suppose every druggist in a given community signs a contract with the Miles Company agreeing to that price. Then there is no competition between those druggists as to the retail price of the "Miles Restorative Tonic." Isn't this the same thing as if the druggists, all together, had formed a combination and had signed a mutual agreement fixing the price? Isn't competition killed out in one case exactly as in the other?

I don't think so. The two cases are precisely opposites. When all the druggists in a given community meet together to fix the retail price of the Miles "Restorative Tonic," they have a monopoly. They control their market. They can name a monopoly price. Let it be two dollars. What is to prevent them?

But here are the officers of the Miles Company about to put their "Restorative Tonic" on the market and about to name its price. Have they a monopoly? Do they control their market? Can they name a monopoly price? There are about a thousand reasons why they can't. There are about a thousand other tonics eager for business. That's all. And the officers of the Miles Company don't say two dollars for their "Restorative Tonic." They say one dollar, and are glad to get it.

If the Miles Company entered into a secret conspiracy with all the other manufacturers of medicines in the United States and named a conspiracy price, a monopoly price, on their products, why, then, it would be a case for the Attorney-General of the United States. It would not be the case we are looking at here.

Here we are defending an absolutely competitive thing—the right of the individual manufacturer, all by himself, in a competitive market, to name the retail price of his own individualized property.

At present he sends that property, his own product, which he himself

made, out into the retail market and there sees it used to injure him and to injure and confuse the public in at least three different ways, all equally weird.

I distinguish three families or species of price-cutting. You see all of them every day.

First, there is "Common or Cut-Throat" price-cutting.

This is simply a blind rage among retailers. It can be as bad for them as for the product they are cutting. It killed McLaughlin's "4 X" Coffee; but it killed it only after thousands of retailers had been selling it for months without profit. They had been conveying McLaughlin's "4 X" Coffee to the public without charging the public anything for that conveying work. Which is mere madness—a frenzy spreading from one retailer to another —a circular insanity. It condemns itself at sight, and it explains why the mass of retailers are in favor of the one-price system—in order to protect themselves against themselves.

There's no use trying to think that it is prosperity for one section of the public to have another section doing something for it for nothing. That doesn't work.

Just as it is bad for the country to have its labor, or any part of its labor, constantly employed at less than a fair wage, so it is bad for it to have its business, or any part of its business, constantly transacted at less than a fair profit. It is unscientific in principle and demoralizing in result.

These killings and cripplings of standard products (which the Ultimate Consumer had bought with eagerness at the regular price) are a direct injury to the public. But the indirect injury is even more important. I call it indirect only because it does not come to the surface quite so soon. This indirect injury is the one that follows on every kind of "unfair competition" in any line of business. It is: One more force, one more artificial force, added to the movement leading toward concentration of capital, toward bigness, toward control by the few.

In the bosom of the second family or species of price cutting, you will begin to see that force at work.

This second variety of price cutting is "vicarious" price cutting. You cut the prices of well known products while you carefully do not cut the prices of many products which are not well known.

For instance, you offer to sell Kolynos Tooth-Paste at three tubes for forty-six cents. I've seen that particular price several times. A fraction more than fifteen cents a tube. The lowest wholesale price is fourteen and a quarter cents a tube. You are losing money. The public doesn't know that. But it knows that three tubes of Kolynos for forty-six cents is a bargain, and it perceives that you are a wonderful merchandizer.

You take this bargain, this tribute to your merchandizing skill, and you place it in your page advertisement in the Sunday paper. Perhaps you place it next to your statements about the value of things which have no established known values—say, your new offerings in fur coats. That wouldn't be a bad idea. If you're a wonderful merchandizer on Kolynos, perhaps you are a wonderful merchandizer on fur coats. Not a bad idea at all. And it pays. The public actually bite on it.

As for poor Jenkins, back in New Haven, pumping Kolynos into tubes, he's only the manufacturer. Let him yelp. He made Kolynos in order to throw a bargain roselight on those fur coats.

One of the biggest New York department stores had a sale not long ago of Gillette razors at $1.95. Some more wonderful merchandizing. Even with a special price from the manufacturer, the store lost more than a dollar on every razor it sold. It might better (scientifically speaking) have given each customer one new silver dollar to persuade him not to buy a razor.

Is that really merchandizing at all? Some day the primitive barbarousness of it will appear to us clearly, and we will look at it as we now look at the

haggling in the market stalls of Cairo and Damascus.

The only reason for it, manifestly, is to get the consumer into the store and then sell him something else besides. It's not business. It's a guessing game. The wary consumer tries to buy only bargains, and make his get-away. The still warier merchant knows that he won't be able to make his getaway without falling into some other purchase. And the size and pomp of the magnificent building in which the thing is done proves that the merchant is right.

The Supreme Court of Washington did not hesitate to take judicial notice of this fact. It said: "It is a fallacy to assume that the price cutter pockets the loss. The public makes it up on other purchases."

Here I have one final question to answer about the one-price system for standard products.

Let us suppose that the Stevens bill, now in Congress, should pass. Suppose, by that means or by any other means, it were made possible for the manufacturer, in interstate commerce, to readily bind the retailer to retail his product at one price. Might he not ask an "exorbitant" price?

Yes, he might.

But he can ask an exorbitant price now. He has a perfect right, always has had, and always will have, to sell his product out of his factory to the retailer at any price he pleases. You can't take that away from him. Nobody can prevent you from selling your hat to your neighbor for a hundred dollars if you can get it. Nobody can prevent the manufacturer of a safety razor from selling his razor, his own razor, to the retailer for a hundred dollars if he can get it. The question here is not the manufacturer's profit at all. It is the retail profit. Shall the retail profit be demoralized and destroyed, with all of the injuries I have shown resulting to approved products and to the public's access to approved products?

I submit that every competitive manufacturer of such articles should be permitted by Federal law to bind his retailers against price-cutting. I submit that such a law, spurring competition, is more desirable than any number of laws bitting and bridling monopoly.

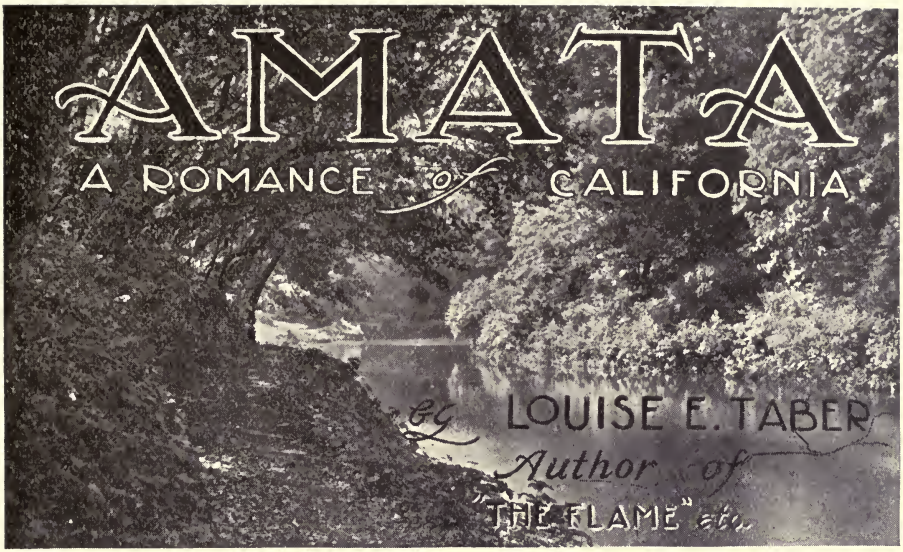
And I believe I can show that in other fields of business likewise there is a more instant need of pro-competition than of anti-monopoly legislation.

EVENSONG

The voice of Love heard singing far off stage
  Melodious as the vesper of the thrush;
  Night falls, the curtain falls, and falls a hush
Upon the audience. Finis. The last page
Is read, book closed, and naught but dreams engage
  The inward gazing eyes. Now fades the flush
  From Heaven's cheeks and Hers. 'Tis star-time: Tush,
Mad heart! Too late red fires romantic rage.

'Tis over. 'Twas but the passion of a play,
Set piece of Spring, Love dying with the day,
  Demanding but Art's guerdon of a tear.
  How strange Love's voice heard singing in the ear;
How sad, how sweet, heard singing far away;
  How real Death's distance makes it and how dear!

HARRY COWELL.



XVI.

IT WAS with a struggle that Mr. Burke controlled himself when Amata fell unconscious in Roy's arms. The miner had not much refinement and sympathy, but he was deeply stirred, because Amata's youth and beauty fascinated him. He let Marcella take him away, knowing that he could not go to the girl's aid when Roy was present, but the touch of Marcella's hand on his sleeve gave him a shock of repulsion. During the first few moments while they were walking, his desire to win the heiress was gone, but his calculating shrewdness soon reasserted itself, and he realized how absurd it would be for him to lose her for the sake of a street singer of whose charms he would tire, and after the infatuation would be gone what would be left? Nothing but the regret that he had lost the one woman who could place him where he wanted to go.

Marcella's finely curved brows were drawn together in an angry frown; her eyes shot sparks of passion. She cared more for Roy than she was willing to acknowledge even to herself, and to see his loving protection of this other girl stirred savage impulses. She turned snappingly on Mr. Burke.

"I'm going into this bower. Please bring me an ice."

She sat on the bench in the little rose bower, where the electric lights shone softly in the foliage, and resting her nervous hand on the rustic table, tapped it impatiently with her nails. A tempest was surging through her, and she felt every nerve and muscle being torn by the storm. She had thought that she no longer cared for Roy, but she knew now that she never had cared so much, and the girl who had won him from her was a beggar of the streets.

When Mr. Burke came, he gave her a quick glance. She did not heed him nor the dish he set before her. Her eyes were fixed as though they had been staring many hours at the same point. Mr. Burke waited, but she did not turn. He sat on the bench beside her.

"Please don't be so distressed," he begged, in a quiet, imploring tone. "The girl isn't worth your annoyance."

Marcella's frown deepened. "I am

used to her vulgar displays, but I am incensed that Mr. Marston has fallen into her clutches. I thought he was too shrewd to be caught by such tricks. My family and his have been intimate for years, and I feel for him as I should for a ——" She paused.

"He is like a brother. Yes, I understand." Mr. Burke bent his head with sympathetic gravity.

"Yes, a brother," she repeated. "It is hard to see a person who has become like one's own family make himself ridiculous."

The miner nodded. "But often it is just such a girl who will fascinate a young man. Youth is impulsive and headstrong, but by the time the first romantic years of married life have passed, wisdom comes, and the man is disillusionized."

"Surely he would not *marry* her!" she exclaimed.

The miner shrugged. "I shouldn't be at all surprised. We see rich men thrust upon the social world women who are unfit for the positions they must occupy."

Marcella's blood tingled. She had not considered the probability of Roy's marrying Amata; she had thought only that the singer had fascinated him and would hold his heart against the attractions of another girl. She was tempted to believe that there was truth in Mr. Burke's suggestion. Her revengeful spirit was stirred to its depths. She wanted to find some way by which she could repay him and make him suffer for the indignity to which he had subjected her by being intimate at her home and then turning from her. It would be gratifying to attain an enviable position in London through the aid of Roy's sister, a position that would be beyond his reach, hampered by a plebeian wife. Marcella wanted to find a suitor whose ambitions were like her own. Her spitefulness overpowered her affection for Roy, and as Mr. Burke watched her, he saw the change come into her eyes.

"He'll repent," she said, brushing her hand across her brow, as though to dash away her disappointment at the loss of Roy. Taking up the dainty spoon, she tasted the ice with a relish.

The miner was well pleased. "As I told you a while ago," he began, "I used my strongest influence last night to induce that girl to go away, but she seemed determined to remain. Perhaps it is the interest that Mr. Marston and the Gordons show for her that gives her the courage to stay here longer."

"I am afraid my nerves are not very strong, for her vulgar, insulting actions quite upset me."

He gave her an uneasy glance. "Are you ill?" His tone held more anxiety than she ever had heard, and it gave her a pleasant thrill.

"Not exactly ill, but I need a change. I want to go to Europe."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Yes, three years ago."

"Europe will be my destination before long," he said, thinking for the first time that he would go.

"Really?" she asked, with interest.

Hope came strongly into his heart and made him bold. "I'll go anywhere if you were there."

She blushed. "You are flattering me again!"

"Can't you understand that you have created a new world for me? Pardon me!"

"A new world!" she thoughtfully repeated.

He leaned a little closer. "I wish I could create for you the same happiness that you have made for me. Life could hold nothing else for which I'd care." He saw the triumphant sparkle that mingled with the pleasure in her eyes. She glanced away, knowing that she was betraying too great a satisfaction in listening for the first time to such a declaration. He seemed very handsome now that his face was lighted with love, and she forgot that he was only a miner.

"I'd be glad to see you in Europe," she said, after a pause. "How soon are you going?"

"When you are there."

Her eyes fell before his ardent gaze.

"You would be the American queen in any foreign city," he added. "No one can surpass you in beauty and brilliancy."

"You would like to see me popular in some great capital?"

"Yes, and all I ask is to bask in the rays of your glory."

Her heart was fluttering. He was ambitious for her! He loved her! She would refine him and teach him the air of distinction. He did not have money enough to make him of value, but as she gave him a glance she knew that his devotion would atone for other disadvantages.

When she did not answer, he asked her with a show of anxiety: "Have I been too bold? Forgive me!"

She smiled and held out her hand. A low exclamation of joy broke from him and he slipped to his knees and bent over her hand, kissing it with passionate humility. Her heart was throbbing. She had not believed that an American man could love with such romantic ardor. Some moments passed before he rose. He felt her hand trembling in his, and knew that he had conquered. What he could gain through a marriage with her would repay him for the acting he must do all his life. The role was amusing and rather pleasing, as she was beautiful. It would not be hard to play the Romeo, but before he raised his head and slipped back on the bench he smiled that a man of his age should be enacting such a part. There was no amusement in his face as he said: "Life meant nothing to me before I saw you; now it is a priceless jewel."

She did not answer, for her father stood at the entrance, his eyes aglow with anger.

"Some of the girls are asking for you, Marcella," he said.

"I have kept you too long," Mr. Burke spoke quickly, and rose, stepping aside so that she could pass. "I must beg your friends' forgiveness."

Marcella's smile had lost much of its charm, for she was angry at her father's intrusion. As she stepped out of the bower, she did not glance at him, but turning to Mr. Burke, said: "Let us join our friends."

He hesitated, seeing Mr. Van Dorn's fiery gaze riveted on him. Roy drew near, and the miner said to Marcella: "I'm afraid I've monopolized your attention too much already, and I think Mr. Marston has come for you."

"Won't you join me?" Roy asked in a kindly tone. His anger had been dispelled, for Amata had forgiven her. The world was beautiful to him now, and he held no bitter feeling towards any one.

Marcella paused, tempted to refuse his arm, but her attraction to him was not dead. They were silent as they went away. Suddenly she noticed the Marston motorcar standing at the side gate. Amata and the old man were in it, waiting for the chauffeur, who was hurrying from the garage back to the machine. She suspected that Roy had just left them, and all her turbulent emotions were roused again. Quickly withdrawing her hand from his arm, she said frigidly:

"I prefer to walk alone."

He abruptly halted. "I am sorry, Marcella."

"You are easy prey," she retorted with cutting mockery. "I pity you!" She went across the lawn alone.

XVI

Amata awoke before daylight the next morning and lay in her little cot, thinking of the change that had come into her life. It hardly seemed true that Roy loved her, and when she could convince herself of the reality of it, she was dazed by wonder. No one but the old man ever had become an actual part of her life, and she had not seriously considered the possible companionship of any one else. Now everything was different. The tranquil, care-free life was gone, and could not return. Roy had made this complete change, although she did not

expect to win him under the present conditions. She had decided to ask the Gordons for help so that she could study for the concert stage. In this position she thought that Roy's family could not find her objectionable. She wanted to work, that she might feel she had earned the right to his love.

As the first days of sun began to creep into the room, she rose and dressed quickly. Pushing open the little window near her bed she stood for a moment looking over the garden, then she quietly slipped out to stroll over the fields and watch the sunrise. The sky was aglow with a fiery pink hue, and her heart was filled with a glad song. She wanted to run and dance, for the beauty of the morning and the happiness of Roy's love were thrilling her. Her little chip basket was swinging on her arm, and she gathered wild flowers to brighten her bare room. When she started home she did not realize that she had been gone nearly an hour. The old man was still sleeping, so she took bread out to feed the birds. Before she had finished scattering the crumbs, Mr. Burke came.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You are out early."

"Yes. The hope of seeing you made me rise at this hour."

She frowned.

"I haven't come to bring you fresh grief," he gently said, "but I do want to speak of Miss Van Dorn's cruelty to you. It kept me awake half the night."

"I am sorry. It has been forgiven."

He gave her a sharp glance, and saw with puzzled surprise and jealousy that something new had come into her eyes—some great joy. He knew of no one who could have wrought this change but Roy or Mr. Van Dorn. Mr. Burke did not know whether to continue his pursuit of her. If Marcella should learn that he cared for the girl, his dream of wealth and social prestige was at an end, but he could not see Amata without an intense longing to win her. If he could induce her to stay in San Francisco, perhaps he could carry on the duplicity without discovery, but there was something about her, especially now that a new happiness seemed to have come to her, that made him hesitate to offer her his love, and yet from the first he had doubted her innocence.

"There is something angelic in you if you can forgive such treatment," he said, eyeing her with puzzled interest.

She smiled. "No. If her better nature had been awakened when a child, she never would act as she has with me."

"I don't know of any one who could feel as you do," he said, with admiration.

Amata did not wish such appreciation from him, for she was beginning to feel that he was not sincere.

"Your singing last night impressed me so deeply that I have come to renew my offer to help you to the opera stage," he added. "I never have heard any voice that equaled yours when you sang that aria from 'Mignon.'"

A wiseful light came into her eyes. He shrewdly studied her, and the perfect purity and faultlessness of her beauty were working their spell over him. Marcella's charm paled before this girl's loveliness.

"As you stood on that balcony looking down on the people, I pictured you in my imagination as you would be on the stage. I heard the applause of the enraptured throng that is to greet you in the future, and I was thrilled by the glory of the success that you are going to make." His voice rang with ardent interest, and he leaned a little closer to her with a sort of eagerness, as though to arouse in her the enthusiasm he felt.

An uncomfortable sensation stole over her. There was something strange in his tone, an unrestrained fervor that she had not heard before, and as she slowly turned and looked into his eyes, she found that they were sparkling with a light that was betraying itself for the first time.

"I don't see how you could have

thought all this," she said. "I noticed while I was singing that you talked all the time with Miss Van Dorn, and I wondered why it was that you were so devoted to her when you have told me that you don't like her."

Mr. Burke's heart gave a sudden throb, and in his eagerness he imagined that there was jealousy in her tone.

"I didn't intend to sit with her so long," he explained, "but I can't ignore her entirely when she always makes me a guest at her home. Don't think that I am interested in her, for I am not. I never heed any one when you are present." He looked at her boldly, but did not find the response for which he had hoped.

"I am glad my singing pleases you," she said, and he wondered if she really did not understand. "It is a great pleasure to give others enjoyment, but the picture that came to your mind can never be a reality. I am not going on the stage."

"Do you intend to accept money from Mr. Van Dorn?" he exclaimed.

"No."

"You have determined on the concert stage?" he asked.

"Yes."

He did not answer at once, because he wanted to give his decision a final consideration. Would it be safe to take the risk he was planning? He struggled to review the situation with calmness, but Amata's eyes looked into his and he could not see beyond them.

"I'll help you to the concert stage, if you have decided that this is the profession you want," he said. "The reason I have held to the opera is because there is more money in it for you, but I am ready to help you to anything you desire. You have but to speak."

She turned to him and saw the light that was burning intensely in his eyes, and she was repulsed by it. Instinct suddenly told her that she could not take anything from him.

"I appreciate your kindness, but I cannot accept."

"Why not?"

She did not know how to answer, and rising, went towards the flowers.

Mr. Burke forgot everything but her beauty and charm. He saw himself losing her, because some man had intervened, he thought. His better judgment was overturned by his eager desire for her.

"No matter what any one has offered you," he said in an impassioned tone, "don't think that it is best to refuse me and what I can give. It is all, all for you!"

He was close beside her, and with sudden fear, she turned and looked at him. Then she began to understand, and the terror of it made her face go white.

"Oh" she gasped, shrinking back and holding out her hands to repel him. But he was dazzled, blinded, and he did not know that it was a gesture of repulsion. He sprang forward and caught her in his arms. She struggled in desperate silence, but his arms were like a vise. One hand broke from his grasp. His lips were near hers, and she struck him a stinging blow across the face with a force that staggered him. Her commanding figure was drawn up to its utmost height and she was trembling with rage. All the fire and passion of her Latin race were reflected in her eyes, and Burke took a backward step, forgetting the sting in the surprise of this sudden transformation. Her gentle sweetness was gone. A savage spirit had taken its place, and for a moment they stood gazing at each other in ominous silence, then Amata said in a tone quivering with contempt:

"Leave this garden, and don't dare to come again. I didn't suspect that you were a scoundrel. Go!" She threw out her arm with a quick fling and pointed to the walk. The bitter scorn in her eyes lashed him. He went, his cheek still crimson from her blow.

* * * *

All the infatuation he had felt for Amata turned to the bitterest hatred, and he began to form plans by which he could be avenged. Her contempt

and her passionate resentment did not convince him of her honesty. He thought that she would not listen to him because another man had caught her fancy, either Roy or Mr. Van Dorn. He was anxiously awaiting an answer to the letter he had written to Gold Hill. Until it should come, he would devote himself to Marcella. For the next five days he rode with her in the morning by appointment, and he knew that every meeting was establishing him still more strongly in her favor. On the fifth day, when they were parting, she gave him her hand and he kissed it and held it tightly while they commented on the pleasant hours they had spent together. She slowly withdrew her hand only when a man came up the road. Mr. Burke went home feeling like a conqueror. He called for his mail, and quickly tore open one envelope that bore the stamp of Gold Hill. He found the news he wanted:

"You ask me to give you Van Dorn's history while he lived here. I have not thought of him for years, and did not know that he is living near San Francisco. Don't you remember how he got his start in life? You were a youngster then. He was always gambling. I never saw a more daring, adventurous fellow. Do you recall that man Wilson, the black sheep of a good family? He had staked off and was working the 'Jolly Fellow' mine. It was developing signs of great value. He had gone through everything, and no one had faith in him and his honesty. He was an inveterate gambler. One night he and Van Dorn sat down with the dice cups—Wilson had been drinking—and they played until Van Dorn had won all his opponent's money. Then Wilson, just intoxicated enough not to realize what he was doing, pledged his 'Jolly Fellow' mine, the only thing he could put up. Van Dorn won. The shock of what he had done sobered Wilson, but Van Dorn called us all as witnesses to the agreement. We had to acknowledge that Wilson was not under the influence of liquor enough to make him absolutely irresponsible. The loss of his mine plunged him into desperation. Van Dorn always has been merciless in driving a bargain, and this was the greatest luck that had come his way. We all had a hard feeling against him, for Wilson took to drinking and grew worse every day. Three weeks later he shot himself. Most of us shunned Van Dorn after that. He moved to a little log cabin in the outskirts of the town. You left Gold Hill about that time. I remember that you hadn't been gone long when an opera company came. The prima donna was a wonder. We all were crazy over her. She was a beautiful Italian woman, and her voice was the finest I've ever heard. Van Dorn was wild about her, and she fell in love with him. When the company went, she stayed and lived with him in his little cabin. I've forgotten her last name, but we all called her Amata."

Mr. Burke drew a sharp breath, and read on with eager interest.

"They lived together for two or three years, and his love for her never seemed to cool. He kept her isolated in that far off cabin, but I don't think she cared for any one but him, or she would have run away. She could have gone easily, for he used to go off sometimes and stay for a week or ten days. He was making money fast. Wilson's mine paid big, and Van Dorn bought other properties that started him on the road to wealth. Once he went away and never returned. He had sold one of his mines for a tremendous price, and left a man to take care of his other interests. He deserted Amata. She lived alone in that cabin nearly a year, then she disappeared, taking with her their baby girl, who had been born after Van Dorn abandoned her."

Mr. Burke did not stop to read the last page, for it held nothing of interest to him. This Amata was Van Dorn's child! He could hardly believe it, but it explained the millionaire's interest in the girl. The miner smiled, thinking how different it was from what he had imagined. He knew that

Van Dorn was afraid to acknowledge Amata as his daughter. His wife, Marcella and social conventionality, stood between him and the child he undoubtedly had learned to love. A cruel light lurked in the miner's eyes. The time had come when he could go to the millionaire as his absolute master, and he would go to-day. He glanced at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. He could reach the city and find Mr. Van Dorn before luncheon. He slipped a paper into his pocket, and catching up his hat, hurried off with exultation in his step.

On arriving at San Francisco, he went to the offices of the Prosperity Oil Company. As he entered the first large, handsomely furnished room, he found more than half a dozen clerks and several stenographers. Van Dorn was indeed reaping a harvest out of the credulous public, he thought, as he went to the desk and asked to see the millionaire.

"Come in, please," the clerk said, holding the door open for the miner to enter the private office.

Mr. Burke flashed a quick glance around the elegantly furnished room, then his eyes rested on Mr. Van Dorn, and he found that he was being studied with a mingling of displeasure and curiosity.

"Well, Burke, what brought you here?"

The miner smiled at the tone, which held but little courtesy. He took the chair on the opposite side of the desk.

"I came to look into this Prosperity Oil Company," he quietly said.

Mr. Van Dorn gave him a sharp glance. "Do you want to buy some stock?"

"No. I want to find out why the stock I have doesn't pay. I bought out Mr. La Farge's interest." His shrewd eyes saw the sudden tightening of Mr. Van Dorn's muscles, but the answer came reassuringly:

"Did you take his stock? He was impatient. Couldn't wait for dividends."

Mr. Burke drew the long, folded paper from his pocket. "Perhaps he thought he had waited long enough—two years. I took his stock in perfect faith"—the shadow of a smile flitted across his face, and Mr. Van Dorn saw it, as the miner intended he should—"but I don't want to wait forever to get returns. What's the trouble?"

"We have been under heavy expense this last year, but the stock will pay dividends in two or three months."

"Then I'm willing to wait. Only I want to be sure that it is good for something. Other stockholders must be dissatisfied—those who don't understand these deals as *we* do."

Mr. Van Dorn was apparently unconscious of the insinuation in his tone. "These investments are worth waiting for," he calmly said.

Mr. Burke nodded. "You might have this stock transferred into my name," and he laid it on the desk.

A clerk came in answer to Mr. Van Dorn's ring, and was given the necessary instructions.

Mr. Burke sat back with lordly content. After the clerk had gone, he talked familiarly, but the millionaire did not encourage him.

"I am glad I went to San Mateo," he was saying. "The people have made me feel as though I've lived there all my life. Your daughter is a charming girl."

Mr. Van Dorn gave him a quick glance. "Yes; she is pretty."

"Not merely pretty," the miner corrected with a touch of enthusiasm. "She is beautiful." He gave Mr. Van Dorn a glance. "Did you ever learn what became of Amata's mother after you left her in Gold Hill?"

Mr. Van Dorn blanched, and his hands gripped the arms of his chair. Had he wished to answer he could not, for his breath caught chokingly, but he managed to sit rigid under the unwavering gaze of the miner's sharp eyes. He did not hear the knock on his door, and he did not even notice that the clerk had entered, until he was beside the desk, and laying down the paper, said:

"The stock has been transformed on the books, Mr. Van Dorn."

Then the millionaire looked down, and realized that he was to sign this paper that would give Burke another way by which to threaten or expose him. He nodded and the clerk retired.

With the calmest, most friendly smile, Mr. Burke said: "If you'll sign the stock, I won't keep you any longer."

Mr. Van Dorn took up the pen and signed with his peculiar flourish, but his mind did not follow his fingers. Habit made him turn the paper and press it on the blotter, then he folded it and gave it to the miner. His eyes were fixed on Burke's face, and he was trying to discern how far the man would go in his revenge. Years ago, in Gold Hill, Mr. Van Dorn had defrauded him of a small mining interest.

"I wish to speak again of your daughter," Burke said. "I love her, and I want your consent to marry her."

Mr. Van Dorn sat suddenly erect, roused to the need of the moment. He was about to retaliate in stinging words when it occurred to him that Burke had disclosed his knowledge concerning Amata, that he might use it as a threat if Mr. Van Dorn refused to consider him a suitor for Marcella's hand.

"We never have been friends, Burke, and you know you are not the man I'd select for her husband, but if she wants you, that is her affair."

"I love her enough to make her happy."

"I hope so—if you are her choice."

For a time Mr. Van Dorn sat as Burke had left him. He saw the crisis that was at hand, and he was bracing himself to meet it. It no longer could remain a secret that Amata was his child, for Burke was ready to use the information whenever it would suit his purpose. Only one course lay before him—he must confess to his wife and Marcella. He tried to look into the future, but it stretched before him like a page covered with confused, illegible writing.

(To be continued.)

SEI-AD

Breathless, still the summer air,
  Within that fairy vale to-night,
While the Klammath moans a pray'r
  So lonesome in the starry light.

Circling with his nightly boom,
  Above the pine trees on the hill,
Calling through the dusky gloom,
  The hoarse cry of the whippoorwill.

On some lonely moonlit trail,
  Near where drifting shadows play,
Comes the coyote's quav'ring wail
  Through forests deep and far away.

Listless still, the summer night!
  The little valley slumbers there,
Wrapped in the silv'ry light,
  The river moaning its lone pray'r.

ALICE PHILLIPS.

Crater Lake, Oregon

By Ralph Bacon

I left the long white pummice slide
Where Anna Creek in joyous pride
Leaps from Mazama's rugged side
And in her maiden ecstasy
Begins her amours with the sea.
I climbed straight up through long, rank grass
Where icy brooks converge and pass
And feed strange weeds whose colors show
The deep, o'erpowering drifts of snow.
Then came the region of dead pines:
High up they stood, pale ivory spines
Great towering wraiths where once had stood
The proudest monarchs of the wood.
Then dense green forests rose and spread
A somber twilight overhead,
Until beyond, the light broke through
Where all the pines close clustered drew
In circles silent and profound
As if they stood on hallowed ground.
I reached the light, passed forest's edge,
When suddenly the crater's ledge
Dropped sheer before my startled face
And left me standing miles in space!
Then beauty struck me dumb and stayed my breath,
Such as men dream comes after death,
When, gazing o'er great heaven's rim
They first behold the seraphim
And feel their weight of mortal clay
Drop from their souls and fade away;
So, standing on that crater's rim,
I felt my clay grow strangely thin,
I felt my soul lift from the place,
And poise a moment high in space
Irresolute which way to fly,
The azure lake so matched the sky.
Deep in the center of the blue,
A mountain top had broken through—
'Twas as a peak should sudden rise
And thrust its point clear through the skies.
Around the crater's palisades,
Sheer upward rose the great Cascades;
The sunbeams flashed from peaks to peaks,
And touched with fire the ancient streaks
Of crag-imprisoned winter snow
That stretched from sky to lake below.
Around, great nature lay so still,
A nether mile far down the hill
I heard a pebble loose itself and break
The deep blue mirror of the lake.

HOW AND WHAT TO FIGHT

"The Good Fight"

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"So fight I, not as one that beateth the air."—1 Cor. 9:26.

EVERY organ of the human mind is useful, if it be properly directed and controlled. Combativeness, the fighting quality, might at first be supposed to be inimical, even antagonistic, to the proper Christian development—a hindrance and blemish. But this is not the correct thought. The man or woman who does not possess this quality of combativeness to some degree will be unsuccessful in heavenly, spiritual matters, as well as in earthly affairs. True, the Lord pronounces special blessings upon the meek, the peacemakers, the peace lovers, and He calls His people "sheep," and thus implies that they must not be ravenous nor vicious. But, on the other hand, the Lord's call to His people for a separateness of life and opposition to the world, the flesh and the Devil, implies resistant and fighting qualities of mind. He who possesses none of this quality can evidently never be a victor in the "good fight."

The thought of Christian warfare as a continual battle against adverse influences is everywhere prominent in the Scriptures. Our Lord Jesus is styled the "Captain of our Salvation." And the Apostle speaks of his followers as "good soldiers of Jesus Christ" who "fight the good fight," and thus come off "conquerors and more than conquerors, through Him that loved us and bought us with His precious blood."

Good and Bad Combinations.

It is our mental combination that counts. The various members of our mental organism unite, combine their influence, federate, as it were, and thus form personality. Our mental members make one or another of their members chairman or controller of their interests and eternal destiny. Or, perhaps, it is an association of members which control, with one in the ascendency. It is thus that man is a free moral agent and an image of his Creator. It is for this reason that knowledge and wisdom from on High are so very essential to a proper character development.

The whole world may be divided along these lines into two classes, the one guided and controlled by earthly affairs and interests, and the other by heavenly hopes and interests. The former are what the Scriptures term the "natural man," and include many of earth's noblemen, as well as the earthly, sensual, devilish. Those controlled by the heavenly hopes, called the "spirit-begotten," "new creatures," are but a small number, and include some

gathered from every plane of natural life, noble and ignoble by nature, but all now impulsed by the Holy Spirit, by which they have been begotten again to heavenly hopes, ambitions and aims. A consideration of these two classes may help us to locate ourselves and to determine to what extent, if at all, we desire a change. Let us consider first:

"The Natural Man."

The mistake is too commonly made of supposing that a "natural man" signifies a mean or bad man. Adam was a "natural man," in the image of his creator, and pronounced by the Almighty "very good." His children to-day are all natural men, but fallen in varying directions and degrees, some of them more and some of them less noble, estimable, lovable. Each of these has his own peculiar combination of faculties and has reached his own conclusions, or will, respecting his course in life. The person without a will is like a ship without a rudder, a derelict carried by winds and currents, but lacking individuality. No one should be content to remain in such a condition. The will should be formulated and put into control. Life should be realized to be the valuable asset, and should be used accordingly, with the best wisdom or judgment which the individual can command.

Looking amongst people of this class we behold some noble, benevolent, reverential, the world's wise, the great and good—though we must not for a moment suppose that they have no faults, no blemishes, no weaknesses, which they should also be seeking to conquer. Such noble men and women are often mistakenly called Christians and thought to be regenerate by those who do not clearly comprehend the difference between the "Natural Man" and the "New Creature" in Christ Jesus. These are "Natural" because their thoughts, ambitions and efforts, though noble, are earthly, not heavenly —not spiritual. The fact that they attend church service and appreciate music, sermons and prayer, proves nothing; because all natural men should esteem these things and appreciate them, as the first perfect man unquestionably did, and as restored humanity undoubtedly will in the future.

The other extreme of the "natural man" is sensual, vicious, devilish. He possesses some good traits and abilities, but as a whole is wrong, because he has put the wrong combination of faculties into the place of control in his life. A change of control, a new will, conformed to justice, would make a new man of him—not the same as the man of nobler natural constitution, but nevertheless a nobler man than he is at present. But such a change or conversion of the will from a course of evil would not, of necessity, signify that the individual had ceased to be a "natural man" and had become a "new creature," spirit-begotten.

Spirit-Begotten New Creatures.

A "new creature," from the Spiritual standpoint, is one to whom old things, both good and bad, have passed away, and all things have become new. Such an one may have been a noble, natural man, as above described, or a less noble, or a most degraded natural man. The change may take place regardless of the moral station of the individual. Reasonings and philosophies may and do effect the "natural man"—sometimes favorably and sometimes unfavorably —but these do not produce the change from natural to spiritual, from earthly to heavenly nature. This change comes from only one source, and only to persons in one condition of mind or heart. It comes from on High. It is superhuman, and in its effect it is revolutionary. It comes to those who, because of natural humility of mind, realize themselves to be sinners, and, with natural conscientiousness and veneration, desire to approach their Creator and to obtain His favor and forgiveness of sins, and who thus are led to accept Christ as their personal Savior and Deliverer from sin.

Or it may come to others naturally less tender of heart, through sorrows and sufferings and heart-breaking experiences, leading them to look for the Friend above all others and to accept His proffered forgiveness and guidance. These experiences, accompanied by a turning from sin, with a desire to live soberly and righteously, bring such characters to the place which the Scriptures designate justification by Faith. Still, however, they are not "new creatures." The word justification implies making right, and does not imply making over, or a change of nature. It is the human nature that is justified or reckoned right in God's sight, because of faith in the precious blood of Jesus, the Redeemer. Another step must be taken before the change of nature can take place—the step of consecration, of devoting life, time, aims, ambitions, all, to the Lord and to His service.

It is to such only that the blessing of the Holy Spirit from Above is granted. Its effect in their hearts is the opening of the eyes of their understanding to new hopes and prospects and interests—not earthly, but heavenly. These become deeply interested in "the things which God hath in reservation for them that love Him"—the things which the natural eye hath not seen and the natural ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the natural heart.—1 Cor. 2:9.

Many natural ears have heard something about spiritual things, but they never really understood or appreciated these things. They have seen that there is this spiritual something, but the details of it they cannot discern any more than the natural sight can discern the conditions prevailing on the moon, though the moon be seen often. The "New Creatures" begin a newness of life—living in the future and for the future. They count all earthly things but as loss and dross, that they may win and share with Christ in the spiritual realm. Necessity, indeed, still compels them to provide things earthly, decent and honest for their families and themselves, but aside from these proprieties, they are dead to the world's ambitions, hopes and aims, because they have seen with their new eyes and their spiritual understanding through the telescope of God's Word, the Bible, wonderful things, grand beyond description and beyond the comprehension of the earthly mind. They are rich with the heavenly riches and daily becoming wiser with heavenly wishes and more thoroughly copies of their Redeemer if they follow on to know the Lord.

Different Fights—Different Fighters.

It will be readily discerned that there must be a great difference in all the affairs of these two classes—the "natural man" (better and worse) and the "New Creature" in Christ Jesus (more or less developed.) But what we wish now to impress is the weighty influence of the mental attitude, in respect to these. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." He may think one thing and strive to do another thing, but he will find it a difficult contract, and ultimately it will prove a failure. This Scripture should never be misinterpreted, as it is by some, to mean that if one thinks a thing right, that makes it right. No; it signifies that the mental determination or will represents the real man, from the Divine standpoint, whatever his weaknesses or blemishes or good traits; and whether he be an "old creature" or a "New Creature," this principle prevails. He cannot live above or beyond his will, his intention, his mental desires. How all-important, then, it is that both the "natural man" and the New Creature in Christ should have the will properly poised, balanced and fixed upon a righteous basis.

Although the Scriptures are addressed almost exclusively to the New Creatures, they nevertheless incidentally mark out lines of wisdom appropriate to the "natural man." His standards of justice should be nothing less than the Golden Rule—to do unto others as he wishes them to do unto him, under similar conditions. He

must be merciful, as he would wish them to be merciful; gentle and kind, as he would wish them to be gentle and kind. His business, his pleasures, his home relationship, should all be gauged by high standards of justice. If heretofore he has been allowing the baser and lower qualities of his mind to dominate him, he should see that this is a wrong course, and change it forthwith. Instead of allowing the lower, sensual appetites to control, he should have a mental re-election and vote into office and control the higher qualities of his mind, represented by the organs of conscientiousness, benevolence and the esthetic tastes, and should give these rule or authority over his meaner, baser nature, as it was originally in the perfect man, and as is indicated by the higher position of the nobler organs of the mind in the brain structure. The thing necessary is to reach the decision that the higher organs shall control, and the lower ones be subservient.

The Fight of the New Creature

The conversion or turning of even a decent "natural man" from a life controlled by selfishness to one controlled by justice and mercy is apt to be a strenuous fight. The lower faculties of the mind will continually seek to assert themselves and to regain their old control of the life which will thereafter be one of discussion between the higher ideals and the lower ones. The fight in the case of the more meanly born natural man is a more severe one, and generally results in his dissatisfaction because the lower qualities of his being are so strong that his will for righteousness, mercy and generosity is usually overridden, his conscience bruised and dissatisfied. He cries in his heart, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the power and domination of my body, which is dead in trespasses and sin, in evil propensities?" There is no relief for either of these extremes, nor for the intermediates of these natural men who desire to thoroughly abandon sin and live righteously, soberly and godly. The warfare is a continual one, and it is little by little that he gains, even temporarily, a victory.

The Apostle represents himself in the condition of this natural man, desiring righteousness and unable to attain it because of his own weaknesses and his evil environment, and then he gives us the key, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from this dead body?" He replies, "I thank God through Jesus Christ, our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the Law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." (Rom. 7:25.) The deliverance comes through a full surrender to Christ in harmony with the same Apostle's appeal, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. 12:1.

It will be noticed that the Apostle does not address sinners, but "brethren." They are counted brethren from the time they turn from sin and accept by faith Divine forgiveness through the merit of Christ's sacrifice. None but justified believers are thus privileged to present themselves or to be sacrifices upon the Lord's altar. All by nature are sinners, and not until the sins are reckonedly purged away through faith in the redeeming blood can the offering be accepted.

With the acceptance of the offering of the believer comes his begetting of the Holy Spirit, as a spiritual son of God and joint-heir with Jesus—to heirship in the Millennial Kingdom. These spirit-begotten ones have thenceforth a totally different standing before God. They are viewed as without sin, because the weaknesses of the flesh belong to the old nature, which was sacrificed. The New Creature, begotten of the Holy Spirit, is holy, pure, heavenly, in its desires and aspirations. It feeds upon the "bread from heaven," and is blessed with the peace of God which passeth

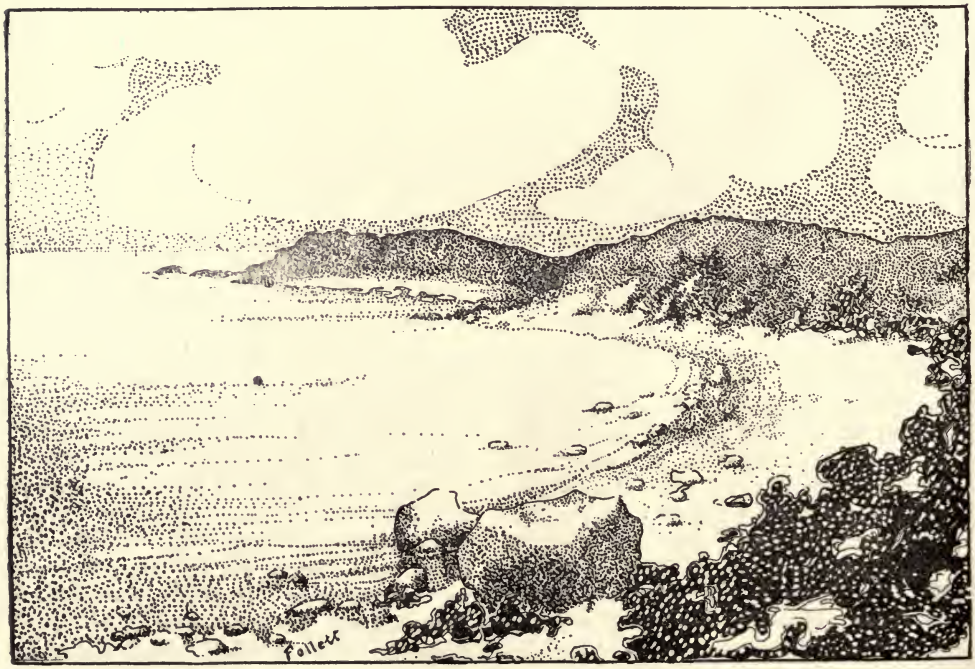
all human understanding. It is embryotic, however, and develops, grows in grace and knowledge.

"Renewed Day by Day."

Speaking of the conflict, the fight, of these New Creatures, the Apostle indicates that it is chiefly with their own flesh. The new will is begotten in the old frame, or body, and needs a reorganization of the government of the man, by which his rule of life is not only taken away from the baser faculties to the higher ones, as when he was justified through faith and turned from sin, but it means much more. It means the placing of the control outside of himself entirely—the acceptance of Christ as his Head as well as his Redeemer.

Henceforth for him to live is Christ—as a member of the Body of Christ. This class everywhere throughout the world may be Scripturally considered as The Christ in the flesh, because His Spirit dwells in them—His mind controls them. In this sense of the word, be it observed, the "flesh" of Christ is still in the world, and the Spirit or mind of Christ is still ruling it. In this larger thought "the sufferings of The Christ" are still in progress, for, as the Apostle suggests, "All these are daily dying"—taking up their cross and following after their Lord and Head. By and by the sufferings of this present time will be ended—the last "member of the Body of Christ" will have died, will have passed beyond the veil, will have been "changed in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye," in the First Resurrection. Shortly thereafter the Kingdom of glory will be inaugurated and "the reign of Sin and death" will be brought to an end; and the binding of Satan will take place, and the blessing of all the families of the earth will begin.

The battle of the New Creature is one of the principal topics of the New Testaments. It tells that his battle is to be unto victory, if he is faithful—if he will continue loyal to his covenant of sacrifice; because the Lord stands pledged to give him needed grace and strength and to bring him off "more than conqueror." It tells who are his foes, namely, the flesh and the devil.



SEP 5 1914

The Heart's Pathway

By Eleanor Duncan Wood

"Let not weeds choke the unused path, to thy friend's heart, O friend!"
Make smooth the half-forsaken track, the ragged borders tend.
Pull up the stabbing briars that lurk beside the narrow way
Leave not one root of bitterness to mar another day.

Plant close the leal forget-me-not, and heartsease dark with dew.
Let fragrant balm and rosemary their solace yield to you.
And woo the friendly wind to breathe of happy childish things,
Of clinging hands and tender hearts, and sweet rememberings.

So shall the dear familiar way grow fairer and more fair
The brooding sky bend soft above, the wild birds carol there.
And those eager, questing feet of thine shall tread until the end
That Happy Pathway of the Heart, that leads from Friend to Friend.

Reindeer and sleds ready to carry the whale blubber to the Esquimaux villages.

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Eskimos stripping blubber from a w hale.

Whaling in the Northwest Pacific

By Ethel Rhoda

ONE OF THE noteworthy fishing developments stimulated by the defeat of the reciprocity treaty in Canada has been the unusual activity in the organization of American whale fisheries in the waters of the Pacific Northwest. Although for years American vessels plying from San Francisco have cruised Alaskan waters in pursuit of cetaceans, the established fishery on the shores of our northern territory is a matter of comparatively recent date, Yankee enterprise seeming to have been strangely

Eskimo flensing whale at Pt. Barrow, Alaska.

tardy in awakening to a realization of the enormous commercial value of the buried treasure of the great northern seas, said by many authorities to be the richest and most adaptable whale fishing grounds in the world.

The history of North Pacific whaling has been one of many vicissitudes from its incipiency in 1835, when the first right whale was taken off the Kodiak grounds down to the present time, its career being mottled with discouragement and disaster, the magnitude of which we can more fully realize when we consider that of the one hundred or more brave ships which composed the original Arctic squadron, but eight have survived the "grounding bergs and grinding floes" of the frozen seas.

Strange to relate, one of the most serious setbacks met with in Northwest Pacific whaling was received at the hands of the government during the middle of the 19th century, when the Confederates, fearful lest their Northern foes convert the whalers into men-of-war, and hoping at the same time to deprive them of a profitable source of income, sent the Shenandoah into the Arctic, where she proceeded without delay to annihilate the fleet, even to this day it being said that bits of her grape shot are occasionally picked up on the beach of Cape Prince of Wales. The fleet's progress was further checked when in 1871 thirty-four ships met with diastrous fates in the pitiless clutch of northern icebergs, five years later being followed to the deep by an additional five, from the loss of which only within late years has the industry recovered and begun to regain its former place in the commercial life of the Northwest Pacific Coast.

The last three or four years have seen a marked advance in whale fishing on the coast—it having made more rapid strides in its development than at any other previous time. This renaissance may be attributed to several causes—among which may be named improved railroad facilities for

Eskimos starting with umiak from Pt. Barrow, Alaska.

shipment—as formerly all cargoes had to be trans-shipped to the Eastern coast. With the increase of transcontinental railroads all this was altered, and the establishment of refineries in San Francisco for the conversion of whale products, enabling owners to find a market without the expenditure of large sums in shipment to Eastern factories, was conducive to growth. Later, the introduction of steam and the adoption of the Swend-foyn gun—in place of the lumbering ships and cumbersome weapons of former days—gave it a fresh impetus—making possible the capture of a large class of cetaecans known as rorquals or finners which, because of their speed and tendency to sink as soon as struck, were formerly unmolested by seamen with their inefficient arms.

Up to that time the Arctic fleet had been accustomed to winter in San Francisco or to her Pacific Coast ports—spending the time between voyages in repairs or in making short cruises to southern whaling grounds—but steam made it possible for vessels to remain in the Arctic during the closed months—thus enabling them to be early on the grounds when the ice began to break in the spring—in 1893 one-fourth of all the whalers of the North Pacific and Arctic wintering off the mouth of the McKenzie River.

With the growth and spread of the industry the advantage of the established land station suggested itself to enterprising whalemen as making for economy in time, and in the handling and distributing of products, such plants to be equipped with facilities for the reduction of all parts of the whale into commercial products—and situated at points on shore within convenient distance to the whale feeding grounds, thus permitting vessels leaving at daybreak to return at nightfall with the day's catch. And in 1907 the Tyee Company, composed principally

Whale bone ready for shipment.

of San Francisco and Seattle capital, began its pioneer work in Alaskan whale fisheries at Tyee, on the lower end of Admiralty Island in Southeastern Alaska, a location favorably situated for whaling in the waters of Chatham Straits, Frederick Sound and Stephen Pass, all of which teem with leviathans, and with the open sea but few miles distant. The whale fishing is carried on by means of a small fleet of vessels, comprising the steamers Tyee, Jr., Resolute and Fearless, and the bark Diamond Head, which is loaded with supplies, coal, gasoline and other necessities, and stationed at a convenient distance from the fleet's scene of action, the whalers thus being able to resort to it when in need of provisions, and so save the long trip to shore excepting when necessary to tow in the catch.

The modern whaler is a staunch little iron screw steamer of some 100 tons burden, capable of making from twelve to fourteen knots an hour, and especially equipped with engines, winch and harpoon gun for the pursuit and capture of cetaceans, the last of which the invention of an expert Norwegian gunner, Swend Foyn, in 1861, has proven an invaluable acquisition in the capture of whales—the gallant seamen of former days swinging a harpoon over his head being forever relegated to the past, since it has been found that a missile could be shot more easily and effectively than thrown by hand.

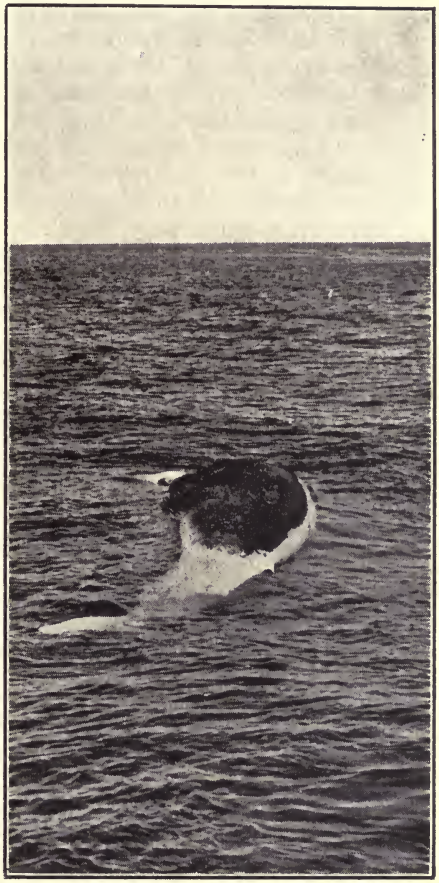
The harpoon gun consists of a short muzzle-loading canon fixed to the bow of the vessel, working horizontally in a semi-circle, and being raised or depressed at will, thus commanding an effective sweep of the waters. Into its mouth is fixed the harpoon, a massive iron bolt some six feet in length, tipped at the head with an explosive bomb timed to fire two minutes after entering the quarry's vitals, and fastened at the tail by especially tested five-inch Manila rope.

Leaving the station in the early hours of the morning, the whalers steam out to the nearest whale feeding ground, which is distinguished by the pinkish tint of the water, due to the presence of multitudes of small jelly fish or shrimp which constitute the whale's principal diet. When the lookout in the "barrel" at the masthead sights a school of the monsters, the signal bell is rung, the steerman swings the wheel, and the little vessel speeds in the direction of the prey, working up as close as possible as the deflection of the harpoon rope makes accuracy of aim from any considerable distance almost impossible. The gunner, with his hand on the trigger, awaits the felicitous moment to fire. Soon a high plume of spray shoots upward just ahead and before the great creature has dreamed of danger —he has received the barbed iron in his broad back—and curling up his

flukes like a cowed dog has made his grand dive, dragging some five or six thousand fathoms of rope after him, and sometimes striking the bottom with such force as to drive great stones into his blubber.

When the rope snaps taut it is known that he has "sounded." The winches are then set in motion, when for forty-five minutes or more, perhaps, nothing is heard but the steady, monotonous grind as the great body is played in much the same manner as is a fish by expert anglers—a steady strain being kept upon him—until he reaches the surface; when, if he be fatally injured, he will shoot blood, the sign of an internal hemorrhage, and but a few moments will suffice before he breathes his last. If, however, he should spout clear and offer no resistance, the pram, a peculiar spoon-shaped boat, is lowered, and seamen armed with long lances deal him the final death blows, after which the body is drawn alongside the vessel and made fast by means of a strong chain or hauser, thrown around the flukes, while a hole is bored into its interior, and a hose connected on deck with a Westinghouse air pump is inserted—for while the lifeless body would float for a short time, it would eventually sink. A buoy to which is attached the ship's flag is then set afloat, and the carcass anchored, to be picked up at the end of the day's catch.

Sometimes, however, the great monarch of the deep is not so easily captured, the sturdy seamen meeting with great resistance on the part of the huge monster before he is finally taken should the first harpoon shot not prove fatal. Realizing the importance of accuracy of harpoon delivery, one Alaskan whaling company has recently imported an expert whale gunner from Christiania, Norway, a former lieutenant gunner of the Norwegian navy, with a nine years' record as an expert marksman on board a man-of-war of his country. Since coming to this country, he holds a record of but two misses out of a total of 384 shots,



Dead whale adrift at sea.

which is considered remarkable by whale gunners of the North Pacific.

Not infrequently efforts to capture a whale have resulted in serious disaster to ship and crew, as in the case of the Lizzie S. Sorenson of the Tyee Company, which comprised the fleet of 1909. While cruising around in the ocean a few miles southwest of Cape Addington on the evening of May 10th a whale was sighted and the vessel quickly rushed within gunshot, when a harpoon was driven into the creature. The whale made off at a terrific rate, towing the vessel some distance in his wake; then suddenly, as if deciding upon a change in his course of action, turned and charged at the vessel, ramming it at the prow again and again, finally succeeding in knocking

out a large piece of the hull. As a result of which all efforts on the part of the crew to plug it being fruitless, the vessel soon afterwards sank, and the crew, having taken to boats, were picked up by the sister ship Fearless two days later.

One of the innovations in whale fishing recently adopted by a Northwest Pacific Company, which has made for the safety of men and vessels, is the placing of wireless instruments on board the whalers, making it possible for them to communicate instantly with the base or station in case of neder is despatched to the scene, and proceeds to tow the carcass to shore before the natives have time to make way with it.

In many ways the operation of a shore whaling station is very different from deep-sea whaling as pursued by whalemen of former years. In the latter, only the bone and oil being taken, much of these were wasted owing to primitive methods, the carcass, after it was stripped of the blubber, being set adrift to feed the sharks. Now by means of the Ruismuller patent drying out process, all parts of

Loading the harpoon gun for the second shot. The line leading from the bow into the sea is attached to a whale already struck.

cessity. Aerial correspondence has likewise proven invaluable as a protection against the filching of the natives, who formerly, whenever opportunity presented itself, were accustomed to steal the floating carcasses, often making serious inroads in the company's profits for the season. But the use of wireless now makes this impossible, the whaling tugs sending word to shore as soon as a whale is set adrift, when without delay a tenthe whale are converted into merchantable products, whalers having awakened to the fact that each year they were throwing away a king's ransome. Then, too, the keenness of present-day competition in all lines of industry and trade had made it necessary to utilize by-products formerly deemed of too small importance to be dealt with, in order to supplement the inroads made upon profits.

When towed in, the dead whales are

anchored to a buoy in front of a long inclined plane, called the "slip," upon which they are drawn tail foremost by means of powerful winches and heavy logging chains. The "flensing" is done with knives resembling in shape the Filipino bolo, only having long handles —longitudinal gashes being made from head to flukes, cork-screw fashion. When completely "flensed" a steel wire is fastened to a strip, and the winches set in motion, slowly tearing off the great coat of blubber, much in the same manner as an orange is peeled. The blubber is then cut into chunks of about one hundred pounds, and hoisted by means of an endless bucket chain to the chopper in the factory, from which it afterward passes to the boiling vats, where it is tried out for oil, and the residue, after the oil is drained off, is subjected to a drying out process and made into a fine guano.

After the blubber has been removed the remainder of the carcass is hauled to the carcass platform at right angles to the slip, where a second gang of men begin to remove the flesh from the skeleton. The meat is fed into vats in a similar manner to the blubber, when at the end of 8 to 10 hours of boiling, the oil and glue water are run off, and the meat removed and put into bags for shipment to Norway as cattle food.

The skeleton is then disarticulated, the bones chopped fine, and after having been tried out for oil, are ground into fertilizer, which is sold in large quantities to farmers and planters all over the United States, some also being shipped to the Orient, where it likewise has a demand. It is estimated that in Massachusetts and Long Island alone the potato farmers use from one to one and a half tons of fertilizer per acre, and in the farming lands of Connecticut the tobacco growers, some three thousand pounds per acre of the best quality of tobacco fertilizer, the

Whaler "Alexander" at Cape Prince of Wales.

Esquimaux hunters

bases of which are fish and whale products.

Even the blood is boiled, dried and when mixed with blubber water, makes an excellent glue, which is used largely at the station for coating the inside of shipping barrels, while the fins and flukes, formerly considered worthless, until an enterprising Japanese came along and offered a company $50 for the caudal appendage of each cetacean taken; when stripped and salted now have an excellent market in Japan and China as a food product at 50 to 75 cents per pound.

Whale oil as the term is now used is quite comprehensive, including not only oil taken from all varieties of whales, but that of the blackfish, porpoise and even the walrus as well. While used almost exclusively as an illuminant in the days of the old fashioned "whale oil lamps," it is now employed in a number of ways, large quantities being used in the tanning of leather, and in the manufacture of woolen goods and soft sames, as well as in oils and varnishes. Sperm oil, however, from which is made the sperm candles, is taken from the sperm whale alone, and is used for lubricating purposes, an average sized leviathan of this species yielding from 112 to 120 barrels of oil and spermicetti, quoted at $1 a gallon unrefined, and $1.75 refined, to wholesalers, and if Victman figures are to be considered accurate, by the time it reaches the consumer sells at as much as $4.50 per gallon. From the sperm whale is also obtained the valuable secretion known as ambergris, which is used extensively in France in the manufacture of perfumes, for while in itself odorless, it possesses the peculiar faculty of intensifying the essence of flowers. It is a morbid substance which forms in the whale's stomach, and is said to arise from indigestible portions of cuttle fish, the whale's favorite dessert. On July 18, 1911, a fine sperm whale was washed ashore at Rose Harbor whaling station on Moresby Island, British Columbia, which yielded 240 pounds of the best grade of ambergris, said to have an approximate value of $7,000.

But there is yet another important source of revenue in the whale-fishing industry; namely, baleen, or the whalebone of commerce. Whales are divided into two great classes, the first of which includes all those cetaceans whose upper jaws are fringed with

bone, among which are the great bowhead of the Arctic, or "right" whale; the second, rorquals, in which class are found the humbachs, finners and sulphur bottom of the North Pacific waters. Almost the only concern engaged in the capture of the Arctic bowhead in Alaskan waters at the present time is the Pacific Whaling Company of San Francisco, which last year had four vessels stationed in the northern Bering Sea. There has been an appreciable decline in Arctic whaling within recent years, the hazzard of life and fortune found to be out of all proportion to the gains meted, it being estimated that it costs $20,000 or thereabouts to outfit a vessel for a Northern whaling cruise, and even if it escape the numberless perils and return with a catch of three whales, valued at $30,000, which is considered a fair season's haul, after the settlement of the voyage and the expense of reoutfitting for the following season's voyage, there is but a small margin of profit. Then, too, each year the whales have been retreating farther north and east, until it is almost impossible to follow them to their last stand and get out before the ice closes in, vessels sometimes traveling all the way from the Siberian coast to Banksland, the fartherest extremity to which ships penetrate the North, spending the closed months at Herschell Island 450 miles east of the mouth of the McKenzie.

A large supply of the whalebone brought from the Arctic is secured at the trading posts along the northern coast of Alaska, there being stations at Point Hope, Cape Sisbuone, Icy Cape and Point Barrow, the last named

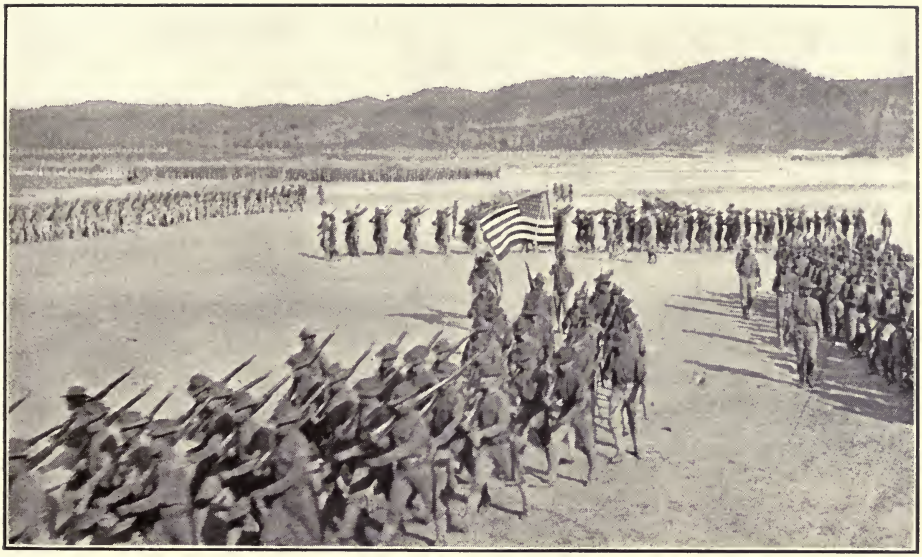
Huge ceremonial native mask representing "killer" whale.

Esquimaux belle

the largest whaling village in the world —over 600 natives being directly dependent on the industry for a livelihood.

About the middle of April, when the open "leads" begin to form off-shore, the first whales appear, a few stragglers at first, gradually increasing in numbers as the season advances. Then the Eskimos start across the ice, vauling with them their umiaks, or large skin boats, each of which is manned with a crew of from ten to twenty natives, and equipped with harpoons. A pair of inflated sealskin floats is attached to each weapon, so as to impede the animal's movements when struck, thus enabling the whalers to paddle up and dispatch him. As soon as a whale is killed, the carcass is towed to the solid ice near shore, and men, women and children, armed with "spades" and knives, begin immediately to remove the blubber and bone, the latter of which constitutes the chief staple of trade with the white men, and is apportioned according to a regular rule, the members of each crew present when the whale was struck receiving equal portions, but the blubber is sent ashore to the storehouses to be preserved for use during the long winter. Last spring the station at Point Barrow alone sent out $40,000 worth of whalebone and 1,100 white fox skins at one shipment. The bone is usually sent to New Bedford, Mass., the center of the bone trade in this country, if not in the world, and brings at the present time in the neighborhood of $1.75 per pound.

The whale fishing industry in the Northwest Pacific continues to spread and prosper, the prices for whale products remaining firm and the demand excellent. In addition to home markets, large foreign shipments are constantly made, great quantities of whale oil being sent to Europe, via Tehantepec, and each year sees the advent of new companies of whale fishers on the Alaskan shores, last spring two Norwegian-American corporations beginning operation in the Aleutian Islands, and others are in the process of formation.



Marines in camp, Guanatanoma, Cuba. Brigade maneuvering. Rifle range in distance.

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

By Franklin T. Lee

WHEN you read of Uncle Sam's Marines stepping ashore in Nicaragua, Cuba, Philippines, China, Mexico, and many other places, to face deadly machine guns in protection of American interests, the story need not surprise you! they have been doing such things for many years.

"An' after I met 'im all over the world,
a-doin' all kinds of things,
Like landing 'isself with a Gatlin' gun
to talk to them 'eathen kings;
'E sleeps in an' 'ammock instead of a
cot, an' 'e drills with the deck on a
slew;
There isn't a job on the top of the earth
the beggar don't know nor do;
You can leave 'im at night on a
bald man's 'ead to paddle 'is own
canoe,
'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse,
soldier and sailor too."

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Thus Mr. Kipling describes the Marine. How would the reader describe him? Within the last few months our Marines have faced the Nicaragua machine guns at Cayotepe, and captured the rebel stronghold and Barranca. They were landed to protect American citizens from slaughter, to restore peace. The United States was not at war with Nicaragua. There were fierce and bloody battles in which seven of our Marines were killed. But

Brigade of Marines in Company. Mess formation. Guanatanamo, Cuba. Mustering about three thousand.

in the technical sense it was not war. Why these men happened to be sent south is another story. It is with the Marines themselves that the article deals.

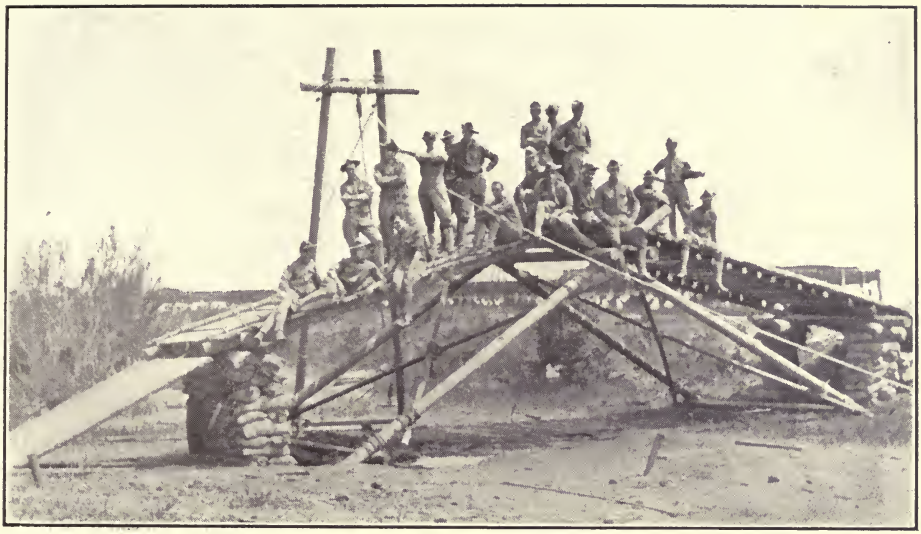
Comparatively few persons know what Marines are: Where do they go? What are their duties, their characteristics? How do they dress?

Considering the part the Marine has played in the world's history, there is no fighting unit less understood, less appreciated, or even less known than the Marine. Having taken his share in the making and obliterating of maps since the days of the Phoenician galleys and biremes of the Grecian maritime states, at least five centuries before the Christian Era, down to the present day the chroniclers of the glories of arms of all civilized people have mentioned him with many a stirring passage, and yet, to-day, a very large part of the population of maritime nations, and certainly of the United States, do not know what a Marine really is.

They have proved their patriotism and devotion to our country for over a hundred years. Throughout this period they have been in the front rank of America's defenders. They have been zealous participants on nearly every expedition and action in which the Navy has been engaged. In many trying campaigns with their brethern of the Army they have won distinction.

They have fought at Tripoli, in Mexico, and in the Fiji Islands. They were on hand in Paraguay, at Harper's Ferry, at Kisembo, on the West Coast of Africa and in Panama. They fought the Japanese at Shimonoseki, the savages in Formosa and the Forst in Corea. They suppressed seal poaching in the Bering Sea and protected the lives and property of American citizens in Honolulu, in Chili, and in China.

Who is this amphibious warrior? It is the gallant little corps whose members are the first men on the ground in the event of trouble with a foreign power and the first men in action in case of hostilities. Great mobility and facilities for action are required of the Marines. They are kept in readiness to move at a moments notice.



U. S. Marine Officers' School, Port Royal, N. C., bridge construction during a course of field engineering.

The Battle of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, during the war with Spain, is a good example of the great odds that the Marines are frequently forced to meet. A battalion of twenty-three officers and 623 men was landed on the shores of Guantanamo Bay on June 10th, 1898, and, with only little food and no rest, engaged a very large Spanish force, which was concealed in the swamps and underbrush thereabout, for three days and nights, and finally succeeded in defeating and driving the enemy entirely out of the district.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain, the United States Marine Corps, consisted of 2,500 men. Now its approximate strength is 10,000 men.

The particular duties of Marines aboard ship are as sentinels to watch over the gangways, boats alongside approaching or passing, and to give the alarm in case of fire; to preserve order and to permit no gambling or swearing; to prevent injury to or theft of private or government property; to allow no smoking or washing of clothes except at the prescribed hours; to allow no enlisted man or boat to leave the ship without authority of the officer of the deck; to guard prisoners, and at all times to maintain discipline and good order.

As an advance base force the Marines of the United States Navy are trained in the use of portable searchlights, the wireless telegraph, telephony, mines, torpedoes and range finders. They are trained to transport and mount in suitable shore positions guns of 3, 5 and 6 inch calibre. In other words the Navy has in the Marine Corps a little army of its own which, without causing international complications, without disturbing stock markets, and without even attracting undue notice, it may pick up and move to some disturbed center in a foreign land for the protection of American lives and property. These "soldiers of the sea" move speedily and unostentatiously, frequently nipping a revolution in the bud before the world at large knows that there has really been cause for concern.

In nearly all maritime countries claiming to be war powers, Marines constitute a separate military body trained either to fight as infantrymen, artillerists, and especially for participations in naval engagements.

They are organized, clothed and

Marines in the field, Guantanamo, Cuba. Signal Company in skirmish by the flank, showing field telegraph telephone.

equipped very much as soldiers of the land forces, and their preliminary instructions are usually the same. For these reasons they have become qualified for duty either with the army or the navy, and are, therefore, of double value to the nation that employs them.

The first authentic record of the Marines in America bears the date of 1740. Early in that year, three additional regiments were raised when the royal standard was displayed at New York as a port to which any volunteer Marine was to repair. It was supposed that the native Americans were better calculated for service in this climate than Europeans, and they were clothed in a manner which was considered well adapted for their duties. The field officers were appointed by the Crown, the country officers were nominated by the American provinces.

On June 8, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved "that the compact between the Crown and Massachusetts Bay is dissolved," and on November 10th, before a single vessel of the navy was sent to sea the corps was organized by the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That battalions of Marines be raised, consisting of one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, and other officers as usual in other regiments; that they consist of an equal number of privates with other battalions, that particular care be taken that no person be appointed to officers or enlisted in said battalions but such as are good seamen, or so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve to advantage at sea when required, that they be distinguished by the name of 1st and 2d battalions of American Marines."

Later in the same month another resolution was adopted providing against filling the corps for the army. On December 13, 1776, Congress directed thirteen ships of war to be built. On December 22d, Congress passed a resolution declaring Esex Hopkins commander in chief, and appointed officers for all the vessels then in service. This was the first step taken toward the creation of the naval establishment, which has won imperishable fame for the United States, and upon which is based the claim of the Marine Corps to be "the oldest in the service."

Aldridge says: "Before a single vessel of the navy went to sea, a corps was organized," and from that detachment of it won, on the Island of New Providence—one of the Bahamas —early in 1777, the first fight in the history of the regular navy. In this noteworthy engagement, the attacking party, consisting of 300 Marines and landsmen, under Major Nichols, captured the forts and other defences of the enemy after a struggle of a few hours, and secured a quantity of stores and British cannon. The Marines belonged to the fleet of Commodore Hopkins, who was operating against Lord Dunmore.

During the following years of the Revolutionary war they were found at work proving their patriotism to the cause which gave them being. Conspicuous among their services, under John Paul Jones, was their work in the action between the Ranger and the Drake, in which Lieutenant Wallingford of the Marines lost his life at the head of his men; in the great battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, in which the Marines numbered '37, led by Colonel Stack, and two lieutenants. In this action they lost 49 killed or wounded.

In 1782 Captain Barney, in command of the Hyder Ali, fitted out by the State of Pennsylvania, with a crew of 110 seamen and Marines, captured in Delaware Bay the British ship General Monk, eighteen guns, after a hotly contested combat. This action has been deemed one of the most brilliant that ever occurred under the American flag. It was fought in the presence of a vastly superior force that was not engaged, and the ship captured was in every essential respect superior to Hyder Ali.

The navy, and consequently the corps of Marines, like the army, was disbanded at the termination of the Revolutionary struggle, leaving nothing behind but the recollections of their service and sufferings. On April 30, 1798, a regular navy department was formally created, and on July 11, 1798, an act was approved for establishing and organizing the Marine Corps.

During the war with Tripoli in 1803, in the fight between the frigate Philadelphia, and the Tripolitans, after most gallant exertions, Lieutenant Osborne and his guard were made prisoners. In the fight of the Tripolitan gunboats on August 3, 1803, Lieutenant Trippe engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with a Turk, and was saved by a sargeant, who passed a bayonet through the body of the Turk.

The Marine Corps also figured in the remarkable march of General Eaton from Alexandria to Derne, nearly six hundred miles through Northern Africa, where a small detachment of Marines, under the command of Lieutenant O'Bannon, mounted on camels and donkeys in the caravan, leavened the lump of Arabs and Greeks in the service of the United States, and in the attack of Derne, stormed the principal work, took possession of the battery, planted the American flag for the first time on a fortress of the Old World, and turned its guns upon the enemy. Thereafter Tripoli was inscribed on the banners of the Marine Corps.

During the war of 1812 the Marines were extremely active at sea and on shore, in the glorious victory of the Constitution over the Guerriere, the first officer killed was Lieutenant Bush who commanded the Marine guard, and who, with his junior lieutenant, was assisting in repelling "boarders" at a critical moment of the engagement. In the victory of the United States over the Macedonian, Lieutenants Anderson and Edwards fought for the Marines with the utmost steadiness.

In the brilliant operations of the Essex in the Pacific Ocean, Lieutenant Gamble gained great reputation for "skill and efficiency," commanding in turn his guard, a prize ship, and a fort at Nukahiva in the Marquesas Islands. In the bloody fight between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, Lieutenant Broom and eleven of his men were killed and twenty wounded.

An air scout sailing through the air while taking bearings.

The Marines also took part in the battle of Lake Eerie, and Lake Champlain; in the action between the Constitution and the Cyane, and Levant; in the fight between the President and the Endymion and in the fight of Lake Ponchartrian.

On shore they were with the army under Scott, then Colonel, in Canada; with General Winder at Bladensberg; with General Jackson at New Orleans, at North Point, Baltimore and in sundry affairs on the coast of Maine, and on the shores of Chesapeake and Delaware Bays.

In the interval between 1815 and the Florida war, 1836-37, they were called upon, among other things, to quell a serious revolt in the Massachusetts State prison, and to act against Spanish pirates in the West Indies, and againt Malays in Sumatra; also to guard public and private property at the time of the great fire in New York, 1835, for which they received a vote of thanks from that city.

When Indian hostilities broke out in Georgia, in 1836, the disposable force of the army being found inadequate, Colonel Commandant Henderson promptly volunteered his services and those of the Marine Corps serving on shore. In the Everglades they assisted in the arduous campaign of General Jessup against the treacherous Creeks and Seminoles. Besides two companies, 130 men served with the mosquito fleet on the West Coast.

The Corps was engaged with the War with Mexico from 1846 to 1848, where it figured from every quarter, and made a most excellent record. Several detachments were on the Pacific side, with Commodores Sloat, Shubrick and Stockton; others on the east coast with Commodores Connor and Perry, and at times with the army under Generals Scott, Taylor and Worth. They were present at the capture of Monterey, San Francisco and Mazatlan; fought at Los Angeles, San Diego and San Jose, San Gabriel and Guaymas, with such credit that Commodore Shubrick recommended that the government double the number of Marines on all vessels coming to the station, reducing, if necessary for the purpose, the complements of ordinary seamen and landsmen.

On the East coast, they were engaged in the capture of Matamora, Tampico, Frontera, Tabasco and Vera Cruz. They were assigned to General Quitman's division on the assault of Puebla. This was the first division to enter the Grand Plaza, City of Mexico, which completes the explanation of the inscription since found on the corps' banners: "From Tripoli to the Halls of Montezuma."

The crowning honor was at Chapultepec, on September 13th, where the party assigned to the storming of the castle—120 men selected from all corps, was led by Major Levi Twiggs, and the pioneers with ladders, etc., by Major Reynolds, both of the Marine Corps.

The gallant and lamented Major

U. S. Marines, embarking on U. S. Marine transport at Philadelphia for Cuba at the time of the pacification of that island.

U. S. Marine Officers' School and advance base, Port Royal, S. C., demonstrating construction of foot pontoon bridges made of bamboo and ordinary kegs.

Twiggs fell on the first advance at the head of his command. These same Mexican heroes, in 1852-1853, were marching to the same music through the streets of Yeddo, the capital of Japan, as a part of the celebrated expedition of Commodore Perry.

During the "Know Nothing" political excitement of 1847 the Marines were ordered out by the President to suppress an armed mob of plug-uglies from Baltimore that had overawed the police.

In 1858, marines, sailors from the Vandalia, had a fierce conflict in the Fiji Islands with a body of native warriors. In the same year a detachment from the Brazil squadron landed at Montevidio, Paraguay, to protect the lives and property of the foreign residents from domestic violence. In the war of 1861, the first duty to which marines were called was as reinforcements on the Star of the West, being sent to the aid of Fort Sumpter. A detachment was sent to garrison Fort Washington on the Potomac. They also reinforced Fort Pickens, Fla., and acting under orders, destroyed the navy yard ships, etc., at Norfolk, Vt. They participated in the first battle of Bull Run, at the capture of Hatteras Inlet, in the Dupont expedition and battle of Port Royal, and in all the expeditions and actions that followed along the coast and up in the rivers of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. They participated in the battle between the Merrimac and the Minnesota, Cumberland, Roanoke and St. Lawrence, and so on. Always they have "more than maintained their reputation," right down to the present day.

The Marines.

In time o' peace their only job is
lookin' trim an' neat—
The coppers of the battleship, the
loafers of the fleet—
And every time a Congressman can't
find no better means
Of makin' fame he up an' yells, "Abolish the Marines!"
But long before the first big gun rips
out its bellowin' roar
Them same Marines drops overside
an' goes and starts the war.

They're neither soldiers on the land
nor sailors on the sea,
But they are always fightin' men,
wherever they may be.
And when the flag is sent ashore they
always stick around
And face whatever's goin' on to keep
it off the ground

They's there to teach the enemy just
what Old Glory means,
An' while the cheerin's goin' round—
Three cheers for the Marines!

—James J. Montague in New York American.

Recently the Marines, some 3,500 in all, landed from the various battleships and transports comprising the Atlantic fleet, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and captured that Mexican stronghold in about four hours, whereas it required about four days to accomplish the same feat sixty years ago. In the engagement, four Marines were killed and about thirty wounded.

"Efficiency and skill of the officers in handling their commands and the high degree of training, professionally and physically, of the men is due the small loss of Marines in the first day's fighting at Vera Cruz," says the official report, on the Marines engaged. Recently 800 Marines were assembled at Eastern yards for duty in Santo Domingo to quell revolutions in another of our turbulent neighbors.

The Marines' Hymn.

From the Halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the Land as on the Sea;
Admiration of the Nation,
We're the finest ever seen,
And we glory in the title of
UNITED STATES MARINE.

From the Pest Hole of Cavite
To the Ditch at Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of Marines—that's what we are;
We're the watch dogs of a pile of coal
Or we dig a magazine,
Though our job-lots they are manifold,
Who would not be a MARINE?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime and place,
Where we could take a gun;
In the snow of far-off Northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job—
THE UNITED STATES MARINES.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve,
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by
THE UNITED STATES MARINES.

INDIAN DOGS

By Max McD.

WHO THAT has ever visited an encampment on an Indian reserve has not been struck with the number of half starving, snarling, growling curs that slink in and out among the tepees? There was once a reason for their existence, but their use to the Red Man is now purely imaginary, excepting in the Far North, where they are used for transporting supplies to outposts and police stations, and hauling furs into the forts and trading posts.

The Indian dog in the early days was a cross between the wolf and Eskimo. To-day in the North this type stands out prominently, but in the warmer regions of the West every breed of canine is to be found. They have an emaciated, hungry, half starved appearance, and are a pest to travelers and settlers. Calves, lambs, barn yard fowl and even small children have often fallen preys to these marauders, who prowl about at all hours of the day and night. One settler records that one of his first ranching reverses was to lose half his range calves by depredations on them by the savage brutes.

In the long ago, dogs were the only beasts of burden the Indian had. Students of Indian life tell us that the horse is a comparatively recent importation with the Indians. Butler, in "The Great Lone Land," says that as late as 1776 the plain Indians of the Western prairies remember that their horses were procured from white people who lived to the southward. These were likely the Spanish colonists in Mexico.

It is plain from the Indian language that the Red Men did not always possess the horse as a beast of burden. A comparison of the words for horse used by the Indians will make this plain. In Cree a horse is "Mis-ta-tim," the big dog; in Assiniboine, "Sho a thin ga," a great dog; in Blackfoot, "Po no ka mi taa," the Red Deer dog. The Sarcees term for the horse is "Chistle," seven dogs; while the Gros Ventres call him "It shou ma shungu," red dog. It is manifest, therefore, that the wild men of the Northwest looked upon the horse as a new comer, and their reference to him in the dog language of their tribe would indicate that the animal used as beast of burden before the Indians became equestrian in their habits was the dog.

Transportation of baggage, even after horses became numerous, was performed by dogs. Horses were kept for hunting buffalo. In winter they were harnessed with bands of buffalo hide and hitched to sleds and toboggans which carried the loads. In summer, and in winter, when there was little or no snow, the dogs were tackled to two straight poles about 15 feet long and fastened together at one end; at the other, spread about 8 feet apart. Where the poles are lashed together at the ends, several folds of dressed buffalo skins, which answer for a saddle, are fastened and laid directly on the dog's shoulders. A strip of leather attached to this is brought round the dog's neck and made fast again at the meeting of the poles. Then a hoop is laid across the poles a little behind the dog's rump, and interwoven closely with leathern thongs, and upon this the burden is laid. The contrivance is called a travois. Often horses are tackled in

the same manner, the poles being as long as 25 feet.

In the North country, where all transportation of supplies and mail is by dog train, the animals are generally of the wolf breed, and are said to be vigorous and longwinded. Huskies is the name usually applied to them. A hundred miles a day is a common journey for them. The endurance of the little creatures is something remarkable. A story is told of a clerk driving out 25 miles from a trading post with a dog team, and was immediately sent back to the post. Hurriedly preparing a packet, he despatched an Indian driver with the same dogs, back to the party he had left, and the outfit arrived before the party were up in the morning. The dogs had thus run 75 miles in a good deal under the 24 hours.

When the half-breeds settled in the northern part of the great West, they put out poison for wolves and foxes, and the Indian dogs in large numbers were killed by it. Thus a very important mode of winter transportation was lost to the Red Man. This practice was stopped, however, and the dogs soon multiplied to their former number.

In by-gone days, the emulation among Indians for dogs as runners was so great that all their hard earnings were spent on them, and the tawdry paraphernalia required to ornament a first-rate train was as expensive as it was foolish. The squaw might go without her blanket, but the buck must have his dogs, and the dogs their scarlet ribbons and their bells.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police in the Far North are using Indian dogs on their patrols. These are not bred in the posts of the police, but are purchased from the natives when young for a mere trifle, and trained by the Indian scouts and dog drivers of the force. The price of an ordinary huskie in the land of the midnight sun is about $25, and a recent police report tells of the sale of three dogs for $50 each. The police are using over 100 of these Indian dogs in their work in the North. The cost of keeping a team of four dogs is from $300 to $400 a year, and in some cases more than this.

If it were not for Indian dogs in the Northland there would be little need of the police. Nearly all rows, we are told, are over dogs. Thompson in his tales of his travels, tells of starting out on one occasion with Indians and dogs when the snow was so deep that the huskies had fairly to swim and haul the heavy sleigh. One of the Indian drivers became vexed with the conduct of his lead dog, and beat him to death. The incident delayed the expedition and was almost the cause of bloodshed in the camp. The Indian was ordered out for mutinous behavior and handed over to the police. Many cases could be cited where shooting has followed scraps over the huskie dog.

The canines of the Red Men were a source of great annoyance to travelers, and are yet. Palliser, a noted traveler, tells that one morning, starting from camp, his party saw an Indian dog that was a notorious thief, actually poke his nose into a kettle as it was boiling on the fire, and take out a piece of meat. The pests could not be kept out of the palisades at the forts and trading posts, where the nuisance of their presence was almost beyond endurance. They were the terror of every woman and child after dark. One could hardly step from one door to another without being interrupted by them; and worst of all, they made a kennel of the place, and in wet weather the stench was unbearable.

Henry, an old explorer, in an interesting account of how buffalo were captured in pounds, relates that here and there among the branches and interwoven twigs of the buffalo fall, the Indians left openings large enough for dogs to pass through that they might feed on the carcasses of the bulls. He remarks that what appeared an extraordinary thing to him was that when buffalo were being driven into the pound, on the signal of their ap-

proach the Indian dogs would all skulk away behind the pound, and not approach until the herd entered. It was a feast time for the curs, but they had the good sense to wait until the feast was ready.

It is roughly estimated that to-day there are from 3 to 5 dogs to every Indian family on western reserves. These canines are utterly useless, but the Indian is not satisfied if he has not a half dozen following him to the trading store, or the town where he goes to buy his supplies and sells his wares.

Dog fights on the streets of towns are common. It has been found impossible to exclude the dogs, and to shoot them is a costly undertaking for any municipality. And so the pest of the Indian dog is inflicted upon white neighbors of the reservations, and probably will be as long as there are Indians and Indian dogs.

THE DREAM-HOUSE

Somewhere in the West, I know
There's a little bungalow,
    Wee and brown,
    Above the town,
Where whole plots of red flowers grow—
(How should I know each one's name?
Flowers to me are all the same.)

There's a cool verandah, wide,
There are tiny rooms inside,
    Three or four,
    Maybe more.
Shut your eyes. Why, if we tried,
We could play this dingy flat
Was a bungalow like that.

Just another year or so—
(Yes, my salary's small, I know;
    Living's high)—
    But you and I
Yet will find our bungalow!
With the flowers. (I'm not to blame!
How can I know each one's name?)

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

THE GOAL

By Blanche M. Harcourt

WANTED.—A wealthy elderly couple to adopt a grown young woman who is tired of being self-supporting and wants to be loved and petted in a home, and to idolize some dear, sweet, motherly woman and pamper some dear, crotchety old young man.

This item, appearing in the Chronicle one morning, caused quite a ripple, for it appeared prominently on the seventh page between Lady Teazle's Social Chat and the clever, human sketches of everyday struggles by Helen Dare. Both Lady Teazle and Helen Dare wrote it up the next day in their respective columns; reporters were sent to interview the girl who had put it in. She could support herself, yes, of course; but she was lonely. Marry? Yes, even that was not impossible—with a dimpling smile at the rather dazzled young reporter. She even hoped to some day. But first she wanted just what she had advertised for. No, she could not let her picture appear. She gave them all delightful interviews, but at the end of two weeks no bona fide answer had arrived.

Helene was in despair. She was in real, desperate earnest when she had put that advertisement in the newspaper. She had counted on the chance of its originality winning something for her, or at least opening the way for her desired end.

But having been a self-supporting, clever business girl for five years, she was not daunted. She simply studied her problem from another angle. That there must be such a couple, whom she could adore, she knew. That she would grace some wealthy home and add joy to a childless old age, she also knew. By birth and rearing she was entitled to such surroundings.

A few weeks after her eccentric advertisement appeared, Helene, as secretary of the corporation and privileged to a certain degree, absented herself from her office, and that day, carefully dressed for calling, she surveyed herself in the mirror, and smiled encouragement to her reflection. Glancing at a photograph on the bureau, stooping swiftly she kissed it, and with closed eyes murmured: "Dear God, help me to win!"

All the way to the Hotel Bellevue she was radiant with joy at the prospective success of her venture, but as she sent up her card to Mrs. Carey Randolph Fairfax, for a moment her courage failed her. She had written a quaint note to Mrs. Fairfax asking for this interview, and had received a charming response, but now she felt that she was intruding most horribly, and wished she could run away. But the boy was directing her to Mrs. Fairfax's apartments and she must see it through.

She made a charming picture as she entered. Slightly flushed, proudly diffident, she advanced gravely toward the tall, slender, gray-haired lady.

"Mrs. Fairfax, this is most kind of you to receive me. But now that I am here, I'm frightened to death. Won't you please talk until I recover?"

"Let me introduce the Colonel, Miss Fanshaw. He insisted upon being present to learn just what your designs upon me were—but you don't look at all formidable."

The kindly tone of Mrs. Fairfax reassured Helene, and she greeted the Colonel with a smile.

"I am so glad you are here, Colonel

Fairfax; I have designs on both of you."

Colonel Fairfax acknowledged her greeting with an old-fashioned bow and drew forward a chair for her.

"Is it to be a council of war, Miss Fanshaw?"

"No, an appeal for love."

"For love?" asked Mrs. Fairfax.

"Just love. My idea of a pessimist is one who has never been loved enough." This with a gay little smile, then leaning forward earnestly: "Mrs. Fairfax, can you understand a woman wanting something so badly that she outrages all her own finer principles, steps out of the conventional beaten path, and hungrily demands of Fate—of Divine Chance—almost of God Himself—what she wants?"

Mrs. Fairfax was so fascinated with the mystic pleading of the girl's face—her dark eyes glowing, her words coming in a rush, her voice trembling with emotion—that for a moment she did not answer.

"Perhaps I could understand better if I knew what the something was that you want."

"Just an opportunity to live life to the utmost that is in me—life to its fullest capacity; to get away from the starved, cramped existence of the business girl of to-day. Dear God, how her soul is crushed out of her with the daily wear and tear of her strange existence without home or love! One weary round of office routine, of flocking with other lonely women, each afraid to tell the others of her struggle to endure it. A few years of such a life marks the business woman apart from the really feminine woman; and often she goes marked thus through life to a lonely, bitter old age, or out of her need makes a commonplace marriage without any of the fervor and glow and miracle-building love which perpetuates itself in another human life. Oh, Mrs. Fairfax, you do not know, you cannot imagine, the tragedy, of hundreds of such lives to-day!"

As Helene paused, breathless, Col. Fairfax stirred uneasily in his chair, but did not speak, and Helene continued in a calmer tone:

"To-day, at twenty-five, that is the future I am facing. Unless I make some desperate struggle now, before it is too late, I too shall become one of the half-human women. Oh, I cannot bear to have everything within me die in that way. Even the tiniest of insect life can reach fulfillment. Only our human life is crushed and denied. Perhaps I feel this more than the average woman does, because there is so much within me aching, yearning—so much to be lived that I cannot live in my present life. I have proved that I am capable of supporting myself, but I want more than mere existence. I want home surroundings, an atmosphere of love, the days filled with the dear little common acts of deference to the older members of the household, to feel their brooding care and guardianship over me. I have never had any of this. My parents died before I was eighteen. They were not happy in their marriage, and I spent my childhood and girlhood in boarding schools. And now I want to fill in the empty gap before I find it is too late. Oh, I think I could grow so beautifully happy in such surroundings that I would make a world of happiness for some husband and wife who loved each other dearly, but who had missed the love of children! Mrs. Fairfax, do you think it would be possible for you to adopt me into your home, and let me love you as your own daughter? I could adore you, I know. I want to be spoiled and pampered in a real home." For a moment there were tears in Helene's eyes, then with a brave smile she added. "Perhaps that is rather a babyish ambition for a woman of twenty-five, but," and with a little rush Helene crossed over to Mrs. Fairfax and gathered her hands into a warm, compelling clasp as she dropped on her knees beside her—"I could build so much happiness for both of us if you only could!"

"Adopt you?" echoed Mrs. Fairfax. "I doubt that I understand. Carey," turning to her husband, "what are we

to say to this extraordinary girl?"

"Oh, please, do not decide my fate now!" implored Helene, rising "Let me explain more fully."

"Pray do," urged the Colonel in a rather cold voice.

"I have money sufficient to live on comfortably for a year. If I travel, I'll have to come back at the end of the year without a cent, and begin the same old lonely life over again. If, instead, you will let me live with you —let me be a daughter to you, without any legal adoption or claim upon you, just adopt me in your hearts and let me live with the warmth and joy of loving you and being loved—then at the end of the year I shall have developed so humanly that I can take up the struggle again in a healthier, happier, saner mind—and, I hope, in a new field. But I shall have had a beautiful year, however it ends. Please," very pleadingly, "out of all the happy years of your lives, could you not give me just one?"

"My dear Miss Fanshaw, why don't you marry?" bluntly asked the Colonel.

Helene flushed warmly, and again a look of intense yearning came into her dark eyes, and she spoke very softly:

"I hope to—some day. But first, if I can live one happy year of girlhood, how much more sure I should be of making another happy! You see, I have never in all my life known the atmosphere of a happy home; so how could I be sure that I could make a happy home for some one else?"

"But why have you come to us?" asked the Colonel. "Have you no friends to whom you might go and live with for a year?"

"I think Fate led me here," answered Helene musingly. "I have known Mrs. Fairfax by sight for some time, and have loved here every time I saw her. The other day I read in the newspaper that you were soon going to Washington. I want to get entirely away from the last five lonely years and everything connected with them. Why," with a little shrug, "I think it was just an inspiration to come to you. And now"—turning to Mrs. Fairfax again—"I am going to leave you to think over this foolish-sounding plan of mine. You have both been very kind to listen to me at all. Won't you, in the month before you leave for Washington, let me see you often, Mrs. Fairfax, to assure you of my right to claim association with you? I really think you will like my pedigree, even if you can't like me, and then, if you do not want me, it will have been a rare joy to have known you for a short time."

"You present rather a serious problem, Miss Fanshaw," said Mrs. Fairfax. "But I am quite disposed to like you very much; so we must see each other soon."

With a few words of adieu, Helene left, so happy that she immediately took steps to arrange for a year's absence from her office, and in the next few days installed her successor; then she proceeded to devote herself to winning the love of the Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax.

Helene's campaign of love was so successful, her powers of persuasion so subtle, that she really did accompany Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax to Washington. Mrs. Fairfax found her a devoted daughter, and the Colonel, although protesting all along, found her a source of constant delight. She coaxed and cajoled him, and made him do things he didn't want to do, but at the same time she pampered him in all his little whims, until Mrs. Fairfax protested that she was spoiling him. But Helene declared that the three of them were spoiling one another, and that was why they were so very happy.

Life took on a new meaning for Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax. There was a magic about Helene's ability to make people happy and comfortable. There were a thousand and one little things she thought of for them both. She mothered them and petted them, and again was as sweet and obedient as a little child. Under Helene's clever management Mrs. Fairfax was one of the most beautifully gowned women

in Washington that winter. They made a charming picture—the tall, white-haired woman with the slender, dark-eyed, glowing girl beside her—and they were always together. Mrs. Fairfax declared she felt like a debutante herself, and Helene vowed she looked it.

And the girl was indeed happy. She radiated joy, and in her new life soon made many friends. Mrs. Fairfax grew very proud of the success of her protege as the winter wore on, and Helene attracted several of Washington's most distinguished men to her little court. Her cult was simplicity, which had its own attraction in a city of such formality as Washington, and with Helene it was a rare art. She was not brilliant, but she had a keen sense of humor, a rare appreciation of the beautiful, and a wonderful understanding of the human needs of those about her. In all, she was a charming woman, and the wistful look of yearning in her dark eyes only made her smile more tender and winning.

One night at a dinner, when Helene was obviously enjoying the attentions of a young French count attached to one of the embassies, she was rather startled when he said:

"Mademoiselle, for what is it that you are always looking? It is always there—the question in your eyes."

For a moment she was silent; then: "I suppose it is what all the world is looking for, is it not?"

"But I am not sure that all the world is looking for the same thing; so we will forget all the world. For one little moment there are just you and I in all the world." The count gazed at her ardently, but it stirred Helene not at all, and she smiled brilliantly at him as she replied:

"Ah, but, Count, I could not for even 'one little moment' banish all my friends in that fashion. I love them all too much. But when I find what I am looking for I will be able to tell you the greatest secret in the world."

Helene wondered from this trivial conversation if it were possible that her quest was apparent to all the world or was it that the Count, as a true Frenchman, had simply divined a little more from gazing into her eyes so ardently. Again that night she breathed her earnest prayer, "Dear God, help me to win!"

As the winter wore on, Helene wondered if her desperate effort to gain her real happiness was going to fail, after all. But one day, just about two months before the end of her "beautiful year," Louis Mathews' return from abroad was recorded in the newspapers. Helene's eyes glowed as she read the item, and she closed them for a moment. Oh, the joy of seeing him again, meeting him on his own ground this time! He would not recognize her, she was sure. Even her name would not mean anything. It was too far a stretch from a San Francisco business office to a Washington drawing room. What fun it would be, what an advantage she would have over him!

She flew to the Colonel. "Darling dear, there is a man here in Washington I want to know right away. Will you find out what clubs he belongs to and call on him and bring him to dinner?"

"My dear child, what is all this? What are you so excited about? A mere man! I am flattered for my sex."

"No," she replied, "that would not do, would it? I suppose I'll have to wait until I meet him somewhere, but I don't want to wait. Isn't it provoking!"

"If you really want him," said the Colonel, "the surest way is to go out and adopt him," and a sly smile hovered about his lips.

Helene sparkled at his witticism. "Oh, I really think I will!" She laughed as she departed.

It was not long before she met Louis Mathews, and she was right in her surmise. He showed no sign of recognition when he was presented to her, but it soon became evident that he was very much interested in the lovely Miss Fanshaw. There was a look in her eyes sometimes which he could

not quite fathom. She reminded him of some one. Whenever they met she had a little manner of turning to greet him, as if meeting an old friend, and he found it adorable, but it mystified him. Sometimes he found himself smiling at her clear across a room when only she and he were aware of some little element of humor in the crowd. At the play he would discover himself looking at her at a moment of special interest to him, and always, when he looked, no matter whether she was facing him directly, herself talking, or listening, she would turn and answer that look of his. He was more fascinated than he had ever been before.

It was not until Helene was ill for a week that he realized how much she had filled his life these last few weeks. He missed her horribly everywhere he went. In vain he looked for any answering smile in the faces around him. His was rather a cold, analytical nature, and falling in love had been a weakness which he had never indulged in. He thought he knew the science of life too well. He was really a very brilliant man, and at thirty-five had made a name for himself as a writer of fiction founded on rather deeply scientific facts. But now all his science availed him naught, and he realized that he wanted more than science in his life —he wanted love, he wanted Helene. He could hardly wait till he should see her again and tell her of his love.

"Dearest," said Helene to Mrs. Fairfax one evening, "this adventure of mine in search of love has turned out so perfectly with you and the Colonel that I knew it would also bring me the deeper, different love my woman-nature craved. Who do you think loves me?" she breathed as she held Mrs. Fairfax in a tight embrace.

"Every one who knows you, darling," answered Mrs. Fairfax.

"How sweet of you, Tante-darling!" cried Helene. "But Louis Mathews loves me more than all the world, and oh, Tante, I love him, love him, love him with all my soul! I am so happy!"

But Helene did not reveal to the Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax her effort to win that love; only to Louis belonged that confidence. And she found it rather difficult to reveal so much to him.

"Louis," she said one day, "I wish you would tell me just how a man really loves a woman."

"Dearest, I do not know how a man loves a woman—perhaps in a thousand different ways. I know only that I love you with all the strength of my being—love you and want you," and he drew her to him in a close embrace. Helene was adorably shy with her lover, but now she surprised him with the fervor of her embrace.

"And you would love me always, no matter what you should learn about me?"

"Always, I hope. But what dreadful thing is there to learn about you," mimicking her her serious tone.

"Perhaps you will not want to marry me when you do learn."

"Then I advise you to marry me first and confess afterward. You darling child, what a serious look! Is there anything really troubling you?"

"I love you so much, Louis! It almost hurts," and again she held him close.

Presently, with an alluring sparkle in her eyes, she said:

"I am going to tell you a story, and while I tell it you are to sit with your eyes closed." She pressed each lid down with a soft kiss. "It is to be a sort of moving picture entertainment. You are to see the different scenes before your mental vision while I talk. Ready?"

The man laughed, and entered into the fun of the thing. Helene began in a crisp, business-like voice:

"Scene 1—Business office in San Francisco. Girl at desk in corner. Enter a man from the hallway. Speaks a few words to girl. She presses button on desk and speaks over the 'phone. Requests man to enter inner office. Girl stares for a long

time at door which closes behind man; then, picking up a pencil, writes his name several times on pad.

Scene 2—Same office, same girl. Same man enters. Again is announced and disappears into inner office. Presently returns with manager of office, and the two dictate a long time to the girl, sometimes one man speaking, sometimes the other. Manager returns to inner office, and leaves stranger to finish work with girl.

"Scene 2 is repeated several times for a period covering several weeks. Girl now looks forward to the days which will bring stranger to office. Always they exchange courteous greetings upon his arrival and departure. Girl appears a different creature in his presence, loses the prim little dignified attitude she maintains before the rest of office force. She listens glowingly to every idle comment stranger makes.

"Scene 3—While man waits for audience one day, girl offers him a book to read, but instead of reading it, he remains discussing the book with her, and finally draws from his pocket an exquisitely bound little volume. Girl expresses delight and handles little book lovingly. Because of her intelligent appreciation of the beauty of the hand-tooled binding, on the impulse of the moment man gives book to girl. She does not want to accept it at first, but finally does so, with very sincere thanks, and man hurries into inner office a little embarrassed at his own impulsive action. When he closes door, girl kisses book, and holds it tightly over her heart. It is the most exquisite gift the girl has ever received."

Helene paused for a moment, then very softly, and speaking in her natural voice, went on:

"The book was a hand-bound volume of Rossetti's poems, Louis."

"Rossetti's poems!" exclaimed Louis, as he sat up and opened his eyes. "Why, Helene, I gave my volume of Rossetti away in a like manner. But, you little witch, how did you know about it?"

"Because you gave it—to me."

"Helene!" exclaimed Louis, staring at her, blank amazement on his face. "My dear child, I do not quite understand."

"Louis, Louis, I was that girl! Do you not remember me?"

"But, Helene," began Louis, then stopped and gazed at her. "I do remember her eyes—such haunting eyes. And her name—Miss Fanshaw—does come back to me now. And you are that Miss Fanshaw! Helene, I can't quite believe it. You are different."

"The same girl, Louis, but I am different, and love has wrought the change. Then I was a lonely, tired little waif, with few friends and absolutely no real home nor love. There was a world of longing locked up within me—longing for the bright things of life—home, friends, the pleasures of young people. The daily routine of office work was wearing on both body and soul. Mere existence, with a roof over one's head and food three times a day, is not life, and I was starving for life. I had so much to give, so much to live! Everything in me was being crushed. Ah, it was all too horrible! I am different now because to-day I am living with the warmth and sunshine of love around me. Oh, how my heart aches for all those lonely little business girls who are struggling out there in the world without love! Louis, Louis, Louis, how could I have endured it if you had not come!"

"But still I do not understand," began Louis.

"Helene stepped behind his chair and clasped her hands over his eyes.

"You did not know," she whispered, "but I loved you from the moment I saw you. Something within me stirred into life when you spoke to me. That was three years ago in a San Francisco business office, and you do not remember me. But you came, and your coming made the whole of life sweet for me. When you left, I was filled with despair. I felt that, if I could only have known you—met you under different circumstances, we

should have been friends. Night and day the thought of you filled my life. Just loving you added new joy to each day, and so the days wore on into years—two whole years. If you could know all you meant to me in those years! I wrote long letters to you, pictured a thousand scenes with you as the central figure always, read your books over and over, even though your scientific analysis of life did not satisfy me quite. During those years I led an intense inner life, which only shut me off more completely from the life about me. But just loving you satisfied me for the time."

"Then came a wild restlessness. I could not stop loving you, and suddenly I realized that I wanted love in return. I could not bear to think that all this love was in vain. It was then that I decided to go out into the world and find you, and learn just why I loved you so much. I knew that Washington was your home, that was all I had to build on."

"Helene, my little love!" murmured Louis as he unclasped her hands and kissed each one tenderly.

Helene went on: "Love gave me courage, although it was a rather desperate girl who started out in search of love; but love wins all. Love won for me a place in the lives of Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax," and Helene told him how she had come to live with them, how she had taken every cent she had in the world and staked it on this one year in search of love, how she had prayed "Dear God, help me to win!" every day, almost every hour, through all these months, how she had filled the days with loving thoughts and tender care for Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax, in order to develop into the sweet and happy girl who could hope to win his love.

"Louis, Louis, can you respect a girl who would so gamble with fate—a girl who would stake all on one venture? Can you love such a scheming, highway-robber sort of a girl? Can you marry a beggar without a penny to her name?"

For answer Louis swept her into his arms and held her in a smothering embrace. "Love you, my darling! I adore your brave, dauntless spirit, but you make me feel unworthy of such a glorious love. What can I do to deserve you?"

"Love me," breathed Helene.

A LONE LAND'S LURE

If you have heard a wolf complaining,
From a far lake's lonely shore,
Where the reeds hold the trail-spent wreckage,
Of one who has gone before—
Then you have felt that soulless sorrow,
That walks in a lean-land's night—
Heard the winds complain o'er those who came,
Unscathed from the Barrens white.

No doubt you've welcomed the gaslight's glow,
When the toil of the trail was o'er.
Over your wine, you renounced your claim,
To that lone-land's golden store.
But you who have braved the Northland trail—
You who have tasted her woes—
Nothing but death can loosen the lure,
That calls you back to her snows.

CHART PITT.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

By Emma Sarepta Yule

BY JOVE! I'm glad to separate myself from this beast." With which heart-felt words, Jack Hiller, supervising teacher in the province of Iloilo, Island of Panay, stiffly dismounted from his sturdy little Philippine pony and gave the reins to the bare-footed muchacho who stood waiting.

"Isn't this a hell of a place to call home?" Hiller muttered, as he looked at the tiny nipa shack on its stilts among the ragged-leaved banana plants. With an unpleasant laugh he walked toward the house, as heedless of the sloppy mud as he was of the dripping papaya trees and the long, drenched banana leaves that swished against his already soaked khaki rain cape.

"What would some of the old bunch say if they saw me now?" he said to himself. "Me, the fastidious Jack, who chafed because his dad's ten-roomed cottage in beautiful old Berkeley was not quite up to his taste. Me, the fussy chap who flew into a temper because his sister put a cushion with the wrong tone color into his den. Well, dear little kid, I guess I'd think any old thing would harmonize with this dreariness." A faint, boyish smile relieved for a moment the bitter, hard expression around his mouth. But only for a moment; the hardness soon came back with an added bitterness as he muttered: "What would Helen say?" His knuckles showed white through the tan on his hands as he clutched the riding whip he carried. "God! What would she say!" The man's body slowly slumped as though the muscles had given way. Water-soaked, drooping, he looked not unlike the dejected appearing banana plants that hung over the path. With an effort he brought his nerves, his muscles into use again. Half-speaking the words, "Hold on, old chap!" he straightened his shoulders and pushed on through the mud, muttering as he splashed along, "Come, chuck it! Brace up! Don't funk! Why, Jackie, you should be doing the happy whistling turn, for you're—— No, damned if I'll call this bird roost home. There is no such word for the white man in the provinces of the Philippines."

Mounting the shaky bamboo ladder he went into the house, saying as he opened the door, "Hello Felisa!"

"Buenas tardes!" The soft-voiced greeting was spoken by a Filipino girl as she rose from a low bamboo stool.

"Senor is very wet?" she asked, drawing her trailing, stiffly starched, bright-flowered skirt around her and tucking it in the band in front, as she came to Jack and took his hat and rain cape.

"Yes, soaked," Jack answered, in a sort of mixture of Spanish and the vernacular. "Been riding for two hours in this downpour."

The man sat down in the one of the two chairs in the room that offered the least discomfort.

Schuffling across the bamboo-slat floor, her half-slippers, or chinelas, playing a flapping tattoo as she moved, Felisa brought a pair of large chinelas to where Jack sat. Squatting down in front of him, she began unwinding the felt puttees which he wore instead of leggings. Every now and then she stopped to toss back the big, stiff, queerly folded, bertha-like collar

which kept getting in her way as she slowly went about her task.

Jack leaned wearily back, taking no note of the accustomed service. The sound of a hungry grunt coming from under the bamboo floor caused him to lift his head. He started to speak, stopped, laid his head back again, with the reflection, "Oh, hell; what's the use of nagging the kid. It's a great deal easier for me to get used to the pigs under the house than it is for her to learn to keep them out."

Jack's right foot was dry and comfortable in its red velvet chinela. Felisa was beginning to unwind the puttee from his left leg when the sound of carromata wheels and the words: "maestro," "casa," came sifting through the swali shutter-like windows which were closed against the rain. Unpracticed steps came up the ladder. The door opened simultaneously with the eager, quick knock, and a girlish voice asked, "Does Mr. ——"

"Helen! Here!" The nipa house swayed with the force of Jack's leap from his chair.

"Oh, Jack, haven't I surprised you? And do you really live in this funny, awful place?" exclaimed the unexpected visitor, as she sprang forward and threw her arms around the dazed man's neck.

"You see," she chattered on, "I got kind of worried about you, and I read about some dreadful disease called rinderpest, or something breaking out here, and I was afraid you might get it, and then I didn't have anything very interesting to do this summer, so I just thought that it would be nice to come over and marry you and share your hardships and everything. I had just a lovely time on the Mongolia coming over. Everybody was so nice and so interested in my coming. I felt quite like a heroine. It's raining just awful and it was pretty bad riding in that little cart way out here. I'm all soppy wet, and, why you are, too. Where is the stove?"

"That's one of the luxuries we dispense with in this sunny land." Jack's voice had a queer, metallic, dull sound.

Helen Dawson looked at him more closely than she had, and her own voice had lost some of its assured eagerness as she asked: "You haven't said you are glad to see me You are, aren't you? Is this where you really live? Who is that woman?" looking towards Felisa, who, on Helen's sudden entrance, had risen, pulled her tucked-up skirt down so that it swept out on the floor. As the American girl's inquiring glance fell on her she put her hand up in the familiar movement of adjusting her large-checked bertha-like collar.

The curious blue eyes met the questioning brown. Who can tell what subtle messages were flashed from one to the other.

There was a new note in the fair girl's voice as she said: "I thought you wrote me that your servants were all boys." Her arms slipped from Jack's shoulders as she spoke.

"So they are." The man's face looked gray in spite of the dark tan of the tropics.

"Then who is that girl, and why is she here?" Helen's voice was cold.

"She is——" The words would not come.

"Oh, Jack! Not your wife?" The girl's voice, no longer cold, quivered with fear, alarm, love.

"No—that is—not really—not exactly." Jack's dry lips twisted as he tried to form the words.

The softness, eagerness and joy left Helen Dawson's face. The curves of her vibrant, lithe body seemed to straighten. It was as though a plastic body had suddenly hardened. The only vital thing apparent was anger. Not simple anger, but anger mixed with revulsion, disgust, the anger of outraged pride.

"I quite understand." The words sounded like the breaking off of bits of icicles. "Pardon my sudden breaking in upon your domestic bliss. I'll intrude no longer." The angered girl seemed to fill the little room as she turned towards the door.

Jack stood as though life had stopped. A movement of the little,

dark-eyed creature standing back in the shadow touched a nerve center and roused him. His shoulders lifted. A wave of red swept like a flooding tide over his face.

"One moment." He almost shot the words out. "No, you do not understand. I am not sure that you ever can understand. But I owe it to you, to myself, and yes, to Felisa, to explain, to try to make you understand."

"Explanations are quite superfluous, Mr. Hiller," Helen started toward the door. Jack, fully alive now, reached the door first and with his back against it faced Helen with these words, "they may be, but you must hear them. Oh, Helen, little girl——' The cold look that met his eyes checked the heart-cry. Like one doing a simple duty he went on.

"You see this house. This, and worse has been, not my home, not where I have lived, but where I have had something to eat and a partial shelter for two years. To this kind of a place I have come after the day's work, hard work, for I cannot get interested in it. Night after night, the same old thing. Not a soul to talk to. Lonely! My God! The utter damable loneliness of it. I grew afraid of myself, afraid I'd turn coward and go home or get out of it some way. To save myself I turned to brandy. It brought forgetting. It was hardly weeks before I was in the clutches of drink. I suppose no day saw me really free from it. The few Americans I sometimes saw warned me that I'd better stop or it would kill me. I was beyond caring, beyond knowing. I neglected myself, my *muchachos,* of course neglected me and my house. I, the well-dressed, particular Jack Hillar cared little that he was unshaven, unkempt, or that in his habits he was becoming little better than the natives. I am not surprised at your disgust. I was not exactly the kind that the Berkeley co-ed. puts on her list. I was down and out, sick, soul and body, a drunken sodden excuse for a man, when Felisa here undertook to save me. How she came into my life does not matter here. What she did for me, how she did it, God and the angels know. I know only in part, but this I do know, a man stands here to-day because of her woman's care and love. No, do not scorn, love is not the peculiar prerogative of the woman with the white skin."

"Neither does truth seem to be the peculiar characteristic of the man with the white skin." Helen almost hurled the words out. With gathering bitterness she went on: "It doubtless afforded you diversion to write to me letters filled with terms of affection during this tragic time you so tellingly describe. Or, I see, they were probably done for practice to aid you in giving effect to the little melodrama you have been enacting with your self-sacrificing dusky heroine." Helen's blue eyes were dark with hurt pride.

At her words, her tone, a look of startled dismay, fear, such as comes to the face of a man climbing a precipice when he feels the vine he is clinging to, giving way, came over Jack's, face. He stared, hopeless helpless. A quick breath, a slight rustle of stiff skirts stirred him. He looked at the little creature who was shrinking against the wall. His eye fell on a colored advertisement over her head, in which the virtues of Colgate's tooth-paste were proclaimed by the wonderful teeth of a laughing, golden-haired beauty arrayed in a red velvet gown. He had left this decoration on the wall because Felisa had thought it so pretty and had cried so when he had spoken of burning it. His hands made a movement as if to tear it down, as the cause, the symbol of his misery. He heard, suddenly, as if for the first time that day, the dreary patter of the rain, the ineffably dreary swish of the split banana leaves. Again he felt the despairing loneliness of his first months. Again he was in a pit, and could see no stars above. Then he remembered the love, the patience of the dark-skinned girl looking at him now with the eyes of

an animal who fears her mate or her young will be taken from her. One by one, little acts of slave-like service and of tender love came to his mind. Acts which he had taken and which had helped to pull him out of the pit. His heart softened. The glaring picture no longer angered him. He felt almost tender about it. Then a new anger gripped him, and he turned fiercely upon the girl who was of his own kind. His low voice betrayed the effort he was making to keep himself in hand. "My letters to you, Helen, were sincere. No word of affection was written that did not carry more than it expressed. Not a word of longing that was not felt. Felt! Helen, can't you understand that it was my love, my longing for you that made this place so empty, that sent me down, down.

"Wronged you? Possibly. But my conscience tells me that my great wrong was to Felisa. For her sacrificing, slave like devotion, what have I given her? A little decent kindness. I have not misunderstood the dumb pleading in her eyes that I would give her the right to my American name. But that I could not do. The home folks, you, all of the old life, cried out against it. I could not even think of it. Yet, selfish coward that I am, I've gone on letting things drift, each day chafing more and more under the burden. For with the return of my old self came the call of the old ties, the rebellion against these. How I have hated it all! The irritating customs, habits, services, a thousand things, myself, even Felisa. This is my shame. This is where I condemn myself. Taking all here and longing for the time when my contract should expire, and I could go home to you!"

Helen's face had not softened while Jack spoke. At his last words she cut in almost fiercely: "You would have dared come back to me with the memory of this!" By the angry girl's glance, Felisa might have been the bamboo stool or the tooth-paste advertisement.

"I hope I should not have forgotten her. Even a dog remembers the hand that has cared for it." Jack's voice had hardened again.

"With this home"—Helen's scorn on the word home was burning—"as a part of your life, you would have insulted me by asking me to make a home for you?"

"I suppose I would. I am only a man, not a hero." The answer was spoken in a colorless voice.

"You are only a brute. Step aside and let me pass." The girl almost stamped her foot.

"Very well. As you will not or cannot understand. Only wait a minute and I'll drive back with you. It will be dark before you reach the steamer." He spoke the words of every-day courtesy, mechanically; and mechanically, as though they were numb, he moved toward the chair where his shoe and puttee lay.

"I came much farther alone and I will return alone." The little house was vibrating with the violent opening and closing of the door ere Jack reached the chair from which he had risen so abruptly only a few minutes before—minutes, it seemed to him, him, years, a lifetime.

* * * *

That night, as the inter-island steamer, "J. Bustamente," under slow bell, was feeling her way through the darkness along the southern coast of Panay Island, Helen Dawson lay face downward on her berth, sobbing in pure rage and pride. As she clutched the pillows or pounded them with clenched fists, she fairly hissed the words, "brute," "beast," "a common black woman." "How I hate him!"

Two men were standing by the rail just outside her cabin, smoking and talking. A slight change in the ship's course brought their voices distinctly to the sobbing girl's ears.

"I see the Berkeley girl is going back with us," said one. "What's up?"

These words sent a shock through Helen that made her clutched hands relax their hold on the pillow, before a cynical voice answered: "Oh, there

were probably two surprises at a nipa casa to-day. The lonely lover was surprised to see the unexpected bride-to-be, who, to cheer up the said waiting lover, had braved the fearful dangers of a trip across the Pacific on a liner. The said brave bride was probably surprised to find the lonely lover resting his head on a camesa covered bosom instead of waiting for a shirt-waist covered one, and," he added, with a bitter life, "as a soft, quiet, resting place, preference, doubtless, could be given to the camesa."

His matter-of-fact companion ignored the comment and inquired with evident interest: "Do you know anything about the facts in the case? I believe Miss Dawson said the man's name was Hiller. He is a supervising teacher or something. I wasn't much interested until I saw the girl on board again going back to Manila."

"Yes, I know some of the facts. I know that this same brave and heroic bride found to-day in the nipa box, Hiller has called home for months, a Filipino girl who has been with him for a year or more. I know, also, that the said bride would have found instead of the pretty normal, fairly fit Jack whom she did find to-day, a six-by-two piece of ground marked, maybe, with a board, and filled with drink-killed Jack, had it not been for the slavish love and care of this Filipino girl. Calls for a pretty little scene of Christian gratitude, doesn't it? But, by Jove! can't you see my lady, with the golden hair, do the withering, high-and-mighty act on the little black haired querida. Whew!"

"Well," said his companion, "I must say it was a pretty tough proposition for her to run up against."

"Tough? Yes! Because she has led a pampered, self-centered life." There was resentment in the cynical voice. "What was she doing while the Filipino girl was caring for and saving Hiller? Writing him reams of slushy lies about her love, and sending him silk socks for Christmas—or woolen ones—'twould be all the sense she had."

"But," the man argued, "she came all the way from California to marry him."

"Very true," replied the other, "and why? Because it was an interesting, romantic thing to do. She could be in the lime light, the heroic bride, center of attraction all the way over, to say nothing of the two days' wait in Manila. I chuckled when I saw her leave the dock to-day in the carromata. I thought, 'Now, my lady, you are up against the real thing.' And yet, like a fool, I hoped she might brace up and prove the thoroughbred. You see," he added almost tenderly, "my mother was an American woman and I like to think that there are no yellow streaks in the stock."

"All the same," said his companion, as he lighted a fresh cigarette, "poor little girl, it was tough, and I'm mighty sorry for her. She must be feeling pretty bad to-night."

"She probably thinks she is. But take it from me, Jack Hiller is having a taste of the real thing. He is in a hell so black that anything he's been through before will seem, by comparison, like heaven with the golden streets, and all the rest of the celestial paraphernalia thrown in. And I'll lay ten to one," he added, as he walked away, "the little querida is finding the petate on the bamboo-slat floor no flower-strewn downy couch this night. Poor little devil."

For a long time after the two men had gone to their cabins, blissfully ignorant that their words had been heard by the one most concerned, Helen, face still buried in the pillows, lay perfectly quiet, scarcely conscious that the talking had stopped and that the deck was silent.

The storm of anger and pride was over. For the first time since she had slammed the door of the nipa house after her, she was thinking definitely of Jack. The last words spoken by the cynical voice outside her cabin window had projected him and the tiny leaf-thatched shack into her consciousness. "Was he suffering to-night?" It had not occurred to her

in her self-centered passion that all the unhappiness, the suffering, had not fallen on her. "He did look worn and thin, and his brown eyes"—how she had always loved to kiss him on his eyes, first on the left one, then on the right—"they were so sad and tired-looking to-day." Maybe if she had kissed them they would have looked brighter and happier. "I wish I had," she said to the hard pillow. She thought of the dreary, comfortless little room which she had not really noticed when there. She recalled the glaring tooth-paste advertisement. "How perfectly fearful it was! And Jack loves good pictures and comfy, pretty things. The pictures I brought with me would have so pleased him. I'm sure the walls were dark; I don't seem to remember anything but brown in the room; that would be just the background for Watts' 'Hope,' and I I thought that would be such an appropriate picture for us out here, and the little 'Mona Lisa' in a corner, how her smile would have shown out, so mysterious. And the dear old Berkeley blue and gold cushions, and things, would have been just lovely. How pretty I could have made it! Oh, dear, why must everything be so awful!" The tears began to flow again, but gently this time, and they were mostly for Jack. There came to her mind the words from the deck about the little piece of ground marked with a board. "He might have died," she whispered, a sickening fear gripping her heart. The vibrating engine took up her words, and throbbed out, "He might have died. He might have died." The fear became terror. In desperation, to reassure herself, the girl said, half-aloud: "But the little brown girl saved him." The engine sang the words: "But the little brown girl saved him." Then like an antiphonal chorus, "He might have died. But the little brown girl saved him. He might have died. But the little brown girl saved him," vibrated, throbbed through the cabin, through the ship, it seemed to Helen. It became maddening. She fairly cried out: "I know it! I know it!" With this admission, the chorus became less accusing, less insistent, and gradually died away. As the fear passed, quieter thoughts came. "I wonder if Jack lo— liked her very much. I don't believe he did." Suddenly she thrilled at the memory of his voice when he had cried: "Oh, Helen, little girl." How cruel she had been! "I'm sure he loved me all the time, darling old Jack! My own dear boy!" With these whispered words her heart beat happily. Her whole body grew warm, soothed, and contented. She lifted her head, turned the tear-soaked pillow to find a dry side, drew up her feet and cuddled down comfortably. "He couldn't really like such a funny little thing," she thought; "she was dressed so queer, too. And Jack, blessed dear, wasn't he too perfectly absurd with that dreadful red slipper on one foot." Helen almost laughed in the darkness.

As she lay quietly, her interview with Jack, the conversation of the two men came back in bits and mixed with her own rambling thoughts. The words, "I hoped she would prove a thoroughbred," came suddenly to her mind. What did he mean? Hadn't she? What else could she have done? One must be independent and dignified, even if one does love a man, and she had been hurt; yes, insulted. What did he think she should have done? "Surely not——" The half-spoken sentence was not finished. With a quick, startled movement, Helen half-sprang from her berth. "Could he have meant that? Should I have stayed? Should one be always guided by love?" she whispered, breathing fast.

Crouched on the edge of the berth, her hands gripping the rail, she stared wide-eyed into the darkness. Out into the night into the wide spaces —under the cloud-swept heavens, she went, seeking the answer to the question: "Should love always guide?" She traveled far before the rhythmic beat of the waves and the mighty song of the wind, her listening soul heard the answer: "Yes, for love is wider

than the earth, deeper than the sea, higher than the stars, more wonderful than the heavens. Love cannot be understood, but its understanding is perfect. Love knows no fear, has nothing to forgive, for its trust is absolute. Love is all!"

"And I do love Jack." Helen breathed the words softly. They were like an amen to the answer of the winds and the waves. Her tense grip loosened, her whole body relaxed. With her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, she sat smiling happily. Six bells struck. "Mercy! Three o'clock! I must go to bed. But I'll write the cable first. I'll show that horrid old cynic that a Berkeley co-ed is a thoroughbred without a speck of yellow, either."

Sliding off the berth, she turned on the light and wrote: "Dearest Jack: I don't want you to be a hero. I just want you to be Jack. Meet the first steamer from Manila. I don't care about anything except being your own Helen. Please throw away the red velvet slippers."

THE "VASTY INN"

Still, still as if deserted,
  Withdrawn from day and din,
Its sign, a torch inverted,
  There stands a vasty inn—

So deep withdrawn, so quiet,
  Vined with such subtle care,
Spent travelers pass by it,
  Nor dream that it is there.

Yet vast, from every station,
  The throng that thither pours;
Dense with a viewless nation
  Its silent corridors.

For 'tis the goal of mortals,
  And ever, night and day,
Dim guests glide through the portals
  That open but one way.

Like children, all misgiving,
  They knock, the timid ghosts,
The dead that were the living,
  For Death, the host of hosts.

His lowlier guests Life knows not;
  Death greets each guest by name,
A guest that comes, but goes not,
  Mere transient, whence he came.

By Earth's sad sons and daughters,
  Death's new-come guests, is quaffed
The sweetest of all waters,
  His deep Lethean draught.

Death's Inn is never guestless,
  Yet nightlong hears no sound;
The sleep of beds is restless,
  But that of graves, profound.

HARRY COWELL.

LAYOS, THE NEGRITO

By William A. Reed

Formerly Member of the Philippine Ethnological Survey and Governor of Lepanto-Bontoc.

MANY, many years before the Spaniards came to the Philippines, the Negritos, the first masters of the soil, had been driven back by the incoming Malayans and forced to seek strongholds in the inaccessible mountains. From these mountain retreats, however, they often swooped down on the weak coast villages, killed a few villagers and carried off anything in the way of provisions and animals they could lay their hands on. At first the Malayans were too few to retaliate, but their numbers gradually increased, and after a time they were enabled in some places to carry the combat even into the Negritos' own domain. These raids and reprisals continued even long after the European conquerors had firmly established themselves in the islands, and they were compelled to maintain detachments of native soldiery in the outlying settlements to protect the workers in the rice fields from the marauding savages.

When Layos was five years old, as naked, round-eyed, and kinky-haired a little savage as ever drew breath in the Zambales mountains, his father led a raid on a village at the edge of the plain. Only the men and boys big enough to shoot the long bows were allowed to go, and of course this barred Layos, but he was not greatly concerned; he was too busy playing a hunter in the tall cogon grass which surrounded the little group of huts. He would hide in a well screened place, holding his eighteen-inch bow in readiness for the deer. The deer was only a half-starved hunting dog, but whenever he came within reach of the little marksman, a howl told that even then Layos was learning well his trade. Then when he had used up all the little cane arrows he would get his father's big knife and set to work to make some more, crooning softly to himself all the while.

The raiding party was gone three days. Layos missed them sorely, for there was little to eat in the hut, and his mother had been able to find very few roots in the forest. But late on the third day a shout informed them that here were their warriors, and what a wealth of provisions they carried! Rice and corn, but best of all, rich, juicy pieces of carabao meat. And what stirring tales they had of their adventures! The surprise and fear of the plainsmen, the fight and the victory!

There was feasting that night and the next day and night. It was so good to have one's hunger satisfied, to have one's stomach so full that another bite would not go down. The following morning, while the last of the carabao meat was roasting in the coals, suddenly there came a great shout and a volley of rifle shots.

"The soldiers! The soldiers!" cried some one, and they all turned to run. A detachment of the native Guardia Civil had tracked the raiders to their homes.

At the first alarm, Layos rolled off into the cogon grass like a rubber

ball. The instinct of self-preservation is not stronger with wild animals than with the Negritos. Layos did it without thinking. He knew that danger threatened, and that he must hide. Once out of sight, he crawled snake-like into a little hollow where the grass grew higher and thicker, and he lay there, scarcely breathing. He heard more shots; he could see the smoke of the burning huts and hear the popping of the bamboo. Then a few shots in the distance and all was still. Yet Layos did not move. The sun, high overhead, beat down pitilessly on the little naked body, and the grass, besides not affording protection from the sun, also cut off the breeze. Layos' tongue became parched, yet he uttered no sound.

Slowly the long afternoon wore away, the sun sank lower until it was lost to view. The child's healthy little stomach now began to demand food, and the thirst and hunger and the awful loneliness made the tears come into his eyes. Why did not his mother come for him? At last he could bear it no longer, and weeping silently, he began to crawl toward the smouldering ruins of the village. Everything was still. Reaching the edge of the grass, Layos stood up, and there within two feet of him, lay the body of his own father.

"Bapa!" he called softly. "Bapa asleep?" he asked, and he shook the sleeper to arouse him.

Again and again he called and shook but he got no response. Then a sense of his great desolation came over him and he sat down by the cold body and kept bitterly.

About this time the Negritos who had escaped from the soldiers began to steal cautiously back by two and threes. Hearing only the child's cries they came up to him. Among them was his own mother, and she grabbed him up in her arms and hugged him close.

"Bapa won't wake up," he said.

The woman then knew for the first time that her husband was dead, and she set up a low moaning. Others discovering dead bodies of relatives, did likewise. But it would not do to make an outcry; the soldiers with the terrible guns might be waiting near, so they gathered up the bodies and carried them laboriously into the heart of the jungle and buried them. Then they fled from the place, never to return.

Higher up in the mountains where Negritos only could climb, they erected more huts and went on with their savage life as before. Layos never forgot that terrible day when his father was killed. His mother would not let him forget it, and it became his desire presently to lead a retaliatory raid on the people of the plains.

As the years went on Layos grew to be a mighty hunter. He killed his first deer when but twelve years old and dragged it home on a bamboo skid unaided. His chest broadened and his muscles became like iron. By the time he was eighteen there was no one in the mountains as strong and as clever with weapon and snare as he. His aim with the long bow was unerring, and he brought home more game and fish than any other man in the village.

All this time Layos kept in mind his one great desire. The Negritos had not been on any more raids since the time when his father was killed. There was no one brave and strong enough to lead them. But one day Layos called in all the warriors of the tribe and said: "Make ready to go with me to the plains. Sharpen your knives, make new arrows and renew your bow-strings. In six days we shall start."

The warriors shouted with delight, and the forest was filled with the cry. At last they would have a worthy leader. Old men who had gone on raids with his father chuckled to themselves. Even the women were glad. It meant more food and clothing to them. But there was one girl of fourteen who was both glad and afraid. She was betrothed to Layos, and she trembled lest something happen to him.

"Never fear, Ticia," he said to her.

"We will return in a few days, and we will have food for a great feast and then you and I will be married."

Ticia's savage heart thrilled with as much pride as that of any Spartan girl at her lover's exploits, as Layos led the thirty warriors all bristling with arrows, their black bodies gleaming in the early morning sun—led them down the narrow, precipitous path to the turbulent mountain stream below the village. The women followed as far as the stream, and standing on big round stones in the gurgling water, shouted good-byes to the warriors who went splashing down the stream, leaping from stone to stone. Farther down the stream ran through a deep gorge which was the only means of egress from their mountain retreat. No fear that they would be surprised by the soldiery this time.

When the warriors were out of sight the women and children climbed back to their huts and waited patiently. In four days the warriors returned, each man laden with as much food as he could carry, and not a man was missing. They told how they had slipped up behind the unsuspecting people in the rice fields and charged them with loud cries and volleys of arrows. The praise of Layos was sung the loudest. He had killed four men with as many arrows, while none of the others had killed more than one, and some not any. After the fight the huts of the laborers near by were hastily ransacked, for those who escaped would spread the alarm, and soon the soldiery would be in pursuit. The bodies of the dead Filipinos were stripped of their clothing, and choosing two of the fattest carabao the marauding savages had made off with their plunder toward their mountain home. Arriving at the place where the mountain stream issued from the gorge, one of the carabao was tethered in a hidden place, where he could have both grass and water, and the other was killed and cut up into pieces as large as one man could conveniently carry.

What a feast they had that night! The rice was cooked in joints of green bamboo laid in hot coals, and the meat was roasted in small bits strung on a sharp stick, and held over the fire. The aroma of it filled the place. Not one in the village but had enough to eat, a rare occurrence with them.

When the feast was ended Layos called Ticia to his side and addressing the assembled throng he said: "This same feast which commemorates our glorious victory shall also serve as the wedding feast of Layos and Ticia. Know ye, then, my people, that I now take Ticia to be my wife."

So saying, he picked the girl up in his strong arms and bore her unresisting to his hut. That was the only ceremony, but it was as binding as decree of man-made law.

Later, when the night had grown dark, a big bonfire was built, and all the Negritos gathered around, the whites of their big eyes, and their shiny, sharp-pointed teeth gleaming in the firelight. Old Turico brought out his rude three-stringed bamboo violin, and there was much dancing But of all who danced, none leaped higher nor shouted louder than Layos. Why should he not, victorious over enemies, leader of his people, and husband of the girl of his choice? Life was as sweet to him as to any comfort-loving millionaire, because, at least for the present, there was nothing to be desired.

Thus Layos lived and prospered for several years, hunting in the forests, and when game was scarce, leading raids into the lowlands, always successfully eluding the soldiery sent in pursuit. Several children were born to him, and let it be said to his credit he never sought another wife, as the custom of his people allowed him to do.

But there came a turn in his fortunes. His name had become known throughout the region as one to inspire terror, and the detachments of soldiery were especially alert. One day, while returning from a raid, his party ran straight into an ambush. At the first fire nearly half of his forty warriors were shot, but although he and

the others escaped, the leader's spirit was broken. The sorrowing and wailing of the bereaved women when the little band carried the news to the mountain village made Layos sick at heart. He thought how some day, he, too, might never return to his children and his wife Ticia, whom he still loved with a faithfulness unusual in the savage. Half his following was slain. There were other groups of Negritos of which he might perhaps become a leader, for his name was great in the land, but his dead warriors could never be replaced.

There were also some Negritos who lived in amicable relations with the Filipinos and often worked in their fields. Layos saw that their condition was better than that of his own people. He sat in his hut day after day, and thought laboriously over these things. He was living the life of a hunted wild beast. He owed it to his people, most of all to his own family, to bring them into a state of security. Game was scarce. Another raid might wipe out his little band entirely.

Thus by degrees things formed themselves in his barbarous mind, and finally he arrived at the point of action. He might lose his own life, for he had been a hunted outlay for a long time, but he would at least try to make safe those of his own people. Telling his followers that he would be back as soon as he could, and taking with him two young men, he set out for the plains. When he reached the huts of the civilized Negritos, he told them his mission and asked them to go into the town and tell the authorities that he wished to bring his people down from the mountains and live like them in peace with everybody.

When the Captain of the Guardia Civil stationed in the town heard that Layos wished to surrender, he threw up his hands in amazement. The depredations of the Negrito band and his inability to check their raids had worried him. He sent a squad of soldiers back with the emissaries to escort Layos in, telling them to assure the savage that he would not be injured, but that the "Captain" wished to talk things over with him. Fortunately this captain possessed more judgment than the average Spanish official.

"Juan," he said to his lieutenant, "we must give the old boy a welcome. He ought to be shot for the mischief he's done, but if we kill him or put him in jail even, his people will carry on the trouble. I propose to give him a royal reception and send him back laden with gifts, and I don't believe there will be any more carabao raids."

The soldiers brought Layos in the next day. He came bravely, though he did not feel at all sure they would not kill him. He was taken to the post headquarters. It was the first time he had ever seen a white man, and this one wore a uniform glittering with gold braid and calculated to dazzle even more than a naked savage. But to have this white man take him by the hand and say "Good-morning, Senor Layos: how are you to-day?" in the latter's own tongue, was too much for the savage. He was ready to do the white man's bidding. It was not difficult for the officer to talk with him directly, since the Negritos speak nearly the same dialect as the people of the plains. And while they sat and smoked cigarettes it did Layos' heart good to be called brother, and be assured that his people would not be molested so long as they were peaceable.

Before the interview was ended, the Captain sent out for clothes, including a straw hat, for Layos was clad only in his breech cloth, and he told his servants to see that Layos had plenty to eat. To-morrow they would have a parade for his benefit. Layos had no idea what a parade was, but the white man's food was good and he ate heartily. That night he slept on a bamboo bed for the first time in his life, and dreamed of Ticia and the children.

The next morning there was a parade of soldiery headed by a band. The Captain asked Layos to march with

him, and Layos, clad in civilized garb, the straw hat set jauntily on the tufted kinky hair that had never known a covering, marched proudly, with head erect. If Ticia and the others could only see him now! Such honor, such greatness! It would be a thing to talk about for years.

One thing worried him somewhat: he could not get used to the band. At times it played softly, and Layos thought he had never heard such sweet sounds: it was even better than old Turico's fiddle. Then suddenly there would come a loud crash of drum and cymbal which made him jump. He remembered only too well the volleys from the soldiers' rifles that had terrified him many times.

When the parade was over the soldiers were drawn up in a line before a little platform erected for the purpose, the band at one side and the people all around, while the Captain, the Lieutenant, the native presidente of the town and Layos ascended the platform.

The Captain made a little speech in the Zambal dialect about how the Negritos of the mountains now wished to be friends with the people of the plains. Then unwinding a long sash of cheap cotton cloth with a fringe at each end, he draped it over the bewildered Layos, and said to him: "Senor Layos, by the authority vested in me as Captain of this district, I hereby proclaim you Captain-General of all the Negritos of the mountains, and I charge you to keep them under control and live in peace wherever you may see fit to place your village. Carry my message to your people, and make them know that we wish them to be law-abiding citizens, and that so long as they are peaceable we will not molest them."

"Viva General Layos!" shouted the lieutenant, and a great cry went up from the people.

Layos was then given presents for his wife and children, and told that he might go. Two days later it was a different Layos that reached his waiting people in the mountains, but none the less a hero. He had laid down his rule, had offered his life if necessary, only to take them up again, greater than ever. And the heart of Ticia was made glad with a dress and many beads.

As the Captain had predicted, there were no more raids, and General Layos lives to this day, near the town of San Marcelino, a leader among his people, and a good citizen.

CREED.

Oh, why do Poets in their storied verse
  Hark back to fabled myth and musty sprite?
Why brims the lyric Singer's phrase-stored purse
  With deities who long since took their flight?
"Each mortal for his age," the wise men say:
  Then Poets take the Present for your theme,
Exalt with power the glories of To-Day!
  Express the visions that forever teem
The rainbow radiance of inspired Soul!
  In utterance clear and language crystal pure,
Let your new songs fly onward to the goal,
  Immortal in the snowy Heights secure!
As long as men will breathe and have a heart,
  Unto this end shall Song explore all Art.

ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ON THE WHILOM FRONTIER

By Fred A. Hunt

SHORELY, Brownsville, Texas, was a cuckoo of a place just after the Civil War: a sort of cavallard of frontiersmen and fellers who had been in the war and didn't want to let go of the fightin' game and settle down to peaceful ways of making a livin', like keeping bar and such; a reg'lar round-up of mavericks that were always goin' round with a chip on their shoulder and just achin' fer somebody to come along and try to knock it off. You see there was a bunch of ex-Rebs that camped on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, and a covey of ex-Yanks that similarly assembled on the Texas side, and both of 'em was just achin' to get into a rumpus with one another. I have heard a song about there bein' "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," but down thar it was a hot time all the while, and the populace was always a-seethin' like a bundle of ants when one stamps on their entry-way. Maximilian had jumped in thar to try and corral Mexico and to get a Mexican herd of his own with him as the bell-wether, and he shortly had a fairly select gang under the command of an old Mexican general named Mejia, who was brave enough, although he wasn't bigger'n a palmetto.

A man wanted to have plenty of sand those times, for if either side had it in for any one, and caught 'em, they had a very onpleasant way of takin' 'em out on a fine morning, standin' 'em up against a blank wall and fillin' 'em so full of lead that the undertaker would charge extra for carryin' 'em to the boneyard. The Imperials on one side and the Liberals on the other, under Generals Cortinas, Escobede and Canalas, kept things a-woopin' good and plenty.

What has all that to do with my story? Well, don't get impatient and yank the jerk line before you're in the saddle, and you'll understand that sparkin' under those mixed-up circumstances wasn't just a thing of settin' on the front porch and holdin' hands, but was a good deal more like the way cats do their sparkin'; a sort o' rough-and-tumble proceedin', with plenty of squeals and fur flyin' to make things properly lively.

I had drifted over to Texas, like any other stray steer, and landed at Brazos de Santiago (which, translated from the Greaser language to good American, means the arm of St. James, though what Saint James, or any other saint, had to do with that country, would be hard to guess), but there was nothin' doin' on that sand-spit, where all the water they had to drink was condensed sea-water, so I pulled my freight up the river towards Brownsville, takin' first-class passage on a bull-train by way of Boca Chico and White's Ranch. I have seen all kinds and conditions of bull-trains, but that train I took the bridal suite on was about the orneriest I ever saw; the oxen were about the size of jack-rabbits, and the cowpunchers a raft of undersized Greasers, who swore so consistently that the waves comin' from the Gulf got the tops knocked offen 'em before they hit the shore. I picked up a few words of Spanish (gumbo-Spanish, that is), on the way, but I couldn't use what I learned in polite society. The animals they drove, I thought, at first, were mangy, but I afterward concluded that most

of their hair had been swore off 'em, and I really surmise that that was what made 'em look so scurvy and bald-hided. I was glad of my poverty, for once, for if I had had a roll of greenbacks, I should have expected to have woke up some fine morning with my throat cut and my wad gone.

After a while, between walkin' to rest myself and gettin' away ahead of the train doin' it, I got to Brownsville. By the way, I forgot to remark that there was a government railroad laid up the route that I took, and trains were supposed to run over it, but the fact was that the trains were even slower than the bull-trains; I have heerd tell that passengers used to get poles and pry the trains along, and that if they took to walking and got up a tolerably swift gait, the train never overtook 'em.

Of course, when I got to Brownsville, I had to mingle in society, so I got a gentleman what knew the ropes to take me to a fandango (that's the Mexican for a free-for-all dance), and not bein' hip to the way of ropin' the senoritas, I asked him how I should ask the maidens to trip the light fantastic, etcetery, and he put me wise to the siren cow-song; tellin' me to say: " ? Quiere V. baile mi conmigo, Senorita?" I went over that like a bum actor rehearsin' for Hamlet, and finally got it pretty pat; then he told me that when I had rounded her up in the giddy dance and cut her out to a seat, I should say: "Gratias, Senorita," and bow with my usual grace; just about like one ducks when he is throwin' a lasso from the saddle.

We went to the suburbs of the town and associated with the fair (only they were kind of brownish, and had a smell that made one think of mutton) damsels, and the saddle-colored Greasers, and I broke loose with my nifty assortment of Spanish. I danced for some few whirls, and then got a Senorita for my partner that was just about the prettiest and sweetest little woman that ever got tangled up with a broncho-buster. I ain't much on describin' a woman; I can depict a Texas longhorn or a pinto cayuse all right, but when I got hold of that Senorita mia and was a-whirlin' her round it was a mazy dance all right, and I didn't rightly know whether I was on my head or my heels, and them soft, sparklin' eyes of hers lookin' up at me as we went round and round just made my brain feel like a geyser. I kind of edged her off from the rest of the herd of dancers, and when we was kind of eyesolated from the rest of the herd of cattle, I'll be humswoggled if I didn't kiss her smack on her little rosebud of a mouth. She didn't make any particular stampede about it, but some dub of a Greaser who, it seems, knew her, just raised merry hell and made a charge at me like a hostile steer just off the range; and that malicious Greaser had a cuchillo grande (that means a bowie-knife about a yard long) that he evidently intended to disturb my digestion with. Yes, I know that it wasn't just the thing for me to do; but there are times when the spirit don't run in the same yoke with the flesh, and I just couldn't help it. All the same, I had a very decided dislike to having that Mejicano galoot interfere with my supper with his old carving knife; so I gave him a jolt under the chin that knocked his cuchillo one way and him another, and skipped by the light of the moon. I had to, for his compadres were gathinin' in force, and a millin' around, and there weren't a great many Gringoes (that's what the Greasers call the Americanos) in the select assemblage.

I pronto got a job with the government that made me travel up and down the Rio Grande frontier a good deal, and I often wondered whether I should meet my little Senorita again—I had got to calling her "my" senorita to myself, and had also picked up quite a lot of Spanish from wallowin' around among the rancherias, so I was properly fixed to do quite a liberal allowance of chinwhack, in case I should range alongside the bonita senorita again. Yes. It was that far gone that I absolutely thought

of her as a lady, and that was about the highest compliment I could pay her among that band of females that ravaged along the Rio Grande. I got a liberal jolt one day by seein' a whole herd of Mexicans in bathing, male and female, and every one of 'em as innocent of duds as Grandma Eve before she tackled the pomelo. I don't know as life on the frontier and seein' coveys of the Injuns tends to make an observer especially modest, but that raw hide business did not seem to appeal to my taste.

One day I was on one of my trips along the Rio Grande, and, as usual, went into a ranch to get outside the grub-pile. It so happened that I had not tackled that ranch before, and when I went in and sat down at the table, who should come in but "my" senorita. I don't usually lose my voice—in fact, I was noted for bein' able to howl the Hallelujah chorus when the cows was a-millin' as sweetly as any one on the trail—but when she came in, my heart seemed to whirl around like a roulette wheel, and I sort of choked up like I had swallowed a prickly pear without peelin' off the prickles. This was all the more peculiar, for, as I said, I was sort of renowned for havin' a fairly loud voice, so that I could soothe the cows just before they started to stampede, and then I could split the air and quiet the excited animals with my sweet tenor. Comanche Jack used to say that I could rip the shakes offen a shack when I sang, and not half try.

Well, I sat there like a gump for a little while, but that spell of quietness (like the dead stillness just before a Norther turns loose) helped me to see a glint in her eye, and I knew that she cottoned to me as the fresh youth that had kissed her without leave. I managed to ask for some grub, and when she brought it, I just made up for my dumbness, and talked as swift as the uncurling of a lasso with an able-bodied cowboy on the pommel end of it. And you bet I talked my prettiest, too. They eat whole wads of chile pepper in that country, and that may be the reason one's feelings are warmer than in a northern range. I did not know then how hers were, but I know that mine was bubblin' and steamin' like the Fire Hole in Yellowstone Park, and I just put in my best Spanish—and with lots of Chili Colorado (red pepper) in it, too. She seemed to take to my spiel fairly kindly, so when I had loaded in my refreshments and dug up the dinero, I asked her to come outside to continue the conversation. She did, and the ripples of the Rio Grande and the rustle among the mesquite just made a nice sort of chorus for what I had to say. When I left that old ranch, I left a good part of me with "my" senorita, and took away a heart that was as hot as a brandin' iron at a round-up of mavericks and that was a-singin'—well, those orioles (and they are some on the sing, too) were not in it with what was goin' on inside of me.

That ain't much of a story? No, I guess it ain't, even if it did mean my gettin' roped in with the dearest little furriner that ever wore a serape; but that ain't the end of the yarn.

I had to be in Brownsville on business, and had to draw quite a wad of money from the express office—there wasn't any banks except faro banks there in those days. I thought that I was being shadowed as I left the express office, but didn't pay much attention to it. I attended to my business, and after work was over for the day, went to a billiard saloon on the edge of town to punch the ivories for a brief series of dissipation. When a cow-puncher is hit hard, the demon rum (as the ladies call booze; they never took a hefty snootful of it after comin' off the trail wet through and half frozen) hasn't much attraction for him. That's a pointer for the temperance folks: get the awful example to runnin' in double harness with his best girl, and keep him running there, and he'll come mighty near changin' his gait; all that is wanted to knock a bad habit galley west and crooked is

to pamper a good one till it can get a strangle hold on the bad one and throw it every time.

I played billiards until quite late, and then started for my camp, which was on the laguna some little distance below the edge of town. There was a few oil lamps along the main street, but the only light on the road that I had to fumble along was the stars, and they seemed somehow to look like Lolita's (of course, that was her name, any tenderfoot would know that) eyes; so I went moonin' along my road. Presently a couple of husky Greasers met me and one of 'em asked me a saucy question, to which I gave him a saucy answer. The one who spoke to me swore at me in some pretty red-hot language, and made a hasty pass at me, that I blocked and then jumped for him, and just about mashed his nose all over his monkey face. As I did, the other one stepped behind me and let drive at the back of my head with a slung shot, and I went down and out like a pole-axed cow. I had enough gumption left in my brain to put my hands over my face as they started to kick the livin' stuffin' out of me, and then I lost all savey.

When I came to, I was lying in the road, bleeding like a stuck pig, with my boots off, my red silk Mexican sash gone, and I naturally concluded that my bundle had also vamoosed. I picked myself up and wobbled to camp, where I woke some of the boys up and went into the repair shop to get glued together. In the mornin' some of the boys started to clean up my duds, and when they came to the coat they felt something bulgy in the back, and came to me to investigate. I ran my hand into the pocket on that side, and there found my old-fashioned wallet, that had fallen through the torn pocket, and I had been lying on it all through the unpleasant seance. So the ladrones got nothing of any consequence, while I got a head the size of a lumpy-jawed cow and a blinky eye that lasted for some months.

While I was gettin' skin on the arid spots on my countenance, I wondered whether the gentleman that had made a dash for me with his butcher knife had taken this decisive way of intimatin' his dislike for my visits to Lolita; probably thinking, when they left me, that they had done me up for keeps, and that my visits to the ranch would occur no more, unless I went there as a ghost. Of course, if that was his lay out, he would not be true to the style of his countrymen, if he lost any chance of goin' through anybody; a Greaser will cheerfully kill any one for a peso, the only special contract being that it must be a silver dollar, as they don't like paper money. So I chewed the cud for some time and concluded that the manhandling that I got was caused by jealousy, and that didn't seem so sour to me as my mauling would otherwise have made me feel, because, if the Greaser was jealous and as rank as his action would show, he must be sure he had plenty of cause for it, else he would not have taken such desperate chances. I was known to carry a gun and to be able to hold it fairly straight —that night I left it in the billiard room, thinkin' I would have no cause to use the weapon. I ain't the only Texan who wanted a gun badly and didn't have it.

When I had got fairly soiled over in the bare spots, of course, I called on Lolita, and she was rather of the opinion that I had been to a fandango, and got what was comin' to me;— women always will turn a stone to see if there ain't a centipede under it; and I had rather a merry time convincin' her of the way the rumpus really happened, but I did it, and was glad I had worked as hard as I had gettin' next to the language; I would have had a monkey and a parrot of a time if I couldn't have whipped out the lingo pretty promiscuous. But I got there with both feet, and in threshin' over the wallopin' I took, we came to the conclusion that it was just a put-up job to get away with my dinero and that was why I did not get anything like an even break in the rumpus.

When a man is plumb locoed on a girl, she can persuade that a cow's an elk, and he'll swear to it afterwards. So I let it go on that basis, specially as there was no scarcity of the article around those trails. And, in some regions, there was as much of a scarcity of the long green as there is of water on the old Chisholm trail in August.

Talk about money being scant! When a bunch of Liberals dashed into a Mexican town, the first clatter out of the box was to levy an assessment on the merchants, and if the "mercantes" didn't come through, they would seize their stock; but they generally produced, and then the general would take his share and dish out what was left to the ragged army—and that didn't overload 'em. The Valley Forge layout didn't have anything on the Liberals, only the climate is a good deal warmer in Mexico than it is down east; a Mexican can get along first-rate, anyhow, on a cigarette and a serape; while if he hits a game of monte and has hard luck he can make shift with the cigarette.

As I said, we let the maulin' go as the general outcrop of the native habit, until one day when I was making my usual visit to the ranch. I had kind of got in the way of roamin' about it, and estimatin' what improvements I would make here and there after a while. I was doin' considerable speculatin' in this line on that day, and in my survey came across a Mexican whose general plan seemed like someone I had seen before. Just the way round the herd, you'll see a steer that seems knowable, so you ride a little closer to see his marks or brands.

I went nearer to his nibs, and the nearer I got the surer I was that I wasn't on a blind lead. When I got around where I could see his face, it had a nose on it that looked like it had been in the ring with the lively end of a hasty mule—and I was flip to his job lots. Naturally, my first idea was to go up against him and just disfigure the earth with chunks of the ladrone; but I concluded that I would prospect around a bit first So I went over to one of the peons and asked him who the gazaba was? I was pretty near paralyzed when he told me the man with the busted beak was Lolita's brother (el hermano de la Senorita, Senor). There was a complication; something like bein' found with a branded steer that don't belong to your herd. But, just the same, one has to think quick and act quicker, so I sauntered to my discovered placer of depravity, and had a short and unsweetened talk with him. Of course he lied—I was sure he would do that—but I had the age on him, and made him come to my way of thinkin', not because he wanted to, but because I told him if he didn't, the buzzards would be pickin' the tidbits outen him in short order.

He tried to excuse himself and his compadre by tellin' me that any alliance of his proud Castilian family with a heretic would be a terrible disgrace, and would make their patron saints shiver their wings off. This I told him was rank flapdoodle, for if they knew any saints, and they happened to be in the shiverin' business, they would have scattered all their feathers when he and his sweet partner were tryin' to batter my Grecian features and annex my wad. I don't know that my windbreak about the saints took any great holt; but I am a center shot, and I don't go gallivanting any more without my .45.

Some time when you feel like it, come down to the ranch and see Lolita—she is the Venus of the Rio Grande region. You can also take a general survey of the Castilian brother-in-law; he may not be so lovely as he once was, but he is a whole lot tamer.

THE CANTON SHAWL

By Hazel H. Havermale

I.

IN THE DAYS when she was the only port open to foreigners, Canton was like the bit of candied ginger that the wise Oriental puts on the outside of the jar—one tiny, pungent taste, but it is enough to make one's determination adamant on the point of having the whole jar. It used to be like the elusive fragrance of the squat jars of scent which Lee Chow sold in his shop, like the sound of a dulcimer—but this is not to be a dissertation on mysteries. Let us get to the point.

John Sargent, new captain of the "Alma de la Noche," had rolled in the harbor of Canton for three long months, awaiting vague orders from equally vague owners. Now China is apt to get in one's blood, especially if one is only twenty-nine and has spent five years in China before going to sea —when everything is done aboard ship that can be done, and the decks have been holystoned to an almost dangerous thinness. And if Canton lies below one's decks and the smell of the city—people, fish, sea-water and incense—comes floating aboard, if the junks persist in drifting by all tawny-sailed and red lanterned, if the wee patches of green and the crazy little streets call, call—and the first mate is a Norwegian—what is the use of quoting that hackneyed remark about Satan? As I said before, China is apt to get in one's blood. That's what it did to Sargent.

Night after night, the painter of the "Alma de la Noche" slipped through the oily water until it bumped—so—against the rickety wharf, redolent of age-old fish and coolies! Night after night, the white clad Captain wandered about the city, engaged in renewing his youth and old friendships and having Haroun al Raschidish adventures. Canton was as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be! Only a few new merchants gazed upon him suspiciously as he paused at the shop of Ming Lee to purchase a jade ring, at Quong Ling's a handful of lee-che nuts, at Ng Choo Chang's a pot of toothsome ginger. It was all there—the same filth and picturesqueness, the same sound and color that had intoxicated him when he was nineteen.

For John Sargent was an aesthete—strange, too, for one does not associate with "John" the ache that a rose and gold dawn creates in one's throat or the tingle in one's finger-tips when the moon rises over a clump of bamboo. For his soul's sake he should have been named Narcissus or Leander. And being an aesthete—and therefore a pagan—he worshipped beauty with that mad devotion that only a man who has seen moon-dawn on the equator, or sunset in Mexico can. Many a time he caught his breath sharply as some yellow-buttoned mandarin rode past, a gorgeous panoply of color, or as he watched the naked coolies ride their nut-shell crafts, heaped high with brown tea bales or crates of squawking geese, about the bay, their shining bodies standing clear as bronze statues against the sharp blue of Canton harbor.

So it was that one night Sargent was chattering indolently with a bespectacled silk merchant in his shop, he

caught a sound of pattering clogs behind the tall screen at the end of the stall and saw just a glimpse of a face, just a flash of silken trouser. Then a note or two on a dulcimer and a voice which half-whispered:

"Ai', Ai', Thou art come
But to leave me—
Ai', Ai'——"

Sargent relaxed before the old man's glare and began bargaining for a bolt of crimson silk for which he had no earthly use. He walked away with his bundle with as red a face as a suitor who returns home with a gift spurned by his love.

In a convenient shadow, he deposited the roll, and hurried back to the shop. The doors were drawn, but here and there a flicker of smoky light escaped with the sounds of vehement husbandly wrath. Sargent heard a low-voiced answer—a long pause—again the dulcimer and the same voice, nasally sweet: "Hast thou forgot thy lover? Hear him sigh!" Chinese houses were built that way then.

For a week thereafter, Sargent haunted the silk shop, and the merchant grew to look upon his arrival as a sign for a sudden rise in prices, and began to bring forth his choicer silks. Sargent grew to be a connoisseur in the matter of embroideries and filmy webs of silken lace. He had to —the fat merchant evidently looked upon him as a gift from the Omnipotent Gods, and proceeded to make the most of him. But no longer did the screen stir with satiny rustles, or the ping of a dulcimer set his pulses racing. Once he thought he heard a giggle at his attempts at conversation, but it was gone as a puff of west wind.

The seventh day discouragement bestrode his back. The sun grew hotter every time he ventured from the ship, the city grew more evil-smelling, the natives more surly. Even the silk merchant waxed impatient as Sargent pawed over his treasures. For three days he had been haggling over a shawl of peacock blue, just such a web as might have been spun from the thread of downy, gold striped spiders, just the color of Canton Harbor, just the hue of the fleeting bit of trouserette. Sargent knew that this time he must buy or lose it. Either way, he lost the singer forever—and he had seen her face. He put his hand in his pocket to irrevocably buy it, when a little, scraping sound in the tightly closed balcony above caused him to look up. A lee-che nut fell at his feet. Swiftly he looked at the old man, but his near-sighted eyes had seen nothing.

Then with a careless gesture, the big man bent, and under cover of tying his white shoe, gathered the nut into his palm and crushed it. He felt a wee scrap of paper unroll between his fingers and read it covertly. Three words in Chinese—that was all. With an eager smile Sargent picked up the shimmering peacock shawl for the fortieth time. A sharp corner scratched his finger; carefully, carelessly, he turned away, and holding the shawl before him, deftly extracted the promised message.

Then with his heart drumming furiously, he managed to escape with a vague word about returning, and almost running from the place, stopped before the next stall to read the note. As he read, his eyes glowed and his lips smiled faintly.

On board the "Alma de la Noche" the crew trembled. Something was wrong with Captain Sargent—furious or terribly excited, was the verdict of the officers. All afternoon they scurried at the sound of his voice, but at dusk the painter slipped away again, bearing the no longer white clad captain.

Very quietly he sped through the streets of Canton, very silently entered the old garden of the dead mandarin, Chan Kee. The bamboo rustled faintly, the reeds along the stagnant waterway stirred. An odor of Chinese musk swept upon him, shot through with the scent of yellow spice-roses

that tumbled in an unkept thicket about a mulberry tree. A white lily grew at the end of a grassy walk, and stood up slim and virgin as an altar candle. Over the fronds of the bamboo, the yellow moon was rising. Sargent flung himself down in the deep grass and gave himself up to the beauty of the night.

Suddenly, a whisper in the grass startled him; he raised his head, and saw a slim, swaying figure come down the walk by the white lily, her wee feet making no sound in the grass. A soft veil enwrapped her, but pausing by the bamboo, a brown hand crept up and fumbled a moment. Then the peacock shawl slid in a blue mist from the shoulders of the singer of the silk shop.

The moon glinted on her bracelets, shimmered on her silken coat, glistened on her embroidered clogs and hung a gold disc behind her gleaming head, as an Oriental cameo.

"God!" breathed Sargent. "God."

From one arm she trailed the shawl as she stole forward, an eager, shy nymph of the Chinese garden.

Sargent rose slowly, and with a low laugh she hurried toward him, shivering with an exquisite timidity.

There was no need to talk. The man simply reveled in her beauty. The enmeshing shawl had rubbed off a part of the rouge from her lips, and the dead whiteness from her cheeks. Her slender body moved with the breeze; her eyes were bits of velvet, and her small hands reminded him of the fragile yellow roses in the garden. And she—she talked to him and laughed at his execrable Chinese.

"Aye," she sighed. "The old man is my husband. But I—I am not of these Cantonese! No. I am from the inland—ah, you do not know China until you know the inland! But tonight," she continued, "Ah Ming, the other wife, was ill—such a strange illness, for her face was very red and her eyes very bright. She did not know when I left. And my husband —Ai', he sleeps with his opium now." Then with a quick shudder: "Ah, he would kill me—with smooth, white tablets, and I should grow sleepier, sleepier—so!" The sleek head drooped slowly and she grew limp and silent. The danger of her position fell full upon her, and she cried out with fear.

Sargent watched her closely.

"Child," he commanded gently, sing."

"And you—will you sing, too?"

"Yes," he laughed, "yes, I will sing, too."

Her voice was scarce above a croon as she sank:

"Oh, gooddess of the dawn,
Seek my Beloved,
Moon, fair one, my Beloved,
Oh, daughter of the sun!"

Sweetly and eerily her oriental voice wavered. The moon danced before Sargent's eyes and his breath came swiftly.

Then she stopped and said, "You!"

Nothing came to his mind but the old, Spanish song, "Noche Serena." It seemed nearest the embodiment of the garden and the Chinese dryad. As he sang, she swayed her body lightly to the rythm and clapped her hands together, laughing.

So passed an hour, and the night grew warmer and the moon rode higher and higher: once a troubling of the bamboos frightened her, but Sargent held her close and reassured her.

At last she rose, her tiny figure casting a black shadow on the grass. Sargent rose also and bent above her.

"Ai'," she moaned, "farewell—farewell!"

But he crushed her hands and insisted: "To-morrow!"

Still she shook her head and murmured: "No, no. It is farewell."

Suddenly she gasped: "The shawl." And as he turned to pick it up, she drew away and trotted off into the thicket.

Sargent stood stupidly with the blue shawl in his hands. He noted dully that the yellow rose-petals had fallen on her hair.

The next morning all Canton was mad with excitement. Smallpox had broken out over night, and was raging in the city.

By noon, the "Alme de la Noche" had sailed for San Francisco.

II.

Dolores del Valle was a sad-eyed beauty of San Francisco—one of those proudly passionate women whose nun-like faces burn men's souls, whose white hands clench or caress with equal fervor.

Sargent met her at a dance. She was dressed in white, and in the coils of her glorious black hair were twined white flowers. He loved her from the instant she entered the ballroom, from the moment her drooping carmine mouth smiled at him a little, from the first step of their waltz when he saw her smooth throat flutter as they talked.

The next day they rode. Aye, she looked superb in her green habit as she curbed her dancing horse. She satisfied even Sargent's critical senses.

And so the affair progressed as such affairs are wont to progress. The emotional Dolores was touched to the depths of her stormy nature, and daily grew more beautiful. Sargent's delight in her grew keener with every new color in her face, every unconsciously graceful gesture.

"Dolores," he had whispered as they rode down the woody road where the poplars threw dancing shadows in her eyes, and the wild roses that she had fastened at her breast cast a flush on her white throat, "Dolores, you are beautiful! God, how beautiful! And I love you—love you—love you!"

"And I you," she had answered, tremulously.

So they were to be married. Sargent was to leave the sea and settle in San Francisco.

One day as he was unpacking his chests, he came across the peacock shawl, deep under sea boots and oil-skins. It was wrapped in a bit of old Cantonese paper that crackled under his fingers and gave forth a queer odor. Sargent touched it absently, and he carried it to Dolores that night.

"My heart," he said, "it is a little shawl from Canton. "Will you wear it for me? It will remind me of—China, and make me regret the years I did not know you."

The girl shook out the sheening thing delightedly. A faint perfume as of incense and roses floated up and a few brown petals fell at her feet unnoticed. Sargent folded it softly about her shoulders and watched how the blue-green silk brought out gleaming blue lights to her hair. But just where it touched her neck, a crimson spot shone upon the blue—a streak of old rouge. When he had gone, Dolores carried it to her room, and cuddled it under her cheek all the night.

Sargent did not see her for a week—the finishing up of his sea affairs took him to Monterey. As soon as he returned, he hastened to her home.

It was dusk, and he had reached the door before he saw the yellow flag which fluttered menacingly from the portico. Frantically he beat upon the door, and a gaunt woman appeared and motioned him away.

"Dolores!" he gasped.

"Smallpox!" she answered succinctly. "Doctor don't know where she got it." And seeing his face, she added, vindictively: "She won't never be beautiful again!"

TRUE DEATH

Call him not dead who 'neath Earth's friendly crust
Hath found a rest, but him whose Fires are cold,
Whose heart hath no more wonders to unfold,
And on the Way e'en stirreth not the dust.

SELIM Y. ALKAZIN.

A PLEA FOR LIBRARY BOOKS

By Delphine Delmas Barnes

THERE is nothing that makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand." It is this wealth of the heart, of which Milton speaks, which differentiates men from those who are content with the wealth of their hand; lifts a man from the common-place; which makes him great or small; which comes to define the worth of his life. The essential characteristics of refinement are not outward, to be assumed or discarded like a garment; but inward, developed in heart and mind: the growth of a noble and altruistic nature. The duty of good breeding is to be true to itself always; and certainly its prime requisite is a regard for others; the endeavor to grasp another's point of view; to find some point of contact. For many of us life bows in its separate channels, our selfishness limiting the world to ourselves to that which concerns ourselves; so that by chance only do we come on the discovery of that which concerns another. Lafcadio Hearn says that "what we think and do is never for the moment only, but for measureless time." Would not appreciation of this undeniable truth be a help in our daily conduct? Nothing is more potent than habit. Any type of thought, or habit, if indulged in, will thrive and gradually obtain dominion over us. But at least we know this about habits: they can as positively be checked as contracted. This is one of Nature's laws. Actions are the key to character. They are their growth from small beginnings and no bud ever opened twice. The consequences of small actions, like ripples of a stone cast into a lake, widen and widen, till who may say where their operation ceases? Every little action helps make or mar character, one of our most precious possessions, for which we should aspire to the highest possible goal of individual conduct necessary to bring it nearer to the measure of perfection; the sowing of that seed which one day may be induced to break from its encumbering soil and come forth into the perfect flower. No one can do this for another—not one.

It has always seemed to me that a sensitive appreciation, and hence treatment, of books, is one of the surest marks of refinement of character. No education in the world can compare with that of being in touch with fine books. The author's personality shines through his words; each page is an intimate revelation of his heart and mind; and in exact proportion to the degree that his beauty of thought and expression influences and moulds our thought and expression, does our whole life—tastes, manners, language —uplift, mentally and morally, to a higher plane of culture and refinement. Not to every book-lover is it given to have his own library; the alternative, then, is the public library. Is he, through his deprivation, to have his mind distracted from its orderly perusal by this pernicious practice of defacing library books?

The mania for scribbling will always be an incorrigible one, as railway waiting rooms, amongst other things, can testify. But by what persuasion does any one invest himself with the right to scribble in a library book—commentaries not of the slightest interest or importance to any one

else? Such a person seems to be not only lacking in self-respect, but saturated with egotism. He fails to perceive the fact that tastes are as diversified as people; that another's sense of perception may be as alert as his; that possibly the obtruding of his marginal opinions, which even include contradition of the author, may prove a serious annoyance to others. The marginal markings of the true book-lover and thinker are as straight and orderly as sign posts, standing ever ready to remind him of the pleasant spaces of his wanderings. The reverse of the thinker's marks can be found in the average library book. They show no result of thinking at all, having the appearance of being dashed on the page with flying pencil, resembling nothing so much as mares' tails in a sky.

No book is sacred from these vandals: the loftier its context, the lowlier its condition. Are such things right? Are they fair? The very fact that the defacement of library books is a condition of things beyond control, or apparently appeal, makes it the more reprehensible. The law cannot help up; the librarians are powerless to check it, and our individual right to clean books becomes as nothing. If we have to have recourse to public libraries for our reading, may we not do so in quiet thankfulness that the precious privilege of reading is ours, without destroying the pleasure of those who read after us?

We may turn away our eyes from these defaced books; but not so the sensitive mind; for thought is involuntary; nothing compels it; something evokes it and keeps bringing it back, even when we would forget. A word, a sound, a perfume, and we live over again, to the very hour, some long ago. It may be pleasure; it may be pain; the thought is involuntary; the word, the sound, the perfume has evoked it; and through the heart the mind travels back to the long-lost day, laid away, as sweet linen is laid away in lavender, with the other dim, hidden treasures of that vast store room—memory.

Beauty affects different temperaments in different ways; but nothing is truer than that we grow into the likeness of that which surrounds us. The man who lives habitually in the midst of great forests, within the shadow of great mountains, acquires a sublime simplicity. By constant contemplation his mind and heart attune themselves to his noble company; he grows into their likeness. When we compose ourselves to the reading of a book of lofty ideals, the mind is ready to register its impressions; to compare its ideals with those of the author; to go with him out of the dreary road of every day into the enchantment of some deep forest. We owe it to ourselves to take a little time of quiet from each day; we need that time to smooth away the creases of the day's petty business from our minds, from our lives. But how shall we have that quiet, how appreciate the beauty of what we read, if the mind is thrown off its meditation by a keen irritation —an irritation but increased by the very knowledge of its helplessness; such a helplessness as a lover of nature feels on a mountain-top with a companion who knows not how nor when to be just silent. Such a one can have no conception of that "fellowship more quiet even than solitude;" of that unbroken silence more eloquent than the spoken word; of that language of the heart in which words have no place;—words which, with their unstable and undependable values, leave such wide margins for erroneous conclusions; which, when left to themselves, say what they were never meant to say, and leave scars which time may dim, but never efface; which hold in their grasp such a power. There is the word which is never spoken; the word which, when spoken, is never re-spoken; the word before which the heart knows pause and would forever postpone; for "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive." Hearts have broken for lack of a word; a word has come which has broken a heart. Lives have been saved by the power of a word; by the

lack of a word have gone to their doom. No one may say he has known what it is to wait till he has watched the endless days drop one by one into a bottomless pool of time, for the word which does not come—which never comes.

If a respect for books is not inate in a boy—and I have known those in whom it was instinctive—it cannot too soon be inculcated. And it should have its beginning in the school room—that small beginning from which the fuller growth is to come. Nine boys out of ten are born with the settled convinction that school books are instruments of torture, making justifiable any treatment accorded them in which respect is not one of the component parts. The patience and ingenuity displayed in their interior decoration is beyond belief. Interior desecration better describes it. And the exterior! Who has not felt a pang at the condition of the poor, battered thing, its original color gone; dog-eared; its corners hanging dejectedly; its dirty, ink-spattered pages holding to the binding only by virtue of the strength of the book-binder's thread! Is the home-going school boy overcome with the conviction that some other boy stands in need of having something shied at him, what so handy as his book? Through the air it hurtles, to land with a sickening flop, sprawled face downward on the dirty pavement. The desire was father to the thought, acted upon with no slightest interest in the result to the book. A few repetitions of these pleasant amenities are not long in sounding the death-knell of its pristine appearance. Can the little savage that lies, far from dormant, in most boys, not be trained to better purpose? They all have instincts to which we can appeal; and the child who early has instilled in him a respect for books, will live to be grateful for it; it will be far-reaching in its results. Instead of acquiring the abominable habit of turning down the pages of his book, he can be taught the habit of using a book mark. The one is as simple to acquire as the other. Never to borrow a book should be his first maxim in bookdom; but, if borrow it he will, to feel in honor bound to care for it, and to return it. Many a borrowed book never finds its way back to its owner; it seems to be a matter of so little importance. Indeed, "neither a borrower nor a lender be" should be a maxim of every child early in life, that its beneficial results may follow him to manhood. Borrowing becomes a habit as widespread in its action as the scattering of mustard seed through a fair land of grain.

There is a deep charm about the battered books of those fascinating book stalls of Paris and London. Their very condition makes one handle them with reverence—with a wonder as to how many hands have held them; how much they have seen of life. The more battered they are, the greater their attraction; the greater their age, the greater our veneration for what they know.

Books are a gift to the world; a gift to ourselves, individually, after we have learned to love them and to appreciate them; for a book is for him only who finds it. Poor indeed would the world be without these ever living masterpieces, the product of great minds, of great hearts, opening to all men new worlds of wonder and of wisdom, from which they may garner the richest of life's harvests.

Books answer to our every mood; unlike any other friend, will wait upon our mood. Their great voices give us wise counsel; criticise, but never judge; guide us; strengthen us; uplift us; purify us; friends who stand ever ready to serve, asking no return; companions who know no satiety. Not only can we reach out and find them at any hour of the day or night; at any hour of the day or night they know how to reach out and find us. At every communing with them, their beauty of thought uplifts us more and more; more and more appears to us as a new truth; sinks deeper into the heart; creates a harmony of being

only equalled by that which sweeps through the soul on the crest of the organ's mighty melody. Such friends stay with us till the end of our wanderings. They never tire; never grow cold; are ready to laugh with us; ready to weep; to descend with us into some Valley of Despair; to ascend with us to some Land of Dreams, far above the storm-wrack of our emotions. They influence us, and leave their impress, largely as do those whom we pass on life's great highway. From those we are bound to glean something, some knowledge, be it of human weakness or of human strength. Not to do so is to neglect an experience, an opportunity; and opportunity is the "master of human destinies." Every experience we neglect makes for just that much arrest in our development; and a neglected opportunity, the Persian proverb says, "comes not back to man or woman," which some of us live to have proved. Once, at least, in the crises of our life, opportunity knocks at our door. It is the hour of our destiny—woe betide if we hesitate; the golden moment returns no more. To most of us is it given to look behind us along the irrevocable road of all that which will never return again, and discern how this one or that was a factor for good or for evil. This one has struck the strings of our life with inexpert and careless touch, creating a jangle of confused emotions that have vibrated throughout our being—throughout our life. And that one has passed, the magic and comprehending touch of whose personality has produced only harmonious sounds, deep-toned chords, whose wave circles have widened and widened, in an endless series: an incentive to higher effort; a flinging open of the gateway to an enchanted and enchanting garden. What an understanding! What a power! What a belief! For after all those who influence us the most are those who believe in us—in our better self; who have that rarest of gifts, the love which is the charity that "beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things."

Trial, failure, victory. Such is the measure of life; a rising from the dark plain to the radiant mountain-height, which reveals further radiant heights beyond; and on to the glory of perfect fulfillment.

ONE OF THE CROWD

God's in the blue?
  God's at our feet;
If we but knew,
  Here in the street.

Here in the din,
  Where the sounds scream,
Trampled and thin,
  Lieth his dream.

Hid in the smoke,
  The whistles blow clear.
Listen! God spoke!
  If we could hear.

He moves in the murk,
  Where life shrills aloud.
Here where we work . . .
  God's one of the crowd.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Facade of Palaces of Education and Food Products.

Sculpture and Sculptors at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

By Lucy White

SCULPTURE, like music, is essentially a public art. It belongs to the people, and its survival depends upon its power eventually to reach the mind and touch the heart of the crowd—of the contemporaneous crowd. It cannot remain shut up in the museums content to make its appeal to a select few. It must "take the chances" of the open, in park and square and market place. That is at once the curse and the blessing of sculptors. And, taking into consideration what a park and what a marketplace the Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will be, this earnest participation by some of the most virile of modern artists is easily explained.

But all the art of the Exposition will not prove ephemeral. Many of the pieces will save themselves by virtue of their own excellence, and already steps are being taken to find permanent place for many of the groups. The failure to preserve the beautiful, inspiring "Column of Progress" would be an irreparable loss to art, and action will undoubtedly be taken to put this exquisitely magnificent monument into some enduring medium.

"The plan of the sculpture for the Exposition," says Mr. A. Stirling Calder, acting chief of sculpture of the Exposition in the absence of Mr. Karl Bitter, who is chief of the Department of Sculpture, is designed to form a sequence from the first piece that greets the visitor on his entrance from the city, throughout the five courts and the circuit of the enclosing walls."

Entering the grounds from the main entrance at Scott street, through the South Gardens between Festival Hall and the Palace of Horticulture, the visitor will be first confronted with a great equestrian fountain symbolizing the creation of the Isthmian waterway between the oceans—"The Fountain of Energy."

"Energy—The Victor" is achieved as the splendid nude figure of youth, mounted on an exultant horse, which is depicted as though advancing steadily through the waters of the dam. The commanding gesture of his extended arms maintains the passage, while the attendant winged figures of Valor and Fame form an encircling crest above his head.

This fountain in its general lines re-

minds one of some of the famous ornate fountains of France. One of the great beauties of its composition lies in the conception of the pedestal, which will be in the form of a globe, crossed from north to south by a band following the path of the sun's journey through the heavens. This band will be ornamented in low relief with symbolic figures of earth's response to the quickening action of the sun. On either side, near the top of the pedestal, and seemingly rising out of the earth of which they are part, will be reclining figures symbolizing the East and West Hemispheres, and below decorative groups of mermaids and sea fauna. The design is by Mr. Calder, who sought to convey in the mood of conception and the manner of execution, rather than be artificial symbolism, the ideal of energy. Curving sprays of water, intersecting in opposite directions, will give intricate play and action to the design.

Within the South Gardens will be two other notable equestrian figures by two well known American sculptors. These are the statues of Cortez, by Charles Niehaus, and of Pizarro, by Charles Carl Rumsey. These will be placed in prominent positions at the inner ends of the two oblong pools which break the expanse of these great gardens.

Looking out upon these gardens will stand two important mural fountains, the work of two of the most distinguished women sculptors of this country. These fountains, which will terminate the open colonnades on either side of the Tower Arcade, opposite the main entrance, are "El Dorado," by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who before her marriage was Gertrude Vanderbilt, and "The Fountain of Youth," by Mrs. Edith Woodman Burroughs. The models for the latter have already been enlarged in the Exposition studios, and are ready to be put in place.

This fountain is considered one of the most interesting contributions yet made at the Exposition's sculptural art, and is of unusually decorative composition. In its fanciful conception, and its feeling for humor and pathos, and in the purity of its execution, this fountain is intensely characteristic of Mrs. Burroughs' work. The central figure is of a young girl-child, standing upon a pedestal amid growing primroses. Dimly traced upon the face of the pedestal are the features of the parents, father and mother, from the upturned faces and uplifted hands of whom the primroses seem springing. On either side of the pedestal are mural surfaces executed in low relief, where wistful old people sit in boats, straining eyes and ears toward the beauty and laughter of their lost youth. Chubby children man the sails of the boats.

Terminating the oblong pools in the South Gardens at the outer ends, will be fountains designed by Arthur Putnam, a Western sculptor, whose figures always show remarkable life and movement. His "Snarling Jaguar" in the Metropolitan Museum of New York is well known.

The Tower which, with its showing of Astec influence, will be one of the most original and effective architectural features of the Exposition, will show upon its facade sculptural ornament well worthy of comment. Surmounting tall pedestals placed above the entablatures of the four main columns outside the arch of the Tower will be four figures by John Flanagan of the types who conquered the Pacific Coast for European civilization, "Adventurer," "Philosopher," "Priest" and "Soldier." Upon the upper terraces of the Tower will be repetitions of a vigorous equestrian figure, "The Armored Horseman," by F. M. L. Tonetti, suggestive of the Spanish explorer in the Southwest.

Through the arcade of this Tower, the visitor will enter the Court of the Universe—originally called the Court of the Sun and Stars by the exposition architects.

This court is the central architectural feature of the exposition, and will contain the most prominent sculptural units upon the grounds. The court was

Western Facade, showing Half-Dome of Philosophy.

designed by McKim, Mead and White, and the two main free standing monuments will be the Fountains of the Rising and of the Setting Sun, executed by Adolph A. Weinman of New York City, who has been identified with so much work connected with the firm of architects designing the court.

Vast oval sunken gardens are enclosed by colonnades which sweep left and right, following the curve of the walls of the encircling palaces.

At the east and west entrances to the court, are triumphal arches, exceeding in size the Arc de Triomphe, and each respectively surmounted with sculptural groups over forty feet high. Symbolic of the progress of the "Nation of the West" and the "Nations of the East." These groups, the collaborative work of A. Stirling Calder, Leo Lentelli and Frederick G. R. Roth, are original and remarkable both in invention and treatment. Many of the detailed figures of these two groups have already attracted wide comment, among them the figure of "The Alaskan" by Roth, who also executed the animals of the two groups, and "Mother of Tomorrow" by Calder, both for the "Nations of the West," and the "Arab Falconer," also by Calder, in the eastern group, and "The Latin-American" an equestrian figure by Lentelli.

The fountains designed by Mr. Weinman, will occupy positions east and west, and directly in front of the triumphal arches. It is proposed to make the upper portions of the fountains the course of night illumination of the court. The pedestals will be globes of translucent marble, across which a sort of frieze of the progress of the planets, seen in relief by day, will be silhouetted by night. These globes or pedestals, which will contain batteries of high power incandescents will be surmounted by figures representing Sunrise and Sunset.

At the northern outlet of the Court, before the beautiful background of the informal Marina gardens, the yacht harbor, the bay of San Francisco, and the sun-flooded hills of Marin county, will stand the superb "Column of Progress."

"The unconquerable impulse that forever impels man to strive on—" to quote again from the official description "assailing in endless generations the confining barriers of existence, his eternal optimism and stern joy in effort—these are the thoughts that have inspired the conception of the Column of Human Progress, and that are embodied in its sculptural friezes and crowning group."

"The processions of figures," continues the description, referring to the frieze about the lower pedestal, executed by Isadore Konti, "embody, in high relief sculpture, the successive generations, born teeming from the earth, irresistably pressing onward by devious ways, seeking the golden dream of life."

Above the capital of the Column, the shaft of which is decorated with ascending spirals, crouching figures of Toilers support the crowning group. Both frieze and group are the work of Hermon A. McNeil. This group was named spontaneously by the Exposition workmen, "The Adventurous Bowman," and very rarely does symbolism in sculpture reach the heights of poetry attained by this group. There are three figures, a male figure crouching to support the bowman, a kneeling female figure, and the bowman with his bow uplifted to the target of the stars. The woman, whose attitude is one of mingled anxiety, hope and fear, bears in her hands a scourge and a wreath of laurel, the lesser male figure seems blindly to give the aid of his supporting efforts, and the Bowman stands upright, oblivious of both, with eyes set only upon his target.

The capital of the column, which is 160 feet from the base of the lower pedestal, will carry out the idea of movement and change in progress, by the use of wings and figures in rotary motion. W. Symmes Richardson is the architect of the column.

Another excellent instance of Mr. McNeil's work will be the frieze in the low relief of the Signs of the Zodiac,

Avenue of Progress, looking towards city. Left—Palace of Machinery. Right—Palaces of Mines, Metallurgy and Varied Industries.

which will be beneath the domes of the pavilions of the Court of the Universe. This frieze, which will be repeated in each pavilion, was designed in such a way that it could be recast. The central figure is of Atlas, the first great astronomer, and on either side are seven of his fourteen daughters, who, according to mythology, were changed by the gods into stars. The frieze is conceived and executed after the Greek manner.

Upon the upper ramps of the sunken garden, between the two fountains and the triumphal arches, will be placed four groups by Paul Manship, perhaps the foremost of the younger generation of American sculptors, who was awarded the Barnett prize at the recent winter exhibit of the National Academy of Design.

"Paul Manship's sculpture," writes an eminent critic, "illustrates the Greek's love of strange people, of people who were wild. In this depicting he has observed not only the customary academic correctness, but he has preserved intact the spirit of abandon. In other words, the fantastic imaginings of the Greek philosophies are shown as living creatures yielding to the passions and temptations of the hour."

The four groups by Manship at the Exposition are Eternity, and Change, Order and Chaos, Music and The Joy of Life.

Mr. Manship, it will be remembered, designed the medal which was recently presented by the Civic Forum to Colonel Goethals in New York City, in recognition of his achievement in constructing the Panama Canal.

To one not realizing the great dimensions of the court—which will cover nearly five acres—this catalogue of its monumental contents leaves the impression of crowding, but, quite to the contrary, there will be space between the wings of the sunken garden for a pool in the forecourt whose waters will reflect the Tower and the Column of Progress.

One of the main beauties of the Court are the "Stars," which are to ornament the colonnades. These "stars," are the figures of slender young women, placed above each column, who take their name from their star-like jeweled head-dress. The design is by A. Stirling Calder.

The Court of the Seasons, on the west of the central Court of the Universe, will be dominated sculpturally by the genius of Albert Jaegers, the designer of the Baron von Steuben monument at Washington, D. C., a replica of which was later presented to the Emperor of Germany by the United States Congress.

A great group by this sculptor, entitled "Nature," will occupy the pedestal beneath the archway at the head of this court. Four other groups by this sculptor will be placed on pylons within this court. His "Feast of Sacrifice" group, of a bull and two figures, of beautifully simple composition, will be placed centrally at the foot of the court.

The selection of Furio Piccirilli to execute the groups of the Four Seasons for this court, was a happy one. Both Jaegers and Piccirilli possess classic styles which are most harmonious. The spandrels and attic figures which decorate the arcades of this court will be the work of August Jaegers, a brother of Albert Jaegers.

The main monument of the court, which is also executed in pure classic style, showing, however, a certain lightness of manipulation—is the Fountain of Ceres, the work of Evelyn Beatrice Longman, which is to stand in the center of the court. If the Court of the Universe is the most impressive, this lesser court will be the most exquisite architectural unit of the Exposition.

The Eastern court, called the Court of Abundance, is conceived in rich architectural style, showing Spanish and Levantine influences. The groups in this court, the greater number of which have not yet been made public, will be the work of Chester Beach, one of the most virile of younger American sculptors, of whose work has recently attracted the widest attention through-

Main Entrance—Tower of California Building.

out Europe and America; of Leo Lentelli, the well known Italian-American sculptor, who collaborated with A. Stirling Calder and Frederick R. Roth in producing the magnificent "Nations of the West," and "Nations of the East," groups for the Exposition; and of Charles R. Harley of New York, who shows in his recent work signs of astonishing modern tendencies.

Robert I. Aitken has designed a fountain for this court, and Albert Weinert has modeled two powerful figures for the top of the arcade. "The Primitive Man" and "The Primitive Woman." Weinert is also the sculptor of the figure, "The Miner," which is to grace the niches in the east wall of the Palace of Varied Industries.

The Palace of Machinery, which faces the eastern facade of the main group of exhibit palaces, will be deco-

Palaces of Education, Liberal Arts, Court

lms, with Horticultural Palace in background.

rated by the work of Haig Patigan, a talented native Californian, and pupil of Marquette, will execute four figures symbolic of the four great sources of motive power, to surmount the great columns of the main entrance, Steam, Electricity, Air and Water; two friezes to surmount the lesser colonnades; and the decorative squandrels for all doors and windows of this palace.

Sherry E. Fry, famous for his Western studies of Indians, and for his well remembered "Turtle Fountain," has modeled a beautiful, slender figure to crown the minor domes of Festival Hall. The figures of the cartouche over the entrance to this hall will also be his work, as will the reclining figures upon pylons, and the groups which are to stand in front of the pylons of this building.

The Palace of Fine Arts, the fourth exhibit palace which is to stand without the main group, at the western end of cluster enclosing the three great courts, will be decorated by figures and friezes designed by Ulric H. Ellerhusen of New York. Bruno Louis Zimm, a pupil of Karl Bitter, whose execution shows remarkable delicacy and spirit, has executed three relief panels, symbolic of the striving of art toward the unattainable, for the rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts, and the spandrels for the lesser doorways.

The figures for the central niches of the main entrance to the palaces in the North Wall, overlooking the Marine Gardens and the Bay of San Francisco, will be the work of Allen Newman, designer of the General Phil Sheridan monument at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Opening into the South Gardens, which have already been described, will be the two lesser courts, the Court of Flowers and the Court of Palms. In the center of the first, which is to be Eastern in influence, will stand the fountain designed by Edith Woodman Burroughs, in celebration of the Arabian Nights Tales. In the Court of the Palms will stand another fountain decorated with heroes and heroines chosen from the Fairy Tales of Western Europe. The design and sculptor of which has not yet been announced.

A part of the scheme of sculptural embellishment of the South Gardens will be four superb equestrian figures, Cortez, by Charles Neihaus, Pizarro, by Charles Cary Rumsey, which have already been mentioned before, and The End of the Trail, by James Earl Fraser, and The American Pioneer, by Solon H. Borglum. These two latter monuments will stand at the entrance to the Court of Flowers, and the Court of Palms respectively.

Looking out upon the South Gardens, the southern facade of the Palace of Varied Industries, will be decorated by the work of Ralph Stackpole, a young Californian. His figure, "The Man With the Pick," for niches in this wall, is much admired. Stackpole is a pupil of Mercie, but his work shows signs of the influence of Constantin Meunier. Like the great Belgian, he is fond of making truthful and sympathetic portrayals of the types who play their part in the great industrial epic of to-day. His interest is not an affectation. Before he became a sculptor, he worked in mines, and his sketches of workmen had attracted wide attention even before he went to Europe to study. He will also do panels and figures for the keystone of the arch of the main doorway.

The typanum, for the lesser doors of the Palace of Industries, will be set within an embellishment which will constitute one of the purest as well as the costliest architectural reproductions upon the Exposition grounds. This doorway is an exact replica of the famous Salamaca Cathedral in Spain, and was reproduced at the cost of $15,000. The typanum, which is the work of Stackpole, is the only deviation from the portal copied.

Another important monument will be the group "Modern Civilization," by Douglas Tilden, the distinguished deaf mute sculptor of California, which will stand in the plaza between the Palace of Machinery and the east facade of the main group.

THE LOG OF A 49er

ON HIS TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN ≡ JAN. '49 *to* JULY '49 — FROM THE DIARY OF THEO. MESSERVE

PART III.

MARCH 16.—Clear and pleasant, but unfortunately little wind. We had a meeting of the association on deck to-day for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing month, which resulted in the old officers throughout; at the meeting a report was read stating the amount of provisions on hand on our start, the amount now on hand and the amount already consumed. The Eagle Company have been busy to-day making a tent on the cabin. There has been a sail in sight all the afternoon over the larboard quarter astern. This evening Mr. H. Mulligan delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture on the "Cultivation of the Imagination." A moonlight night.

March 17—This morning we had a light wind and a clear sky. About 11 or 12 o'clock a squall of rain arose and brought a good breeze with it. About one o'clock a sail hove in sight about twelve miles to the eastward. The captain took a squint at her with his glass and made her out a whaler, lying-to, trying out a whale; he gave orders to tack ship, and we would run down to her. He told us to get our letters ready, which we busily went at. We had changed our course but a few minutes when the strange vessel hoisted her sails and stood off before the wind. It appears she had mistaken us for pirates or a hostile vessel. I doubt not we presented quite a piratical appearance with so many rough red shirt hombras and tall black spars. The evening is dark and stormy.

March 18—We have had an overcast day, quite a breeze blowing and a rough sea. We have been sailing all day about three points off our course. We have had no church service to-day on account of the weather. We have been followed all day by a large flock of stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chickens.

March 19—We have had a disagreeable, showery day, and the ship is running five points off her course. This morning an excitement was raised between decks to get the captain to stop at Rio Janeiro, we now being just off that port. The captain, when called upon in relation to the matter, stated he did not think it necessary to stop on this side, and that he thought Rio an objectionable place, stopping there being attended with great expense, and that we might have some difficulty in getting away. The captain said if it was necessary to stop on this side he should stop at St. Catherines.

March 23—We have had a drizzly rain all day. Wind fair; wind from the N. Course S. W. About eleven o'clock this morning a sail was discovered to leeward sailing close hauled to the wind, across our bows. We were sailing with studding sails, which the captain ordered to be taken in, when our course was altered, and we ran down to her. She hoisted English colors, and we ran up the Stars and Stripes. When about three miles distant, she hove to, to allow us to run down, which we did, coming within excellent speaking distance. Thus the Captains talked:

"Bark ahoy!"

"Halloa."

"Where are you from?"

"Rio Grande."

"What is the bark's name?'

"The Courier, of Ipswick."

"Where are you bound?"

"Falmouth."

"Will you wait until we send a boat with letters?"

"Yes, sir."

All who had written went below and brought their letters on deck and delivered them to our mate, Mr. Everson, who, accompanied by Mr. Mulligan in his small boat, proceeded aboard of her. The sea was very rough for so small a boat; however, they arrived there and returned on board in safety, bringing with them several Brazilian squash and pumpkins as a present to our captain. She was ten days from Rio Grande; we exchanged salutes, squared our yards, set our studding sails, gave them three cheers and parted. At dark she was just visible.

March 24—To-day has been a rainy day, and we have had a heavy rain from the N. E. We are off Rio Grande —this is one of the worst places in this ocean for storms, so the captain informs me. We are laying our course under close reefed topsails, and towards night the sea rose, and we had a disagreeable night of it.

March 27—We have had a clear day —ship on her course, close hauled. A number of Mother Carey's chickens made their appearance among the other sea birds which follow the ship to-day. They are of a black color and about the size of a canary. The sailors say "look out for a storm" when they see these little sea birds. They have been busy to-day lashing trunks below, and on deck casks.

March 28—A clear day, but a tremendous wind blowing into our teeth; ship three points off her course; a very heavy sea tossing. We begin to feel the chilly blast as we approach Cape Horn.

March 29—This morning the wind has blown big thunder; sea running very high; wind from the S. W. Ship stearing S. E. under close reefed topsails. This morning an albatros was shot by one of the company, and fell on deck, when I had an opportunity of taking a close examination of him. It measured from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other 9 ft. 8 in., and from bill to the end of his tail 3 ft. 9 in. Some are much larger, but this is about the average size of them, and they have the general appearance of a swan. About noon the ship took in more sail and "laid to." The ease with which the albatros fly, floating along with no exertion through the air at the rapid rate of about 40 miles an hour, they hardly move their wings. We had bean soup for dinner to-day. Every hungry man aboard has had a good time balancing his plate, so that he will not spill the beans, as they are served out by the quantity. I sat at the first table to-day, and after dinner went on deck to view the mountains high; I had been up there hardly time for those at the second table to get entirely finished with their dinners, when we shipped a sea. On arriving on deck I took a walk around and had arrived by the captain in front of the cabin, and was looking off at the scene before me, when one of the "tars" warned me by hollering "sea coming; look out for water." I instantly dashed into the cabin lobby, when a tremendous deluge of water came sweeping over the ship with tremen-

dous force, breaking loose casks on deck. I hardly had time to escape; many who were one step behind me received an unmerciful drenching. Some were rolling about on deck in the water among the tin pans and dirty plates, striving to regain their pegs. I could not help laughing at Mr. Moon, who was rolling around; the picture of his face just at that moment would have been a fortune to a good comedian. Both hatches were off, and the water came tearing down the hatchways—nearly enough to float the trunks. When I went below, I found consternation depicted upon the faces of all. Mr. Jun. Palmer had not finished his dinner, and was in the act of helping himself to a few more of "them beans" when the sea struck the ship. Several narrowly escaped being washed overboard.

March 30—The wind has continued heavy from the S. W. Laid to all day under reefed mainsail and storm-staysail. The sailors have been engaged to-day unbending the fore and mizzen tergallant sail and the royal, preparatory to sending down the yards. This stripping is done to ease the ship from what is coming.

March 31—We have had a clear day, with the wind from the N. W. The sailors have been busy taking down the royal and tergallant yards. Our potatoes having run out about a week ago, there has been a disagreeable job of breaking cargo below to find sauer kraut and the hams; the between decks are lumbered up with boxes, barrels and other contrivances, making between decks very disagreeable. We have had a great number of sea birds around the ship to-day, among them two new kind: the Cape pigeon, which has every appearance of the land pigeon, but has beautiful white spots on his back; the other is what is called the whale bird, which is about the size of a robin. Just before night one of the casks of sauer kraut was opened, and the way the Yankees went into it would have surprised all Germany.

April 1—This morning, about half an hour before daylight, all hands below were aroused by the cry of "Sail ho, going to speak a ship." All hastily dressed and hurried on deck, when they were politely informed that this is All-Fools' Day. We have been lying in a calm all the morning. About 2 o'clock a breeze sprung up from the S. W., dead in our teeth. In the latter part of the afternoon the breeze freshened into a gale, and in the evening we laid to under close reefed topsails. No church to-day on account of the weather.

April 2—The wind was blowing very heavily all night from the S. W., and there is a very heavy sea on; the ship lying to under close reefed topsails. About one o'clock we wore ship as the wind had hauled; squared our yards and headed S. W. We have had the roughest weather to-day we have had as yet; this morning everything looked horribly gloomy and disagreeable. The old Panama has pitched, rolled and creaked all day, but has rode the waves beautifully. The weather is just cold enough to make an overcoat pleasant. I have remained on deck the best part of to-day viewing the angry waves as they dash and sweep along; our wake is alive with sea birds. While we were wearing ship this afternoon we shipped a heavy sea over our stern, wetting a number of our boys.

April 3—We have had a clear day to-day, with fair wind from the N. N. W. The latter part of the afternoon the wind increased to quite a small gale, and from time to time during the afternoon have been taking in sail. It is strange to see what a difference weather makes on the company. Yesterday everybody was morose and gloomy; to-night all are happy and in good spirits. This morning we had a fight on deck between the large dog, Tiger, and a Newfoundland dog called Charley, which created quite a stir among the passengers. They were parted before the contest was decided. Cousin Samuel took his turn watching between decks to-night, in company with a noisy youth by the name of

Caleb Beal. About eleven o'clock, Samuel, deviling as usual, threw the cat and a pair of boots into Lewis Hutchinson's berth, which he suffers for to-morrow.

April 5—The wind during last night has been in a perfect rage. A squall towards morning, by far the heaviest we have yet come across, passed over us, and made us all feel dubious whether we were going to live through it or no; trunks were breaking their lashing, plates and cups falling out of the berths, kept all awake during the night. This morning the wind held up a bit, and I thought it was over, but about eleven o'clock it broke forth with renewed fury. This afternoon the storm was awful to behold, the sea running mountains high and the white tops or spray which the winds threw up gave them the appearance of large snow drifts among the mountains. The wheel has been lashed down all day, and we have had no sail up save the main spanker. The heavens have had a gloomy, lowering look all day. As the ship mounts a wave, the wind howls terribly around us, but we in a moment rush down in the valley of the two great mountains of water, and to make it more gloomy on deck, as the ship is tossed by a wave and leans to, let the wave pass the bell of the ship taps, which sounds like a death call. For all the gloom on deck—below—the passengers, to kill time, are busy playing "bluff,' "backgammon," "chess," "whist," or what it may be; others are talking over some subject or other; some are reading and some are writing.

April 6—The gale of yesterday broke this morning, and the sun broke forth about eleven o'clock; but again in the evening it became overcast; the waves have rolled monstrously. This afternoon we shook a reef out of the foresail. Owing to the weather, the cooks have been unable to cook to-day; therefore we have had to put up with "old horse" and hard bread, no coffee nary time. We are to-day abreast of the Falkland Islands, about 200 miles to the east of them. It was the captain's intention to run to the west of them, but he has been so hard run for good wind that we have to go outside of them. Large quantities of a curious looking sea weed called "kelp" by the captain has been floating around to-day, and one of the company managed to fish up a piece, which has attracted general attention part of the day.

April 7—The weather has been very cold to-day, but we have had a fair wind, yards braced. One of those who suffered for his coffee yesterday perpetrates the following:

An Old Horse, or Old Junk.

Old Horse, how cam'st thou here?
The last I was seen was on Albany's pier,
And being worn out with kicks and abuse,
I was cut up for the Panama's use.

Old Horse, I find no fault,
Thy meat is good were it not so salt,
It is plain to me, if properly soaked,
Thy remains are good for any folk.

But, aged Horse, can'st thou make it clear,
Why art thou served up so often here?
'Tis hard to answer a question so grave,
As I know not, unless it is the Pork to save.

That when we arrive at our destination,
It may profit the "Panama Association,"
But this may appear a false imputation,
And bring on my head dire imprecation.

April 9—We have had a cloudy day with frequent hail and snow showers. Very little wind, and that little ahead. Some of the "Tiger Company," having caught several sea birds, by the consent of the whole Association were allowed to draw a certain quantity of flour for each man in their company,

had a blow-out among themselves in the shape of a potpie feast. The delicacies were these curious-tasting birds, corn and wheat bread.

April 10—We have had the wind from all directions to-day. The weather has been rather milder than usual, but still the cold has been very severe, and overcoats and mittens are in great demand. During a short calm we had to-day a great number of cape pigeons, speckled eaglets, albatros, etc., were sailing or floating or flying around. A great number of the company were busily fishing for birds to-day at the stern of the vessel in hopes of obtaining a potpie. The Empire Company had a potpie spree this evening at about ten o'clock.

April 11—To-day has been an exceedingly cold day. We had a head wind last night from eleven o'clock until nine o'clock this morning, when it chopped around to the N. W., and we had a fair wind all day. I have spent the best part of the day in my bunk, with Caleb Beal, Brother William, Cousin Sam and Billy Stratton, huddled closely together to keep warm, and we passed away the time very pleasantly telling yarns. This evening the stars shone brilliantly forth, and I have had an excellent view of the constellation of the Southern Cross and the Clouds of Magellan; the former is a constellation of four stars in the form of a cross, and the Clouds of Magellan are three clusters of stars: two white like the Milky Way cluster of the north, and the other presenting a dark appearance; they now appear off our starboard bow; when off Cape Horn they appear directly overhead. The Southern Cross presents a beautiful appearance this evening; they are about the brightest constellation of the south.

April 12—To-day has been very cold; the wind fair and a very heavy sea rolling. This evening, Fay, Parkhurt & Co. had their potpie feast, which I had the pleasure of being present at. This has been the grandest one that has been given as yet, and I think cannot be beaten hereafter. There were thirty-two sat down to partake; the delicacies consisted of green peas put up in air tight cans; fresh meat put up ditto; boiled corn and boiled ham. My companion, Wm. Stratton, spent the night down at my berth with me, No. 78.

April 13—About one o'clock last night the wind hauled around the S. W., dead ahead and increased in strength until daylight. When I went on deck this morning I found us under shortened sail and about nine o'clock the wind had increased to such an extent that the captain "laid the ship to," lashed down the wheel, and all went below; no sails were up but the main-spencer. Oh, how horrible a ship looks when all sails are in and the winds are howling as they have been to-day. About noon to-day the wind blew the hardest, and terribly did it try our gallant ship's timbers; everything makes us feel gloomy; the groaning timbers of the ship; the shrill whistle of the wind; the angry, tremendous waves which onward come rushing with lightning speed as if bent on overwhelming us, when the ship bends and tosses, and away goes the big sea; then that dismal bell which, as the ship turns to rise or go down, a sea taps, as if to warn us of our danger. The sea has an inky appearance, and the sky has an unusually lowering look. The sailors speak well of the ship's behavior, so I put every confidence in her, for if there is any doubt it generally shows itself among the sailors first. All who have been to sea before give the Panama the character of being a very dry ship. Immediately after supper I laid down in my berth, lighted my lamp, and spent the evening reading.

April 14—The gale of yesterday spent its last blow this morning a little after daylight. The wind hauled around about nine o'clock to S. S. E., a fair wind, after the heavy sea which was rolled up by the wind of yesterday had beat down some. About eleven o'clock a couple of reefs were shook and this evening about ten o'clock they

the wind off our quarter. This evening brother William and Tom Coffey, Cousin Samuel and myself played several games of whist. Tom, after we got through, commenced tantalizing Sam, and he began to rave and kick back, much to William's and my amusement.

April 15—This has been a very cold, rainy day. The wind is fair off our beam. This afternoon a nice little party of us huddled into my berth to keep warm, and we spent the time very agreeably telling incidents of our lives, talking of home, and calling recollections back of happy times which we have passed during our lives. Of late a great many aboard have been very much troubled, and I among them, by chilblains and blood spots making their appearance on our hands and feet. We have had no church service to-day, as nobody would attend. This afternoon a disturbance arose among the cooks, between Charley Williams and Danish Nichols, the great question going the rounds after the disturbance was, "Who shall be the head cook?"

The following piece of machine poetry was ground out by one of the unfortunates confined on the Panama:

A Sabbath Day on Board the Ship Panama, Off Cape Horn.

It appears to me it's written, in some part of the good Book,
That the seventh is the day of rest, so the liberty I took
Of putting on a clean shirt in honor of the day,
Appointed by the One above, for us to watch and pray.

The sun rose in splendor, but the wind did coldly blow
Upon me, a poor devil, whom the cold kept down below.
I sat me down to break my fast, with feelings of remorse,
To think upon the home I'd left to live upon old Horse.

It is a good old custom, at meals to say a grace,
On the Sabbath in particular, but I had not the face
To offer thanks to the Great Supreme for such a piece of meat
For it was not, fairly speaking, fit for mortal man to eat.

The day was cold, the wind ahead, the ship was lying to,
So I attended Divine Service, for I'd nothing else to do,
But a harder set of Christians in my unworthy mind
Ne'er met before to worship the Savior of mankind.

The Sabbath is the day of days, the holiest of the week,
The day I revere the most, if I may plainly speak,
And the day that is appointed for the serving out of duff,
And I think that I'd revere it more if I only got enough.

(*To be continued.*)

Unemployment and Universal Peace

By George Turner Marsh

UNEMPLOYMENT is one of the most vital national questions of the age.

A question that must be solved if we would maintain permanent peace within a nation.

A question that is a humanitarian one, but a question that may not be remedied locally until the world is brought to a higher humanistic standard.

A question possible of solution upon the attainment of "Universal Peace."

To hasten the solution, it should be the duty of every industrial worker to lend his voice to aid the efforts which are being earnestly put forth in that greatest of all humanistic endeavors—International Brotherhood with Peace among Nations.

The keynote to the ultimate attainment of world peace is "Higher mental development of the masses, with ability to think individually."

Mental development in the singular has not materially progressed in the past twenty centuries, for history records the highly developed minds of a few individuals, corresponding to the greatest philosophers of to-day, and from the earliest ages to the present century any great humanitarian advancement of nations has been retarded by the low mental standard of the great majority.

As individuals we have already progressed beyond the primitive instincts of man to settle differences by brute force, and have enacted and accepted judicial laws by which we are willing to be governed; whilst in great combined bodies of individuals—as nations—we still settle our differences in the same primitive manner—as in the days of the very infancy of nations—by force of arms, a primeval condition that we have been forced to rest under owing to the great majority of every nation being a proletarian class possible of being swayed for the benefit of an avaricious few by the glamour of brute force; but the time is nearing when the masses of each of the advanced nations of the world will reach a higher standard of mentality and demand as world subjects protection, equally advantageous as is now accorded them as subjects of their accepted nation, which can only be attained through international friendship effected through "Universal Peace."

Local and internal national laws securing the personal rights of the individual were initiated by the upper or thinking classes in order to safeguard life and property; without these laws no individual would be able, except by brute force, to retain the product of his struggle for self-advancement.

As yet, nations are ungoverned by world laws and are still forced to guard their every step by physical force, necessitating an ever growing drain upon their financial resources, a drain so great that a nation is barred from supplying the necessary financial aid to relieve its working classes during periods of industrial depression.

To-day the industrial class is forced to stand calmly by and bear with the present conditions in aiding to maintain a costly army and navy that their homes and belongings may be protected from foreign aggression; but how many of them know that over seventy cents of every dollar that they pay out directly or indirectly for national taxation is drawn from them

to meet naval and military expenditures, making it impossible for the government to set aside any reserve fund with which to meet possible contingencies during times of industrial depression? But when the enormous costs of maintaining an army and navy is reduced to a minimum, possible under "Universal Peace," then industrial workers may justly demand great national consideration and relief for the unemployed.

The rapidity with which the world is now advancing mentally is bound to bring about a marvelous change in the present accepted conception of personal rights, and infuse the individual with a belief in his having "world rights" as well as "national rights," justified as a world claimant in demanding universal protection, and not that because he had been born in any one corner of the globe should he be confined to the rights granted in that particular locality, for the world or no specific part of it was created for any one set of individuals, but for all—justifying each and every one in the right to demand *Universal Protection.*

Twenty years ago the lone advocate of universal peace was looked upon by his friends and acquaintances as a dreamer, as was the political reformer, yet to-day both have their innumerable followers and earnest supporters, drawn largely from the ranks of the intellectually growing great majority that is rapidly attaining to a degree of mentality that will permit of their thinking individually, and not as heretofore in flocks directed by a few.

That universal peace will ultimately be attained there can be no doubt—it is merely a question of time, dependant upon the rapidity with which the masses are made adherent to the cause that shall sway public opinion.

To the cynic who thinks that war is inevitable, may be offered for his consideration the following four present day conditions that will tend to force the leading nations to promulgate world laws for their mutual protection and advancement, which all countries will eventually become subject to.

1. There are two things most necessary for successful warfare—"men and money."

(a) In the past, "glamour of glory" and desire for display of personal valor has rushed men to war.

To-day, a war between two or more of the great nations would be fought with the latest devices for carrying destruction unseen, offering little if any opportunity for individual display of courage, thereby precluding the possibility of special recognition for bravery, the credit going to the most capable mathematician, who may be the veriest coward, making of the recruits (most necessary for the successful carrying on of warfare) mere puppets for the mathematicians of the contending armies to play upon—and without glory, a call to arms would not receive the same response as it did in the past.

(b) Trade to-day is so interlaced the world over that the resultant disturbances caused by a call of arms would so affect the money market that the question of financing a nation's defense would be a most serious problem, as the monetary cost for the carrying on of a protracted war between two or more of the great powers would practically mean bankruptcy to the wealthiest nation. The cost of ammunition alone for one hour's firing by a single modern battleship exceeds the cost of all the ammunition discharged by the combined fleets of France and England at the battle of the Nile. Whilst the cost of a modern army and navy (such as the cynic claims as necessary to secure peace) even during its periods of inactivity, compounds so rapidly, owing to the necessity of its maintaining a standard of modern efficiency productive of the greatest possible destruction and slaughter, that within a decade it exceeds the cost of the nation's greatest and bloodiest preceding war period. We are now in an age of such excessive wastefulness—though not with the lives of the people, yet with their money—that public opinion will shortly awaken to this fact and demand the creation of world

laws to secure peace at a lower cost to them.

2. The rapidly progressing mental advancement of the great majority—the majority which by its ignorance had in the past retarded progress, is now awakening the masses to a broader conception of individual rights that will no longer permit of their being herded like bands of sheep; and as money is the little God of all, they may be expected to count the cost to *them* for maintaining peace and see the inadequacy of the present means for securing it.

(3) Progressive individualism will prove a factor, and has shown itself in the late disturbance in Ulster. The resignation of the British officers is an example of advanced humanistic thought in the individual worthy of the highest commendation, for their daring in the face of long established precedent, and possible condemnation, to decline to recognize the nation's lawful sanction of murder; which action has been approved and applauded by the masses, as shown by the voluntary endorsement by signature of over a million of English citizens.

4. Trade is rapidly becoming the very life of the world, and money its king, powers that will ultimately enforce the promulgation of World Peace laws to ensure their advancement and protection.

As the time is nearing when world laws will undoubtedly be promulgated, with a consequent reduction of national expenditures for army and navy, we may be justified in considering the possible beneficial results to individuals, particularly the utterly uncared for ones of to-day, "The Great Unemployed," whose cry is "Give us work," that we may live whilst the command of the nation to its subjects should be "You must work."

For every man who is physically capable should be enforced to work, and "working jails" should be established for the drones, tramps and non-workers unwilling to support themselves.

What would this world think of the parents who would so bring up their family as to permit one or more of their children to live on the charity of their neighbors, instead of insisting upon their working for a living? Like a wise parent, we have made education compulsory. Why should we not follow in the footsteps of the prudent parent and enforce idlers to work?

Is not the human race which populates the world one great family, and are not the nations which form the world but uncles, aunts and cousins descended from the parent race? Each nation is one immediate family by birth or adoption, with the governing heads as their accepted parents, in duty bound to foster and guard their children from want whilst ensuring the same advantage and opportunity to each child alike, ever thoughtful of the less fortunate.

The United States is a family carrying the blood of many families —making a great *one;* as such it must of necessity have sponsors—guardians —governing fathers, and unless they are to be mere political egoists, we must conceive them as real fathers—imbued with every conception of both paternal and filial love; our governing heads are then both fathers to the nation and sons of the nation, and we must so regard them collectively and individually—thus we may say the nation is its own father and its own son.

What would be thought of parents so inhuman as to turn a deaf ear to the cries of one or more of their children who are unable to find lucrative employment, yet are willing and anxious to aid in the household chores or anything the parents chose to find for them to do? What would we think of such parents who, under like conditions, would decline to give them food and shelter, and what would we think of the more fortunate and successful brothers and sisters who would stand calmly by and *bear* with such parents? Wherein is the difference between the unfortunately unemployed

of a nation and the unfortunately unemployed of a family?

When universal peace shall have been attained, then will it be feasable for the United States to reduce its military and naval expenditures to possibly one-half of its present outlay of seventy per cent of its income, which would permit of the nations creating an adequate reserve fund that would justify the planning for great national improvements capable of consuming the surplus energy of its subjects, a fund so great that under normal conditions it should leave a heavy balance on hand to be drawn against for greater undertakings during periods of industrial depression.

Not alone should the nation accumulate a reserve fund that would protect its unemployed, but every State and every town in each State should be forced by law to set aside a certain percentage of its taxation of the people to a reserve fund that they may at all times be in a position to meet extraordinary contingencies, possible of being applied in like manner to public improvement in order to furnish work for their *unemployed.*

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

They would tear down the Alamo. In truth they *need* the land!
The jaws of Greed are gaping wide, before them what can stand?
Yet Texans, mark the old fort well before the deed is done,
Altar of ancient sacrifice, and tomb, and shrine in one.

At Ivry shone Navarre's white plume, that France holds dear to-day.
Sweet to the Scot is Bannockburn, where broke the British sway.
And Trafalgar, and Waterloo, to English hearts are dear.
No high endeavor of them all could match with what was here.

Closer, and ever closer the snarling jackals crept.
Within those riddled walls the dead were happiest—for they slept.
And yet the few—the piteous, few, abandoned, starved, athirst,
Still flung the swarming thousands back, and dared them to their worst.

The Fathers of the Alamo their Mission gave to God,
Re-consecrate in blood that day the corridors they trod.
Oh, far Pass of Thermopylae, abate your Old World pride,
These, too, stood fast for Liberty, and, standing fast, they died.

Though Greed may change the pulsing heart to granite ere its prime,
It cannot tear that blood-stained page from the great Book of Time.
Pull down the old walls if you will. But when the last is gone
In souls that quicken at its name, the Alamo lives on.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

How We Went Back to the Land

By Elizabeth Wallace Davis

I AM WRITING this, the story of three years' experience on a peach ranch, as I sit near the casement window of our little bungalow, listening to the merry whistle of Joseph, our right hand bower in all things pertaining to the ranch.

For I would have you know that the aforesaid Joseph is in the throes of pruning fever, a disease that attacks all peach growers about the middle of January, and lasts until the orchard is clean; that is, when every little twig is cut off, until there are only two or three fruit buds left on a branch.

Then if you happen to save your fruit, by smudging or by the kind dispensation of Providence, you must go over the orchard and thin; in other words, pick off about half or more of the fruit.

It all depends on whether it is a full crop or not.

As it takes ten men about three weeks to prune ten acres, and the same number of men and length of time to thin, and at 30 cents per hour, a child could soon count the cost of a peach ranch, and that is the least expense of harvesting a peach crop. But I started out to tell you, my friends, who have heard the peach bee buzzing around your bonnet, that you had better kill that bee before it stings you, for it is sure to do so.

Many years ago, after a winter spent in sunny California, we crossed this valley on our way home to the "City of Certainties," and I wondered why there were no orchards here like we had seen on the Western coast, for there was plenty of water, and seemingly good soil. Twenty years later we made the same trip, and as we came out of the Canyon of the Royal Gorge, the sight that met our gaze I shall never forget; orchards and gardens, where a few years ago there were only sand and sage brush. I could not forget it. Soon the time came to us, that comes to many a family sooner or later, when the husband's health fails, and he finds office work no longer possible, without a very long rest.

Then came the question: "What shall we do?" We were sure it must be an out-door life. We first thought of farming, but the work was too hard even if we had the necessary knowledge. The next, and what we thought the very thing, was fruit, and thinking foolish-like that Iowa was no fruit State, we would have to go south or west. After a winter spent in Texas, and finding nothing there to suit us, we thought of this wonderful Valley of the Grand River. I wonder if anywhere in America there is a more beautiful spot than this valley, with its miles of orchards; apples, apricots, prunes, pears and peaches, all kinds of cherries, to say nothing of grapes and smaller fruits, with here and there a five or ten acre spot of vivid green alfalfa.

Well, after pricing land in Iowa, and holding up our hands in horror at one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, we came out here, and after one month in the valley, were induced by all kinds of fairy tales as to the income from an orchard, to pay thirteen hundred dollars per acre for a ten acre ranch, without one board of improvement on it. This was the cheapest orchard we looked at, and we were not

idle the thirty days we were looking around.

We called upon the best known real estate agent, and after telling us "there was no good place to stop in the little town," we were persuaded to go to his house,

We were with them one month, and they were kindness itself. We did not know, until the papers were made out and signed, that the orchard we bought belonged to a relative of the agent, and that he, the agent, held a mortgage on the orchard.

Well, we bit hard and were caught. Why, the only fish they catch in the Grand River is the kind known by other names.

The one thing I cannot still understand is, why no one was willing to tell us we were paying too much for the land; that we could never make the interest and taxes and expenses off the place until after the bargain was made and the papers passed.

Then every one we met told us what we were up against. We bought a good orchard of standard varieties, supposed to be nearly all Elbertas; instead there were eight or ten different varieties, so we pick peaches from the fifteenth of July until late in October.

When we inquired of different ones: "If we could do the work of a ten acre orchard with one horse?" they answered without hesitation: "Yes, if you get one large enough." In this case we found it would take an elephant, for the soil was adobe, and very hard to work; in fact almost impossible to get out of it when it was wet, and knowing nothing about irrigation, we had lots of trouble the first year; for where the water would find a wood or clod of dirt in the furrow, that would not allow it to flow readily; there it would stand until the dirt would melt away like sugar, then there would be a sunken place from one to five feet deep, and if there is a high place where the water does not flow enough, your trees will die.

Our first year on the ranch we had a full crop, but the rainy season, which nearly always begins about the fifteenth of August, came on time. For three days and nights it rained; it poured. Impossible to get into the orchard, and peaches ripening every minute. When I think of that rainy season it seems like a "Mid-summer Night's Dream." Well, we dumped ripe peaches in the orchard by the wagon load, for you must know that peaches wrapped and packed for shipment are picked very green, and no near market for ripe fruit.

The second year we consumed enough coal for smudging to last an ordinary Green furnace through a cold Iowa winter, only to see the blooms freeze on the trees. So we were not troubled with a full crop.

Now we come to our third year. This little tale I began over a year ago, with Joseph pruning and getting the trees in shape. No one ever had brighter prospects for big money than we had that year. People who went through our orchard remarked about the heavy bloom. I think it was about the thirteenth of April that the government station sent out a warning of a cold wave. Our smudge pots were filled and placed ready to fire, and all night we worked keeping fires under those blessed trees, until about four o'clock in the morning we found the blooms were frozen hard.

At this time we were about one-fourth of a mile from the house, with the atmosphere so full of coal smoke one could see nothing but the dim fires of the smudge pots doing their work bravely, and black ghosts of men and women flitting from tree to tree stirring fires. They looked to me like witches of old.

During our walk back across that orchard we faced a crisis in our lives that, with all our bad luck, we had never dreamed of, for we had put all our cash, which wasn't a great deal, into this orchard, and we knew we could not keep it, for we had made nothing, and had put about one thousand dollars worth of improvements, in packing sheds and small house, besides the cash payments we had made. All of which would go to the man of

whom we bought the place. Well, we could stay until fall.

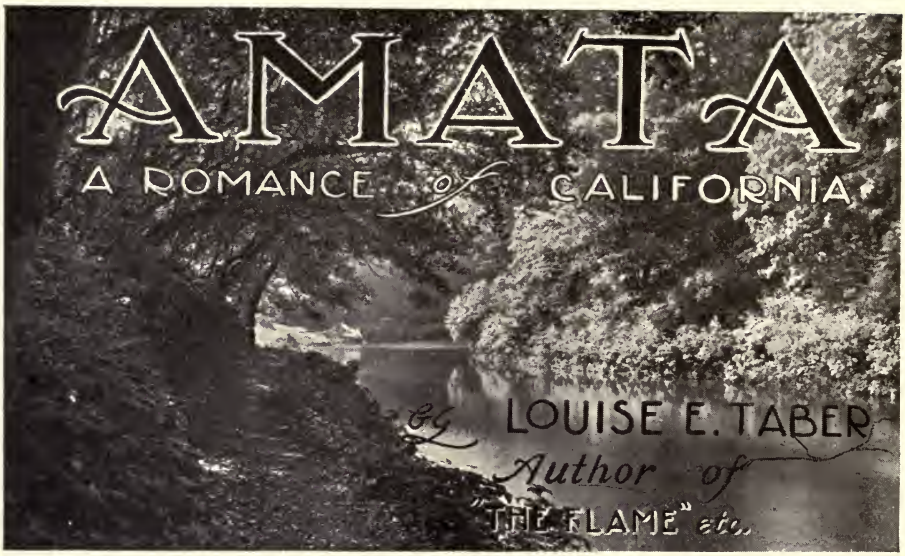
There was one acre of high ground; we could never get enough water on those trees, so they died the first year. We had them taken out and the ground leveled, and thought we would raise Rocky Ford melons. It was no laughing matter then, I assure you, but now I can smile when I think of the work we did on that melon patch, and the melons: why, they were so thick all over the ground we couldn't walk without great care, for fear of losing one of those precious melons. We paid two dollars and a half for seed, and shipped them by the crate, through an association, and received a net profit on all we shipped, of just one dollar and fifteen cents.

I proposed that we go back home and raise melons on the old home place —which was gladly acceded to.

And this year we did have a beautiful melon patch, but the deer from a nearby park got in and ate them all.

Now, not for worlds would I have one think there is nothing good in this valley, or in Colorado, for there is, and among the many good things is woman's privilege of demanding her rights through the ballot. Then it is the most beautiful place in which to live; the scenery is grand, the climate is the best I have yet found, and I have been in all parts of our country, to say nothing about Mexico. And when I have a fortune left me or friends good enough to hold me up for about ten years, so we can make a living there, I am going back there to live.

"For with longing I gaze from my window,
As the sun sinks low to rest,
O'er the grey peaks of Pinon Mesa,
To the land of the Golden West."



XVII.

AT FIVE o'clock Mr. Van Dorn left his office. He wished to make his confession at once, preferring the plunge into chaos to the dread of it. When he reached his own gate, the feverish unrest tormented him more strongly.

He went slowly up the path, wondering how he was to begin the tragic story. He met Marcella in the court.

"Where is your mother?" He studied her with interest, for her eyes had a new brilliancy.

"She is up in her room." Her tone held the last echo of a passing thrill. She had returned home a short while ago, after motoring two hours with Mr. Burke. He had confessed his love and humbly begged her to be his worshiped wife. She had not answered definitely, because she wanted to give it serious thought, but the memory of his ardent wooing was still making her blood flow more quickly.

"I have something to tell you and your mother," Mr. Van Dorn said.

She gave him a glance, for a strange tone was in his voice. Turning back, she went up the stairs with him. Opening Mrs. Van Dorn's door, they found her reading.

"Father has something to tell us," Marcella said, as they went in.

Mrs. Van Dorn was mildly surprised that her husband did not give her the accustomed kiss. Marcella felt something foreboding in the silence, and wondered, with a shock, if he had lost a great part of his fortune.

"I want to tell you about Amata," he began, forcing himself to glance from his wife to Marcella.

Mrs. Van Dorn sat suddenly erect, and the hard little lines at the corners of her mouth grew deeper and sharper. Marcella carelessly shrugged.

"I want to tell you," he added with effort, "that she is my own daughter, and I have neglected her."

Mrs. Van Dorn blanched, her lips parted, but no sound came. She half rose, then sank back. An exclamation of horror broke from Marcella.

"Are you insane, Edward!" his wife gasped, after an acutely painful silence. All the haughty pride was crushed from her hollow tone.

"She is my child," he softly repeated, for the change in her voice broke his courage to continue, but he

went on, because the silence was agonizing. "When I married you, Aileen, I committed an unpardonable crime to a woman in Gold Hill. By every standard of honor and righteousness I was her husband, but she was not my wife. I married you because I wanted you, but I did not realize then, as I do now, that my desertion of her was a crime. I was unworthy of her and—of you. It has taken twenty-two years for me to learn, but God knows I see it now. In the last few weeks I have suffered for all the wrongs of my life . . . Three months after you and I were married she gave birth to a child—my child, Amata." He abruptly paused, for something between a stifled cry and a sob fell from his wife's lips, and it hurt him as no other sound ever had. "Aileen!" He drew his chair closer and tried to take her hand, but she shrank back.

Marcella sat transfixed. She could realize only one thing—that this beggar of the streets might be called her sister.

"I know you can't forgive me," he went on. "I can't find any forgiveness for myself, but now that I have found Amata, I mustn't let her go. It is the duty I owe her, and her dear mother, to protect her and help her to a better life."

Mrs. Van Dorn raised her white face. Her eyes were tearless, but the light of terror was in them. "What proof have you that she is——" A hot wave swept across her face, and she glanced away.

"The old violinist has a locket that I gave Amata's mother, and pictures of me are in it."

The coldness stole again into her tone. "Then the girl came here——"

"No," he interrupted. "Amata knows nothing of the locket. The violinist confided his secret to me, little suspecting the truth. Only Mr. Burke knows. He and I were in Gold Hill together."

"Mr. Burke!" exclaimed Marcella.

"Yes. He let me know to-day when he came to my office and asked to marry you."

"Marry Marcella!" Mrs. Van Dorn cried.

Quick pride shone in the girl's face, for she understood that Burke wanted her so badly that he had threatened her father to gain his consent, and the threat raised him to something like a hero in her heart, and she wanted him as she never had before.

"If I don't marry him he'll make his information public," she said, but she believed that he would not cause her an unhappy hour. "I'll take him to save us from disgrace." This was her excuse for accepting the man she had scorned and ridiculed.

"No," her father quickly interposed. "If you don't love him, let him go. Let him tell what he knows. The disgrace is mine, not yours, and I am ready to face whatever the future brings. You and your mother can go away at once—to Europe, anywhere—and I'll fight this out alone."

A brighter light came into Mrs. Van Dorn's eyes. She always had fled from disagreeable things. "Yes, let us go, Marcella. That man wants your fortune, and when he finds that it is beyond his grasp, he may not think it worth while to create a scandal."

Marcella raised her head with haughty indignation. "Don't think, mother, that Mr. Burke cares for my fortune. *I* am the one he wants."

"Do you mean that you want him!" Mr. Van Dorn burst out.

"Want him?" she slowly echoed, but there was the faintest thrill in her tone. "No, it isn't that; but, father, I think I have some of your fighting blood, and I don't intend to run away. I'll marry him to shield us all, and if his love proves less sincere than he has led me to believe, I'll make him pay the penalty."

"Oh, Marcella!" Mrs. Van Dorn pleaded, "don't throw your life away on that vulgar man!"

"I intend to marry him," was her decided answer.

"You love him," her father said, with bitter disappointment. Then he turned to his wife, who was almost on the verge of hysteria. It seemed as

though every tangible thing was being swept from her grasp. She never had loved her husband, but she had trusted him, and now that faith was gone. she had set her hopes on a brilliant marriage for Marcella, and her daughter was going to marry a rough miner. As Mr. Van Dorn gazed at his wife, he realized that her character always had seemed strong because nothing had come to break her. "Aileen," he said as tenderly as to a child, "I must tell you what I had decided to do in regard to Amata. She has no name, no home; she is penniless. I am going to adopt her for inheritance, and I want her to take the Van Dorn name. No one but Amata, the old man and us, will know the truth—and Burke, but he won't betray it, if Marcella marries him."

His wife turned on him with sudden anger. "That girl can't live here! How could you ask it of me!"

"I don't ask it for long," he said, distressed, "only for a week or two; then I'll send her away to get a better education and perfect her voice. Roy loves her, and after a year or two he will want to marry her. Let her stay here for a short time. I know how hard this is for you, and it wrings my heart to ask it, but it is the only way to avoid talk. How could I adopt her and never bring her home? It is going to be hard for both of us."

Marcella had walked to the window, but now she turned back. Roy wanted that outcast! All the fire and determination of her father's nature flashed from her eyes.

"That girl can't come into this house while I am here," she said. "You have no right to ask us to suffer such humiliation. Remember that she is nothing to us, worse than nothing, because she stands for disgrace."

"Oh, Marcella!" Mrs. Van Dorn sobbed. It was a cry for strength and defense, but the daughter mistook it for an entreaty to be more kind, and it stirred her indignation.

"If mother will submit to such treatment, let it be after I am gone. You have been without that girl ever since she was born, and a month or two counts for nothing now. Please remember that I also am your daughter, and in a more honest way. She'll not come while I am here!"

As Mr. Van Dorn looked into her eyes, he saw the reflection of all his own daring strength and he yielded before it, because it was to him the strongest part of himself.

"Don't think, Marcella, that I've forgotten the protection and duty I owe you. Amata needn't come until you have gone."

A triumphant gleam shot into the glance she flashed him, and without a word she swept from the room.

Some time slipped by, during which Mr. Van Dorn and his wife were silent. He did not know how to continue his plea for Amata, especially as he saw that his wife had gathered strength from Marcella's defiance.

"The girl mustn't come here," she presently said. "It would be an outrage. If you wish to give her money, I shan't object. Let her take her mother's name."

"I can't do that. I know that Roy wants to marry her. But I know also that under the present conditions his family will seriously object and society will turn from him, but if I take her, everything will be set straight. Can't you see that I owe her this? And isn't it very little after the suffering I have caused?"

His wife turned a cold glance on him. "Why should I be made to suffer for what you have done?"

He did not answer at once. "I want you to look on this differently, if you can, Aileen. Think only of Amata. Put yourself in my place and tell me how you would feel if you had committed my crime and in after years had found Marcella singing and begging in the streets. Wouldn't you plead with me to take her into my home for *only a week?* If you will imagine yourself in my place, you can understand. Your love for Marcella will tell you what I feel."

A low, broken sob fell from her trembling lips, and she covered her

face with her handkerchief. She loved Marcella as she never had loved anyone in her life."

"Think it over, Aileen, and tell me to-morrow. It isn't for my sake, it's for hers." He rose, and going to his wife kissed her hair, then went into his room adjoining, and closed the door.

XVIII

The next morning, Mrs. Van Dorn entered her husband's room. He was looking over some papers, but he laid them aside when she came, and turned a chair for her near the window. As she sat down, he saw the trace of tears and the wear of a sleepless night, but he did not know how to express his sympathy in any way but a tender pressure of her hand, which she did not appear to notice.

"You wanted me to let you know if the girl may come," she said in a low tone from which all coldness and haughty pride were crushed. "Yes, she may come for a week, and I shan't let her suspect what I feel."

"Aileen!" His tone held more love and gratitude than she ever had heard.

"Yes, she may come," she went on, turning from him and looking out the window with unseeing eyes. "Last night I reviewed our married life as I have never done before. It is a pity that both of us have not done this years ago. I'm sure everything would have been different. . . . You asked me to marry you when you loved another woman—I know you did love her—for the finding of this child has changed you. I've seen it for weeks. That old love has come back, and with it the regret that she was not your wife. We began our lives wrong. There was dishonesty on both sides, and as the result, neither of us truly has lived. You wanted me because I was the kind of girl who could rise in the social world. My family was respected; I was popular. I saw in you a man of wealth, but the future held for you far more than I ever had hoped to gain through marriage. I wanted the position your money would make it possible for me to attain. Our union was one of ambition and convenience on both sides, and if we had given it more thought, we should have known that true happiness never could come from it. We have lived in peace, but . . . It has been all wrong."

Mr. Van Dorn had drawn his chair beside her, and he sat quiet, overcome with surprise, regret and sympathy. It was his first glimpse into her heart. She went on, still looking out of the window:

"I accepted you without inquiring into your life. I really did not know the man I was marrying, any more than he knew me. Last night I thought this all over. . . . There can be nothing between us any more, for now the veil that covered the pretense we have been making has been torn away. . . . You have given me everything I've wanted all the years we have been together, and I believe you never have been disloyal. A marriage like ours could have been more disastrous. Perhaps I haven't had the opportunity to repay you, but it has come now. Amata never shall know what her coming will cost me."

Mr. Van Dorn slipped his arm about his wife and drew her closer. His heart was wrung. He had not expected anything like this. There was buried within her the nature he could have loved, but had not found. The fatal wrong of his youth had made a mockery of all the years that followed, and to the end he must suffer for his cruel deception to both women.

"This mustn't be the end," he said with emotion, and his lips were near her soft blonde hair. "We both have made a mistake, mine by far the greater, but why can't we now begin our lives anew? Marcella is going. We'll be alone. We haven't known each other, Aileen, but we can make up for much that was lost in our youth."

She gently drew from his embrace. "You are mistaken, Edward, if you think we can start our lives anew. Amata will stand between us forever.

When you have made it possible to give her a father's affection, you won't be able to give me the love you think. She is going to become the dominant power of your life, and you will live again with the memory of her mother. There is an abyss between your life with that woman and your marriage with me, and there is no way for you to span it. I don't want you even to try. It would bring nothing but unhappiness to both of us. That woman has come back to you through her child."

"Aileen!"

"Don't try to influence me," she said. "You'll soon see that I am right. Go to the girl. I have nothing more to say."

He was so deeply moved for a moment he could not speak. Was this his wife? Was this the woman whose heart had been glazed with ice ever since they first had met? He had found her now, only to lose her, and it was his own wrongs that had broken down the barriers between them! He knew she was right, that his love had returned to the sweetheart of his youth, but this revelation of his wife's inner self so changed his feeling for her that he beleived it would be possible to affiliate the past with the present.

"Do you mean that you want me to leave you?" he asked, brokenly.

Not exactly that. I don't want anyone to suspect. Last night, after Marcella's friends had gone, she told that she had accepted that man, Burke. It is a terrible blow. I understand how he has won her, and I tried to make her see that it has been his attentions, his knowing how to please. I want her to be happy, and to marry the man she can love, but my fear is that after they are married, his devotion will cease, and then she will be disillusioned."

"I don't think he will ever fail," Mr. Van Dorn returned. "He will be smart enough to understand that to hold Marcella he must continue the role he is playing, and yet we may be doing him an injustice."

Mrs. Van Dorn nodded. "It is Marcella's ambition to have a home in London and make a place for herself," she said, "and she told Mr. Burke last night that she wanted me to spend the greater part of my time with her. He said he wanted me to consider their home mine. If he is good to Marcella, I am going to try and overcome my dislike for him. I want to live with her."

Mr. Van Dorn did not answer. His white face was drawn with pain. He knew that Marcella also had realized that it would be impossible for him and his wife to live together. His finding of Amata had disrupted his family. Nothing ever could unite them again. It was the end.

"I'll live with Marcella," she added, "but I'll come back here occasionally, and stay a while. If I don't, our friends will understand that Amata has separated us. I can't bear the thought of a vulgar scandal. A home in a foreign land will give me a chance to begin a new life."

"Burke hasn't money enough to gratify Marcella's ambition," Mr. Van Dorn said. "As a wedding present to her, I'll set aside four million that she can have the income from. I don't want her to have the principal until I'm gone. By that time we'll have a chance to see what kind of stuff Burke is made of. I'll set aside the same amount for you, Aileen. That will dispose of half my fortune. I hope that the new life will bring you happiness, but if it doesn't and you want me, remember I always am yours."

"Thank you." There was no encouragement in her unsteady tone. "I hope your future will bring what you desire." She rose.

He shook his head. "That is impossible. During all the years I have escaped punishment, it has been compounding and now I must face the debt."

"I am sorry!" Her voice trembled, and not knowing what else to say, she went toward the door.

"Aileen! Are we to part thus?"

She turned and saw reflected in his eyes all the regret that was wringing his heart, and she thrust out her hand.

With a low exclamation, he caught her in his arms. She had become a living woman to him now, but he could not claim her as his own.

"Aileen!" he repeated, brokenly, and pressed on her forehead a kiss that sprang from his heart. She stifled a sob as she fled from his embrace.

He stood by the window after she was gone, and remained there a long time. The future would have been easier had this revelation not come, and yet he would not have had it otherwise.

His wife and Marcella were in the dining-room when he went down, and he found that their meeting did not have the unpleasant restraint he had dreaded. His wife tried to be amiable; Marcella was radiant. Burke's vows the night before, when she had accepted him, had filled her with pride and joy, and she felt that the future held no clouds.

After breakfast, Mr. Van Dorn left the house. He intended to see Amata and disclose the truth, for he could not wait until Marcella should be gone. As he started down the Crystal Springs Road, he met Roy, walking with his hands in his pocket, his shoulders drooping and his gaze on the dusty road.

"What's the matter, Roy?" he anxiously asked, hastening to his young friend.

Marston turned his eyes, clouded with unhappiness, on Mr. Van Dorn "I'm cursing Fate,—the Fate that put Amata where she is," he snapped. "I love her and intend to marry her, but it is making things mighty rough at home. I told father and mother three days ago that I want her. Father stormed, and mother said I would break her heart. Dad has cooled down a bit, but poor mother can't get over it. If I take Amata, it's going to make a breach that will separate us forever."

Mr. Van Dorn knew the love that existed between the mother and son, and he understood what this would mean to Roy.

"Is it because they don't like Amata?" he asked.

"No. It's because my sister married an English nobleman, and I want to take my bride from the streets, as father puts it." Roy abruptly halted. He did not see that Mr. Van Dorn had brightened. "I don't consider the disfavor of society," he contemptuously added. "Such nonsense doesn't interest me. I don't care a rap for the people who judge your virtues by the money you have. When mother and dad talk about social standards, I feel like a pedigreed puppy in a dog show."

Mr. Van Dorn smiled. "I know how it is," he said, kindly. "Then you intend to marry Amata in spite of everything?"

"Yes, but it hurts me about mother, and I fear Amata may refuse me when she knows how things are."

Mr. Van Dorn patted Roy's shoulder with fatherly affection. "I don't want to promise anything, but I'm going to see Amata. You come in after half an hour, and we'll see what can be arranged."

Roy brightened. He always had had faith in Mr. Van Dorn. "Thank you!' he said, warmly, and they parted.

As Mr. Van Dorn went along the path leading to the hut, he forgot everything but the joy of seeing his child and claiming her as his own. Amata's fresh young voice rippled out on the still air with all the joy of a happy heart. He was sure that she was thinking of Roy, for he knew the love note, remembering her mother's voice. She came to the door in answer to his knock. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her waist was open at the throat, tucked in V-shape. She beamed on Mr. Van Dorn in a way that brought unclouded gladness to his heart.

"Good-morning!" she said, stepping aside for him to enter. "I've been cleaning house."

"Have I interrupted?" he lovingly asked.

"No. Have you come to know what

I have decided in regard to the concert work?" Her eyes met his with a longing to hold his friendship.

He shook his head. "It is something else. May I see your foster-father, also?"

She brought in the old man. Mr. Van Dorn was trembling, for he did not know how to begin. Amata's eager eyes were looking into his, and he feared the change his words would bring.

"You told me once, Amata, that if you should find your real father, and he'd love you as a father should, and adore your mother's memory, and regret his wrongs, that you perhaps could forgive him and learn to love him."

The old man sat erect and she gazed on Mr. Van Dorn in surprise.

"Yes," she faltered. "Why."

"Your father is found and he loves you with all his heart, with all the love he could feel for his child."

Amata sat immovable, even her breath was suspended.

The old man bent forward. "You have found him?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. I am he." Mr. Van Dorn's anxious eyes did not leave Amata.

He heard her sharp intake of breath and the strange little broken cry. She shrank closer to the old man and laid her head on his arm.

"You! You!" the musician gasped. "Mr. Van Dorn, do you mean——?"

"I am her father. I have known for some weeks that she is my child, but I haven't had the courage to acknowledge it, because of my wife and Marcella, but now I want you, Amata. I have no excuse to offer for what I did to your poor mother, and I don't even ask forgiveness. It was an insane ambition that led me off, but I don't expect you to understand that. All I ask is that you try to realize how I have suffered for the wrongs I have committed and to love me as your dear mother did, even to the end."

Tears were trembling on Amata's lashes and she hid her face against the old man's shoulder. She knew what her mother had suffered; she also knew that the real cause of her death had been a broken heart, and this was the man who had been the cause of it all, and he asked her to love him! She could no longer associate him with the Mr. Van Dorn she had known. He was now the father who had left her to the care of another man and let her wander as a beggar through the streets.

"You killed my mother, you deserted me!" she burst out, raising her head and looking fearlessly into his eyes. "How can you expect me to love you? What have you done to deserve it?"

He was ashen and held out an imploring hand. "I don't deserve it. I know I don't. While I was young, I was selfish, thoughtless, possessed of a passion to rise in the world. Everything was secondary to that ambition. It was not until my heartless youth had passed that I realized what I had done. I wanted your mother then, but it was too late. Now my wealth, my position, my financial power—everything has lost its charm. I can't have your mother because I have killed her, as you said, but I want you, Amata, not only because my heart longs for you, but that I may in some measure atone for the past. If your dear mother can read my heart now, she knows that I repent and love her more, a thousand times more, than when I begged her to leave the opera company and stay with me; and yet I thought then that there could be no love greater than mine. I have been punished for the wrong I did her. My life has not been happy, as I had believed it would be."

Neither Amata nor the old man, who sat still while he listened, could doubt the sincerity in his voice. The true pang of repentance and longing was there, and the girl's heart was touched, for the old violinist had told her that her mother loved until her death the man who had deserted her, and Amata began to feel that she could not hold a bitter resentment against him from whom her mother had not turned. Perhaps there was something she could

not understand, something that intuition had made her mother feel, so that it was possible for her to look upon his desertion as the inevitable.

The old man gently laid his hand on Amata's shoulder. He knew that it would be hard for her to accept this man as her father, but he liked Mr. Van Dorn, and even through the deep emotions that the confession had aroused, and the memory of his own love for the dead Amata and her sorrow in which his sympathetic soul had shared, he felt gratified that the father had come to give his child the love, protection and guidance that she needed.

"Amata," he tenderly said, "remember that your mother loved him. I want you in every way to be worthy of being her child. She was a wonderful woman—wonderful in her love and nobleness." He took from his neck the locket that until now Amata had not seen. "Take this, dear," he said, with emotion. "Your mother wore it until just before she died, and she left it with me to give to you when the right time should come. Your father gave it to her. It never left her neck."

Amata's fingers trembled as she opened the locket. It was a sacred thing to her, for it had been her mother's. The two pictures of Mr. Van Dorn in his handsome youth lay in her hand, and she gazed at them a long while in silence. Mr. Van Dorn did not speak; he dared not, for he understood that with all her gentle sweetness it would not be easy to win her. Perhaps she could forgive, but she would not be able to forget. He realized now what her mother was to her, and how great the old man's love had been for the dead Amata that he could create such a love in the child.

"Dearest," the violinist said, at last, "he is your father. Let me have the locket."

She laid it in the wrinkled hand that had guided her all these years. He fastened the chain around her throat.

"Your mother was sure the time to give this to you would come," he said. "Perhaps when death was near she could foresee this happy moment. Go to him, dear. Hold no bitter thoughts for the past. Try to make him better and purer with the great love your mother gave you. The sweet gentleness that you express for others is meant also for him. This is your inheritance from her dead."

Mr. Van Dorn was deeply touched. He held out his arms, and slowly Amata went into them. The old man understood better than the girl the effectual plea he had made, and his soul was thrilled with happiness.

"Amata!" Mr. Van Dorn tenderly said in a tone of love that never before had been in his voice. "Amata, dearest, may I be your father? Can you love me?"

She drew away and softly murmured: "Yes, I can love you, and I have ever since you've been so kind to us, but please don't ask me to call you father now. I couldn't." She slipped her arm around the old man as she softly added: "*He* has made that word sacred to me."

Mr. Van Dorn felt a tightening in his throat. Another man had taken his place with his own child! The violinist patted Amata's cheek, and for a moment he could not answer, for joy, love and sorrow were mingling in his heart.

"I have tried to make that word sacred to you," he said at last, "because I have wanted you to understand what a father is, that you might feel this love for him, should he ever come."

Mr. Van Dorn knew what he must be to her before he could take the old man's place. He felt that the love he wanted never could be his so long as the old fellow lived, but he would be satisfied until the great moment should come.

"I know I must wait," he said, "but will you try to create for me the same love you feel for this good man?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"I can ask nothing more. I want to adopt you for the rights of inheritance, and I want you to take my name. I came to an understanding

this morning with my wife. I told her all. She is willing for you to come to our home and stay a week before going to finish your education. I want you to study a year before you marry Roy. Are you willing?"

"I want nothing else!" she happily exclaimed.

The light in his eyes responded to her own. "As my adopted daughter, your position is already made. There will be nothing unpleasant in my home. Marcella is going to marry Mr. Burke, and I don't want you to come until she has gone. My wife has found that her heart is with her daughter, and she is going to live in London with Marcella. My home is my wedding present to you and Roy, and with it the income of four million dollars. While you are studying in San Francisco, you must be separated from your foster-father. I'll be alone at home, and I want him to stay with me."

The old man held out his hand. "There is no one with whom I'd rather stay," he said with emotion.

Roy stood in the open door, wondering at the scene, yet feeling the reflection of their joy. Amata turned, and hastening to him, said, as she caught his arm: "Oh, Roy, we are going to be so happy! Mr. Van Dorn is my real father!"

Roy stood transfixed. He glanced at the millionaire, but Mr. Van Dorn was looking into the beautiful eyes that Amata had turned on him, for in them was the unconscious revelation of what the future was to hold.

THE END.

GREY DAYS AND SOMBRE

Grey days and sombre, under leaden skies,
Smoke wreathes the woodland and the summer dies,
Dies as the long day with sultry breath;
Dies as the pale lily fades to her death.

Saffron the sunset and the twilight's glow,
Saffron and amber till the dim stars show.
Heavy the leaf-scent drifts on the air;
Drouth prowls on field and hill bold from his lair.

Dull grow the forest ways; shadow and gloom
Fall like a mystic spell o'er every bloom:
Bronze-hued the meadow's breast, dust-drowsed and still,
Old Pan lies dreaming now under the hill.

R. R. GREENWOOD.

Tales of the Golden Trail

V.--Selling the Salted Mine

By Harry Golden

NO, You can't dry the dishes for me. After the hard day's work you've done—the easy chair on the porch is the place for you. Anyway, you're such a big clumsy bear it makes me nervous to see you handle our Dresden China," said Sophie la Vere, as she whipped the dish towel facetiously at Sully; then thrust her pretty hands among the enamelware cups and plates in the dish-pan.

Sully retreated protestingly to the porch, lighted his pipe, and settled himself in the crude, home-made chair with his feet upon the low railing. From within the cabin, low and melodious, came the voice of the woman, singing an old love song which brought back to Sully warm remembrance of the days gone by, when, as a bare-legged lad, he trotted about on his mother's errands, and with the remembrance came a vision, dim and misty through the tobacco smoke that curled lazily about him in the evening air, of the home life of yesteryears.

The song ceased, and the little woman stepped from the doorway with a book held tenderly in her hand.

A horseman entered the clearing and approached the cabin.

"Who is that?" she exclaimed. "Do you know him, Sully? I hope it is not another man from the Mulroy agency." A note of anxiety crept into her voice which belied the slight laugh with which she finished.

"No. It's not a detective this time, little partner," said Sully, arousing himself. "That's Bessner, the San Francisco capitalist. He's the man I told you took me for a piker and tried to buy my option on the Snow Shoe for two thousand. I guess he was a bit surprised to learn the option was backed up by the ten thousand you put in here."

He advanced a few steps to meet the visitor.

"I am surprised to see *you* up here, Bessner," he said, shaking hands without enthusiasm.

"Buiness, business!" said the visitor, dismounting. "I came up to give you ten thousand for a half interest in the mine. Same terms that we agreed to a while back, you remember."

"I remember the agreement we had a while back," answered Sully, smilingly; "but I am afraid ten thousand won't buy much of an interest in the Snow-Shoe just now. Times have changed a little—you know."

Bessner looked at Sully in affected surprise.

"Well," he said, "I'll make it twenty thousand and take over the whole thing. I'd rather do that, anyhow."

Sully gave him an ironical glance, and deigned no reply. "Come over here," he said, "and meet my partner, Mrs. Sprague. She it was who put up the money to purchase the Snow Shoe."

"So that's how you were able to take up that option. I didn't think—er—that is——"

"I know," interrupted Sully. "You didn't think I could make the riffle, did you? You intended to come in, renew the option and leave me out entirely?"

For a moment Bessner seemed embarrassed; then he caught a glimpse of Sophie la Vere, and turned again to Sully; a meaning grin parted his flabby lips above his tobacco stained teeth; one eyelid flickered in a sly way.

"You lucky devil," he said. "What a stunner for a partner! Ten thousand along with her! But that's the

way with some. Luck and pretty partners——"

The fingers of Sully's right hand tightened about Bessner's arm, and he said in a voice hoarse, and low, so that the woman on the porch might not hear:

"Look here, Bessner! I know your kind. You're rotten to the core—so rotten that your very look contaminates; but you are here, as I see it, to bargain for the Snow Shoe, not to discuss my personal affairs or my partner. I owe you no explanations—I offer you none. Whether I'm lucky or not is my business. Look out, or bad luck will overtake you—that's your business."

Bessner winced from the grip on his arm, and a hint of fear came into his little, tarnished eyes.

"I didn't even——"

"Let it go at that!" said Sully, ushering him toward the porch.

"Mrs. Sprague, this is Mr. Bessner, who has come to look over the Snow-Shoe. What do you say about selling out?"

"I leave that entirely to you," said she, bowing slightly to Bessner. "You have a better knowledge than I of this matter."

"Well," said Sully, turning to the man, "I am not particular about selling out, but if Mrs. Sprague is willing you can have the mine and extensions for fifty thousand dollars cash." He looked at the woman, and she nodded her assent.

Bessner emitted a low whistle. "Fifty thousand! You bought in here for ten. The improvements don't amount to a thousand. Why, that's robbery."

"Well, that is our price," Sully returned. "It don't matter what we did, or what it cost. I'm not in the mood to haggle. Take it or leave it!"

Bessner looked at him curiously; turned and mounted his horse; then, as if on second thought, said:

"I'll be up to-morrow and take some samples. If they show as good as the last I'll take it. So long!"

As he disappeared down the trail, Sully sat down and scowled after him.

"You weren't very courteous to our prospective buyer," observed Sophie la Vere, with the hint of an amused smile playing about her lips.

"Hump!" snorted Sully, drawing his gaze from the trail. "You can't insult his kind. He has no feelings other than those centered in his pocketbook. Speak to him disrespectfully of his mother, and he will leer at you with a sickly grin; flick a white nickel from his pocket and he'll fight like a bull. Let's forget him. Read to us the story of Francesca of Rimini."

"But," said she, disregarding his statement, "how do you think the samples will show up?"

"None too good, I guess; but if he takes it, we'll get all it's worth," replied Sully, puffing his pipe reflectively.

The following morning, when Sully had gone to work and she had finished the breakfast dishes, Sophie la Vere set out upon one of her frequent walks about the mountain. She had gone perhaps a mile and a half from the Snow-Shoe when she came upon a small creek, the boulder strewn bed of which attested the activities of the early California gold miners. She paused for a moment, and the sound of a shovel grating upon gravel came to her ear from around the bend, farther up the creek. She walked briskly toward the sound, and saw an old man, lank, gray-whiskered and bent, shoveling gravel into a set of sluice boxes through which the creek had been diverted.

She approached and nodded smilingly, while the old man hastily took off his slouch hat, revealing a round, red, bald spot, and bowing in a low, cavalier manner, said:

"Good mornin', Miss!"

"The same to you!" returned the woman cheerily. "Doing a little sluicing, I see."

"Yes," said he, wiping his bald spot with a blue checked handkerchief, "jest snipen a bit, Miss. Don't think there's much here, though. These diggins er pretty badly worked out, looks

like. The old timers used to leave a few grains o' dust behind, an' a man could make about wages workin' the diggins over. But I guess the Chinks cleaned up here. 'Tain't no use nosen around where them Chinks' been, the cussed slant-eyed rats! But I'm goin' to stay on a few days anyhow. Sort o' tired movin' around, we are."

"We?" asked Sophie la Vere. "Have you a partner?"

"I reckon I have," returned the old miner, with a twinkle in his eye. "Jasper, he's been my partner for nigh on twenty years now. Ever since he weren't much mor'n a pair o' big ears."

The woman looked at the old fellow in a puzzled way.

"Come up to the camp and meet him," invited he, leading the way up the bank to where a small tent was pitched under a great fir.

"Jasper, you old son of a gun!" he called to an angular old flea bitten mule, nosing in the dry weeds, "trot around here and meet our company." The mule, as if putting on his best manners, ambled up to her and rubbed his soft nose in her hand.

"Well, I'll be ——," the prospector exclaimed, in open-mouthed astonishment. "I never seen that old half-breed freak o' natur take up with anybody like that afore. He ain't never been considerate along o' strangers. He's gittin' more crabbed o' late years, too. He seems to think you're the right style, Missey. I allus did hold that a mule has right savvy o' human nature."

"That's a pretty compliment," laughed Sophie la Vere. "Jasper and I are old friends, already."

"But what can you be a doin' away up here in these hills, Missey?" asked the old prospector, curiously. "You're pretty far off your range, or I'm mistaken."

"Oh, I should have told you," returned she. "I'm a miner, too. I own a half-interest in the Snow-Shoe; our company is called the Plungers' Improvement and Investment Company. Sophie is my name, and what, pray, shall I call you?"

The old fellow rubbed his ear awkwardly, then replied: "My name? Jes' call me Sky. It's old Sky now, but it weren't allus that way."

"Sky!" exclaimed she. "How did you ever come by such a name as that?"

The old man's shoulders lifted ever so slightly, and a little hint of self-approval gleamed in his kindly eyes.

"The boys used to call me that, long ago, weren't it Jasper?" The old mule worked his head up and down. "Them was the days when the games ran wide open in every camp along the Mother Lode—the days before the Sunday-school fellers put a stop to the circular race of the little white marble." His cracked old voice took a tone of bitter reminiscence. "I allus used to call for the sky when I threw my bag of dust—and I was often dust heavy in them days. Buzz goes the ball, and in I rakes the pile—but sometimes—" His voice stopped.

"You called for the sky?" she asked.

"Yes, that means that I asked the dealer to take the limit off the game."

"I see you, too, are a plunger in your way, but don't you find it a rather hard go, at your age, to scratch around in these mountains."

Old Sky slowly nodded his head. "It is beginning to tell on me a little, I guess. It's the rheumatiz that gits me." He pointed to his warped, thin legs. "But I jest got to make one more little stake."

"What do you want this last stake for, may I ask? Have you got your mind on something?"

"Jasper an' me we got our hearts set on a little patch o' government land out in the Sierra Valley, where we can raise a few chickens and sich like, and jest loaf around an' watch the alfalfa come out o' the ground. It's as level as a platter and rich as a New England plum puddin', but it's deep with sagebrush now, so Jasper an' me will have to grub that out. Where sage like that'll grow anything'll grow, when you've got the climate and the water."

"How much of a stake will you need to locate?"

"Oh, not much! Five or six hundred dollars will do. We want an artesian well. That will cost about a hundred and fifty, an' we got to have a bit of a shack and a barn an' riggin' and a plow for Jasper, an' a grub stake, an' sich like, you know."

"You don't mean to tell me that there is land like that lying vacant, now, right here in California?" exclaimed Sophie la Vere, incredulously.

"Was a couple o' months ago, and is yet, if somebody ain't beat me to that forty," replied old Sky, emphatically.

"The Western Pacific Railroad comes in right alongside, too," he added.

"I don't understand," said she, "how it can be possible. There must be something wrong somewhere."

"Well, if there's anything wrong it ain't with the land; it's with the people. The old timers are cattle raisers. They own the meadow land and they graze the sage brush in the summer. Their livin' has come too easy, all the time, for their ever botherin' to clear the wild land. A few small patches of this sage brush land has been cleared lately, and put into alfalfa, an' the stand proves that the soil and the climate is right. There's an ocean of surface water only six or seven feet down, an' alfalfa, after it gets a start, will do well without irrigation. Too, there's artesian water. They have it in places, already."

"Is there much of this vacant land that can be taken up?" asked Sophie la Vere.

"No, I can't say there is, now," said the old man. "But the entered land is for sale so cheap that any one with a little money could make a fine investment. Think of good alfalfa land right alongside the railroad, beggin' for a buyer at from fifteen to twenty dollars per acre!"

"Then you believe the price of land in the Sierra Valley is bound to advance soon?" she asked.

The old man's faded blue eyes twinkled. "If things go the way I'm figgerin' them to go, within a year I can show you forty acres of land out there which have passed the hundred dollar per mark."

The woman glanced up at the sun.

"My goodness!" she cried, "here it is almost noon! I must hurry back to the Snow-Shoe and cook dinner for my partner. I am interested in that sagebrush land. I'm going to come back and talk with you about it again. I hope your luck changes soon, and that you make that little stake alright. So long."

"Wait a bit! You ain't got no saddle animal up at the Snow Shoe, have you?"

Sophie la Vere shook her head. "Oh, no! But I don't mind walking."

"I'm goin' to ask a favor of you," the old man went on. "The pickings are pretty poor around here for old Jasper, an' I notices they's some good grass in your clearin' up there. I'll put the saddle on him, an' you ride 'im home an' turn him out. I think he'll stay, alright. If he don't he'll meander back here. He ain't much of a sprinter anymore, but he can pass the best of them on the trail with that running walk of his'n. You can place your last white chip on his bein' surefooted aplenty. He don't need no care. A few miles' ride every day, for exercise, that's all."

Sophie la Vere admired the tact of the old fellow in thrusting the services of old Jasper upon her, and the cunning with which he covered the gracious act.

"What will you take for old Jasper?" she asked, as she looked down upon Sky from the back of the lank old mule?"

"Oh, pshaw!" he returned. "Nobody would pay much for him; he ain't worth much to anybody but me, an' I sorter figure him as a partner, you know."

"I figure him as a friend," said she, "and I might be willing to pay quite a sum for him—enough to enable you to improve that forty."

On the following morning Sophie la Vere rode the old mule down the hill

to the store at Mohawk. She purchased forty dollars' worth of dust and some oats for Jasper; then returned to the Snow Shoe. When she arrived, she found Bessner selecting samples in company with Sully. With true feminine curiosity, she examined minutely those already selected, on her own account.

Early in the afternoon, Sophie la Vere again saddled old Jasper and started for the worked out diggings to pay another visit to the old prospector. She found Sky puttering about his sluices.

"I'm jest gittin' ready to clean up a three day run. Hope I git more'n I did the last clean-up. She paid about six-bits for the three day run, before. It'll take some time to get that stake at that rate, won't it?"

Sophie la Vere nodded: "Let's hope for better luck this time——"

"Jist a minute, Miss Sophie—pot o' beans burnin'." He sniffed toward the camp. "Can't you smell 'em?"

Much to the delight of old Sky, the clean-up showed two ounces of bright quick silver covered gold. She watched with interest the old miner retort the gold and carefully heft it in the palm of his hand.

"How much?" she asked.

"About two ounces," he replied. "And," he chuckled, "luck seems to change about the right time—out o' tobacco and most out o' grub. Would you mind cashin' this dust and doin' a little shoppin' for me in Mohawk?"

"Give me a list of what you want, and I'll have it here by to-morrow forenoon," she answered, as she reached for the little buckskin sack containing the dust, and thrust it in the bosom of her dress.

On the following morning she went again to Mohawk, purchased the few supplies he wanted, and returned with them to the diggings; but she did not cash the dust.

"You were low in your estimate," she told the old prospector, as she handed him two twenty dollar bills. "There was considerable over two ounces. Forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents worth. I paid for the provisions, and here's the rest."

Several days later, Sophie la Vere and Sully went to Quincy to transfer the title of the Snow Shoe mine to Bessner, who met them there and placed the purchase price, fifty thousand dollars, in the Plumas County Bank.

On the following morning they returned to the Snow Shoe with pack animals with which to remove their few belongings. As they neared the little cabin in the clearing, the woman looked up at Sully and there was the faintest hint of tears in her voice as she said:

"I fear that I am going to act foolish to-morrow when it comes time to leave here for good. I did not realize before that I could become so attached to this rough place; but this has been the best home I have ever known. I can't remember the old home with the mother in it. That went to pieces too long ago. I guess the home instinct is the biggest after all."

Sully glanced back at the speaker. "It's strange," he answered, "I just happened to be thinking the same thoughts. But it isn't as if we didn't know where we were going or what we were going to do, when we leave here. Remember the little house we've planned to build in the Sierra Valley and the grass, trees and flowers we're going to plant around it. Then there will be old Sky, for our neighbor to keep us company—him and Jasper, you know."

Scarcely had the two finished their midday meal when Bessner rode hurriedly up to the Snow Shoe cabin.

"Come out here!" he called peremptorily to Sully. "I want to have a talk with you—alone!"

With a slight showing of surprise, Sully stepped from the porch.

"See here!" began Bessner, heatedly, "this mine's been salted!"

"That's a pretty serious accusation," returned Sully.

"That girl in there," said Bessner, "has been buying dust down at Mohawk! What would any one around

a gold camp buy dust for, unless to salt something? In the second place those last samples I took ran a good deal higher than the first. That's why I was in such a hurry to close the deal."

"I don't believe there's anything to it," said Sully, emphatically.

"I got it straight, I tell you. Your partner bought dust in Mohawk! She bought two ounces on the day I took those samples. She stuck pretty close while I took those samples. I'm not charging that you're in on the play, but I am saying that she bought dust. What for? Unless to salt the Snow-Shoe. What's more, she bought two ounces more down there this morning."

"You're crazy, Bessner!" said Sully. "She's been selling dust in Mohawk for old Sky, not buying."

"She hasn't sold a grain of dust in Mohawk for old Sky nor any one else," returned Bessner angrily.

"Now see here, Bessner: why should she go on salting this mine after we've sold out? If she bought dust at Mohawk it was placer gold—it takes an expert, anyhow, to salt a quartz proposition."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Bessner, "but why did she buy that dust?"

"I don't know that she did,' returned Sully. If she did buy any it was her own affair."

"I've got fifty thousand dollars good money tied up here," said Bessner. This looks queer to me and I am going to get to the bottom of it." He caught Sully by the arm, pointed toward the house.

Through the half open doorway he saw Sophie la Vere pour a handful of bright gold-dust into a buckskin sack which she placed in the bosom of her dress.

The two men watched her ride away.

"She's going to the tunnel," said Bessner, "I'm going to follow her."

Half reluctantly Sully followed him. "See here!" he said in a gruff voice; "No matter what we may see, don't you say one word to that girl. Don't even let your presence be known."

The mule's led toward old Sky's placer claim. Sully and Bessner came out on a high bank above the creek bed and from there they saw Sophie la Vere at the head of the sluices of old Sky's diggings. She took the buckskin bag and scattered the yellow contents into the head sluice box.

The light of understanding came to Sully and he turned with a smile to his companion. But Bessner stood staring fixedly, his fat face purple with rage, for a light of understanding had also come to him.

"I—I knew," he spluttered, "I knew she was salting something!"

"What difference does it make to you if that girl sees fit to help a poor crippled up old man by salting his no good diggings," he asked in a whisper. "Keep still or she'll hear us!"

"Charity ——!" cried Bessner under his breath. "They're—they're cooking——"

"Shut up, or I'll kick you off the bank!" said Sully. "Let's get closer so's we can hear. She's going up to the tent now."

Bessner, bristling with suppressed anger, moved after the big man, to where the voices of Sophie la Vere and old Sky came to them.

"I got a surprise for you Sophie. I sold my interest in this old twenty acre placer location to Bessner, yesterday. There's a thousand dollars in this little roll. Jasper and I'll go to Quincy early to-morrow morning and file on that forty, then we'll be ready to go to the Sierra Valley with you and——"

"I think you've done fine, Uncle Sky," came the woman's voice, but it lacked the ring of true enthusiasm.

Sully touched his companion on the arm: "Come on,' he said, "we've overheard enough," and the two started back.

"They cooked that up for me," Bessner fumed, "and you know it! To think I paid a thousand dollars to that crooked old skunk for those skinned diggings. I'm a fool, but I watched that old fraud clean up the other day

when he didn't know I was around and I saw what he took out, but I'll get that thousand back—I'll choke it out of him."

"Shut up, you big baby," said Sully, with a wry smile. "You're such a hard loser that I'll have to write you a check for that thousand when we get down to the cabin."

When they arrived Bessner opened the conversation: "About that thousand dollars of mine," he said.

"Oh yes," said Sully. "It gives me pleasure to flip a penny to a piker." He got his cheque-book, filled out and signed it. "Here it is," he resumed. "A thousand dollars. I've noted on the face of the cheque that it is a full payment for your title to the placer location. Transfer that title to me—and good-bye."

"Bessner studied first the cheque, then Sully; then handed the cheque back. "Make it two thousand!" he said.

Sully looked at him with contempt.

The other broke in: "There's something besides that charity bunk in this—something I don't understand. If that location is worth a thousand dollars to *you*, it's worth as much to *me*. If you won't stand for that two thousand dollars, let's split the difference—make it fifteen hundred," he whined. "You can't make me believe that you are anxious to give that thousand away."

"People like you never give anything away," said Sully. "There is something about this you don't understand—and never can understand!" He took the cheque and tore it into little bits. "I wouldn't give you fifteen cents for those diggings now," he said. "You tried to get something for nothing, and you got nothing for a thousand dollars. We leave to-morrow, and we'll turn things over to you then," ended Sully. Bessner rode down the trail to Mohawk, muttering as he went: "There's something behind all this, and I know it!"

When Sophie la Vere returned to the cabin that evening she sat down dejectedly. "Sully," she broke out abruptly, "there's something troubling me, something I've got to tell you."

Sully smiled.

"I know all about it," he said "You bought a few dollars' worth of dust; salted old Sky's diggings, bought the dust back after he had picked it up in his sluices, and then salted them over again with the same dust, so that the old fellow might get that stake he was after. You found that you can't give those old fellows anything if they know it. Now that you see how things stand you're sorry you salted it. I tried to give Bessner back his thousand, so you needn't worry, but because he couldn't understand, he thought I was trying to stick him up, and wouldn't stand for it. I'm just as well satisfied that it's cost him something. Anyway, I'm proud to have a partner that would go to so much trouble to help a poor old man—and his mule."

The little woman heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, Sully!" she cried, "I'm so glad you can feel as I do for poor old Sky, and that you wanted to be square with Bessner, even if he is a crook—that you were willing to give a thousand dollars of your own money that the sun of that poor old man's life might glow warm in the hour of its setting. Old Sky," she finished, "is as happy as a boy with his first pair of red-topped boots because he is going with us to-morrow."

"He's got nothing on you in that respect," said Sully.

"No, nor on you either," smiled she in return.

(*To be continued.*)

Messiah's Fast Approaching Kingdom

By C. T. Russell

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"Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and Princes shall rule in judgment."—Isaiah 32:1.

COMING events cast their shadows before." Startling shadows are all about us. A great change in the affairs of men is indicated and acknowledged by all thoughtful, intelligent people. The world's pace during the past fifty years astonishes everybody. New conditions meet us on every hand. The majority of books written half a century ago along scientific lines are considered rubbish to-day. Rules and customs and theories of the past, supposed to be immovable and absolute, are abandoned as worthless—in chemistry, in manufactures, in art, in finance and commerce. All these changes necessitate a new view of social conditions and a re-examination of the relationship of religion and the Bible to man and his conditions, as seen from the present viewpoint.

The business and social world have been compelled to keep pace with the steps of progress; some of them have yielded gladly and some of them reluctantly. But religionists have been placed in a most awkward position. Religion and moral sense constitute the backbone and fibre of the best progress in civilization. The perplexity of religious thought, and its manifest inability to adjust itself to the changed conditions, is working a serious disadvantage to all disposed to look to the Almighty for guidance in life's affairs.

The increase in worldly wisdom, the improved human conditions, the advancement along scientific lines, in material prosperity, have turned many of the world's brightest intellects away from God and from the Bible. Many of these, still professing Christianity in an outward, formal manner, have really abandoned it in favor of a theory of "civilization." They have wandered from the Divine Revelation, the Bible, into paths of speculation—their own and other men's. They have cogitated that the reverse of the Bible statements is the Truth—that instead of man falling from the image of God into sin and death, he is rising from a brute or monkey plane upward, gradually, to Divine heights. Instead of looking for a great Deliverer, Messiah, Savior, Life-Giver, they are hoping to be let alone by any outside influence, that certain fancied laws of Evolution may help them upward and onward to glory, honor and immortality.

The result is that religious thought to-day everywhere and in all denominations, is chaotic. The whole of Christendom has practically become agnostic—admitting that they do not know the Truth nor how to adjust their reasoning faculties to present conditions. They are in an expectant attitude—seeking light. Nevertheless many fear the light lest it make manifest cherished errors or selfish hopes and ambitions which must be abandoned. But they are still pretending to know many things which we and they know that they do not know. Daily the strain becomes more intense. Gradually everybody is recognizing that a great crisis is impending along every line—that the people are awakening and thinking, and will no longer receive errors, as formerly.

Converting the World to God.

Fifty years ago Christian people, full of faith in the Bible, which they seriously misunderstood and read with sectarian spectacles of various colors, were fully agreed that God had given His Church the commission to convert the whole world and to establish Messiah's Kingdom, when the nations would learn war no more, but beat

their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Zealous Christian people urged that the heathen were going down to a hell of eternal torment at the rate of ninety thousand every twenty-four hours.

Noble men and women sacrificed their earthly interests for the assistance of the heathen—to prevent that awful catastrophe, to help the very program of God which some other Christian people of an earlier day had declared was predestinated and foreordained as unalterable. Good was certainly attempted—we trust that some good was accomplished. We know that some harm was done, in that fallacious conceptions of the character and plan of the Creator were promulgated amongst the heathen, which have hardened and embittered some of them.

But by and by, practical people sought for statistics, and now know that there are twice as many heathen in the world as there were a century ago. Of course, there are unthinking and unstatistical people who refuse knowledge, and who are to-day claiming with a commendable zeal, but a reprehensible ignorance, that large contributions of money would enable them to capture the whole world for God. Nevertheless, the masses no longer see the matter as they did, and can no longer be swayed to the same extent. Thinking people refuse to believe that God for centuries has sat calmly viewing the situation, allowing millions to go to eternal torment. They refuse to believe that their hearts and sympathies are more tender than those of their Creator.

Even the heathen are getting awake to the inconsistency of what has been given them under the Gospel label. They are finding out that the word Gospel signifies "good tidings," and that what has been preached to them is the most awful message conceivable —that all of the heathen and the majority of their civilized neighbors and friends and relatives have been decreed, sentenced, foreordained, to eternal torture because of ignorance, because of a misbelief in respect to which they were thoroughly honest. Perplexed, the missionaries ask, What shall we preach? The message of Damnation does not sound good to the heathen, and they do not run after it nor feast their souls upon it.

The question comes to the ministers and professors of colleges throughout Christendom, and they are perplexed what answer to give. The majority of them have become Higher Critics and no longer accept the Bible as the Word of God; they are Evolutionists and no longer believe the Gospel which the Missionary societies were organized to proclaim. They are in perplexity, and many of them are prepared to abandon the former theory of Missions, and to continue their work henceforth merely along humanitarian lines. Indeed, within the last twenty-five years missionary effort has turned gradually to secular education and medical practice in the interest of the heathen, with little religious doctrine—and so much the better.

Everybody is agreed that the Kingdom of Messiah cannot be brought about by the wholesale conversion of the world. And logical people see that larger numbers have been lost to Christianity in civilized lands during the last twenty-five years than were ever claimed to be converted amongst the heathen. We say lost to Christianity, because why should any one be called a Christian who has lost all faith in the Bible—in the Law, the Prophets and the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles?

The great cloud of bewilderment which encompasses Christendom is realized by all earnest people—churchmen and others. And no wonder there is a certain dread associated with the dark cloud! People are wondering What kind of a storm will result? And what will be the effect upon the great religious systems of civilization? It is to join hands against these ominous conditions that the clergy of all denominations have aroused themselves in favor of Church union, or Federation. But the people

feel comparatively little interest in the proposition, which they will not oppose, however.

The difficulty with the present situation is that we have stupidly and blunderingly misread the Bible. We have twisted what we did read and picked out certain portions which best pleased our fancies and supported best our various creeds. We have neglected the honest, truthful study which we should have given to our Heavenly Father's Message. The confusion of Christendom is the result. This confusion and perplexity the Scriptures portray, assuring us that we are in the midst of a great falling away from faith in God and in His Revelation. We see fulfilled all about us the wonderful prophetic and symbolic picture of Psalm 91. A thousand fall at our side and ten thousand at our right hand—only the "Israelites indeed," in whom there is no guile, will be kept from stumbling in this evil day. The chaos, which we already see everywhere in evidence, is only beginning.

God's Great Remedy at Hand.

The fault of Christendom has been the rejection of the Divine Plan and the acceptance instead of a human plan. The Church was going to convert the world—going to "conquer the world for Jesus" and present it to Him as a trophy! Alas! we have not been able to convert ourselves, which is the particular work the Master gave us to do. Greater humility would have shown us our folly long ago.

Bible students do not need to be reminded that all through the Old Testament Scriptures God's promises abound, telling Israel and all who have ears to hear of the glorious reign of Messiah and of the success of His Kingdom, and how the result will be that "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to the glory of God;" how "all the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears shall be unstopped;" how the blessing of the Lord will be with Israel, restored to His favor, and operate through Israel to the blessing of all peoples. We remember the prophecies which picture earthly governments and show us their termination and the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on their ruins. We remember the Jubilee picture repeated by the Israelites every fiftieth year, proclaiming liberty for the people, and typifying restitution of all that has been lost through sin, and which is to be restored through Messiah's Kingdom.

Bible students know also how the New Testament abounds with references to the Kingdom! the Kingdom! the Kingdom! Nearly all the parables that our Lord gave were in illustration of something connected with the Kingdom or the class called out of the world to inherit the spiritual Kingdom. All such know, too, that the Great Teacher proclaimed that Kingdom and taught us and all of His followers to pray, "Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!" They all know, too, that all of the Apostles refer to that Kingdom and point the Church to its establishment for the realization of her hopes —the time when the "marriage of the Lamb" will take place—the time when God's New Covenant with Israel will go into effect. The time when He who scattered Israel will also gather them, and when the Law shall go forth from Mt. Zion, the Celestial Kingdom, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem, the Capital of the earthly Princes. God's remedy is just what humanity is coming to realize it needs. In its establishment, as the Scriptures declare, "the desire of all nations shall come."—Haggai 2:7.

Bible students are more and more coming to see that this Gospel Age is the time in which Messiah is selecting from amongst men—of Jews and Gentiles—a saintly class, and is testing and proving their loyalty to God and to righteousness. These are to be Messiah's assistants—the Bride, the Lamb's Wife. As Abraham typified the Heavenly Father, so the Messiah was typified by Isaac. And Messiah's Bride and joint-heir and co-laborer in His Kingdom was typified by Rebecca.

Thus seen the great Plan of God has progressed well.

Our neglect of the Word of God and our study instead of the Talmud and the Creeds of the Dark Ages have been our undoing. Under all this wrong influence we have failed to cultivate the fruits of the Holy Spirit-meekness, gentleness, patience, long-suffering, brotherly kindness, love. Instead, we cultivate pride, ambition, selfishness. We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done. Our help must come from God. According to our understanding of the Scriptures, help is near, but coming in an unexpected way. Pride and selfishness have blossomed and brought forth a fruitage of strife. The bad example set by Christian people has extended to the world, and has been thoroughly appropriated. It has become the spirit of the world—of all classes.

The Great Day of Wrath.

Now, as faith in the Bible is waning and respect for God and His Word is proportionately waning, what could we expect but that which the Scriptures declare is at hand, namely, the "time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation?" The selfishness which both rich and poor, learned and ignorant, have cultivated will, in that time of trouble, be represented in conflicts between labor unions and capitalistic trusts. The Bible declares that then "every man's hand will be against his neighmor"—all confidence will be lost—the bond of human sympathy and brotherhood will be utterly snapped in riotous selfishness.

The Scriptures identify this trouble with Messiah's taking to Himself His Kingdom power and beginning his reign. (Daniel 12:1; Revelation 11:18.) Thank God! The intimations of the Scriptures are that the conflict of that time will be short. It must, however, last long enough to teach humanity a lesson never to be forgotten—that God and His arrangements must stand first and must be obeyed, if blessing is sought.

When it is remembered that Messiah's Kingdom is not only to bless those living at the time of its establishment, but gradually to awaken the dead from the slumber of the tomb, and to give all of our race a full opportunity for attaining life eternal or death eternal, then it will be seen that the Kingdom must be a spiritual one. Then, too, Messiah's Kingdom of Light is represented as superseding Satan's Kingdom of Darkness—both spiritual. With this thought our text is in full accord—"A King shall reign in righteousness." (Messiah will be that Great King, His Bride being associated with Him.) And "Princes shall execute judgment in the earth," carrying out the decrees and regulations of the Heavenly Messiah. This is the meaning of the Lord's promise to Israel, "I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning."—Isaiah 1:26.

The Princes who will execute judgment will all be Israelitish and all perfect men—tried and approved of God. They will be the Ancient Worthies—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the Prophets. These men, great in faith and obedience to God, will be known to the Jews as the "fathers," as the prophecy respecting them declares, "Instead of the fathers shall be the children, whom Thou (Messiah) mayest make Princes in all the earth." They will be the children of Messiah in the sense that they will derive their resurrection life from Him, the Great King. Indeed, the Scriptures assure us that eventually the whole world shall receive new life from Messiah, in offset to the life received from Adam—forfeited through sin. Thus amongst the various titles of Messiah mentioned by the prophets we find that He will be the "Age-lasting Father," as well as the "Prince of Peace and mighty Elohim and the wonderful Counselor. "Of the increase of His Government and Peace there shall be no end."—Isaiah 9:6, 7.

James Madison and California Raisins

A Side Light on the Man Who is Directing the Destiny of Raisins

CALIFORNIA has, during the last ten years, been the fighting ground of a number of very bitter, yet bloodless, battles—clashes in which agrarian and commercial interests were pitted one against the other. The outcome in pretty nearly every instance has been a happy one, both parties to the struggle realizing that in give and take was salvation and profit. Wherever the conflicts assumed large proportions, some one personal figure has stood out dominantly, and after the difficulties were finally solved, remained the master of the situation.

And so it is that, with the formation of the California Associated Raisin Company and its subsequent operation, James Madison, of Fresno and San Francisco, comes into the lime light which is thrown on the men who do things noteworthy in character and large in scope. Madison, who is the managerial head of the raisin association which controls more than 90 per cent of the raisin crop of Fresno County, California, and this means the United States, was given that position because of his able efforts in bringing about that organization. He maintains it because in its first year of existence the raisin association has proved the reason of its being, and demonstrated that it could be conducted along lines productive of the best possible good for the raisin industry as a whole.

The name of Madison is known in the grocery and dried fruit trade from one end of the country to the other. Every broker in dried fruits, every jobber who handles a general grocery line, has now heard of Madison, the man who sits tight on the lid away back in Fresno, California. It was Madison who throughout the early months of last year put his nose to the grindstone and succeeded in lining up enough raisin growers with contracts covering 80 per cent of the raisins produced in Fresno County. These growers agreed to sell their entire crops to the association at a fixed minimum price. It was this act alone that made the raisin association possible, and gave the control of the market to its members. What a task this must have been is easily realized when the number of growers is taken into consideration. There are some six thousand of them of varying nationalities, many of whom do not speak or understand English. Meetings were held all over the county, campaign committees organized, and the work systematically laid out under Madison's direction. He stepped in at a time when failure was freely presaged on all sides. But this is now an old story. The successful operation of the company during the first year of its existence is not an old story. It is a recent consummation, and adds another happy chapter to California's industrial history.

Few men can switch from the trying labors of organization, where the constituent elements are so varied, to problems in which the highest commercial and financial competence is called into action. Merely to get the growers to pledge themselves to sell their crops by no means solved the

difficulties. It was merely a facing of the music. The sinews of war—finance—had to be secured before organization was possible and more money had to be lined up in order to market a crop, the sales of which run into the millions. This was one of the tasks of the association, and Madison, as its directing head, had to cope with during its first year. Another problem was to stand firm against the onslaughts of the private label jobbers of the Middle West and East, who were formerly used to buying raisins in a chaotically competitive market, and to meet the big packers in a way that minimized their natural antagonism. The work called for iron strength and rare diplomacy.

Few people really know Madison, even those who through business contact know all about him. He is a taciturn, self-contained man, to whom words mean nothing except to mark action already completed or orders to be executed. His decision is never impulsive, but always based on an exact weighing of the facts. Many times his judgments have been questioned by the antagonistic forces with which he has been surrounded, but time, in nearly every case, has proved Madison's rare insight into actual conditions and the measures he adopted to bring about the desired end.

While the first year's course of the raisin association has been most successfully passed, the problems of this organization are by no means pushed to the background. A strong hand directed by a competent brain is still as much a necessity as in the early days of organization. Fresno County's prolific soil has a habit of producing more raisins than the country has been trained to assimilate. In order to bring about an ideal equation where demand equals supply, Madison realized that an organization was the first essential, not merely an association of men with a common ambition and desire, but a smooth-running corporation with sufficient financial strength and power to control the situation. So he concentrated his first year's efforts in perfecting and power-charging the organization. Now that this has been effected, Madison is devoting his time to the perfecting of merchandising plans that will make a permanently steady market for Fresno County's greatest asset, raisins.

"Cross Trails," by Herman Whitaker.

This is another of those clear-cut dramas of human emotion set against the background of man's unending struggle with nature, such as this author gave us in "The Planter," "The Settler," and "The Mystery of the Barranca." In "Cross Trails" the scene is a lumber camp in far-off Manitoba, and the time is the winter of the year in which the Canadian Pacific first crossed the plains. Stopping off the train at Portage la Prairie, Gabrielle Ferrier, on her way from Montreal to Winnepegosis, finds herself in an utterly new world—a world of lumber-jacks, remittance-men, traders, and settlers, whose glances terrify her. To her horror, she learns that the mail-sled is not due for a week, and her distaste at the prospect of spending that period in the miserable shack that does duty for a hotel crystallizes into determination when she catches a glimpse of the one man in the world whom she most wishes to avoid. The man is her husband, from whom she has separated—for what seemed the best of reasons—on the very day of their wedding.

Alone, she sets out, behind a pair of rugged ponies, on the ninety mile drive to Winnipegosis; but the snow has blinded the trail; she misses her way, and is saved from freezing to death by, of all men, Ferrier. As the only recourse, he takes her with him to the lumber camp of which he is "boss," and here she is prisoned by blizzards. There follows a story of gripping sex-antagonism and ultimate reconciliation —varied by episodes in which cold and hunger and the evil passions of men add grim reality to the issue. Through it all, Gabrielle comes to learn what constitutes genuine worth in a man. Something of this she learns from Nelson, the huge foreman—a very Viking of a man, but gentle as a woman—something from Miles, the warm-hearted Irish cook whose fighting spirit is as keen as his wit; but most she learns from Templeton, the English clerk, a man whom she trusts, to her hurt, recklessly leading him on to the danger point, only to find that it is her husband and her husband only, whom she loves. Attempting flight with Templeton, she discovers first his shallowness. Then a worse side of his nature manifests itself, and, leaving him on the trail, she drives back through the storm, to find Ferrier coolly facing a mutiny of his men that threatens the direst consequences.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, Franklin Square.

"The Fortunate Youth," by William J. Locke.

To the best of our knowledge, Mr. Locke never wrote a book that did not succeed; he never wrote a mordacious book nor a cheap book. His ideals are much higher than may reasonably be expected of the novelists, and he adheres to those ideals. He instructs without propaganda; amuses without paradox; builds up the most charming situations with plausible construction; and does not stoop to engage in the dissection of peccant morals; and "The Fortunate Youth" illustrates this as well as any book he has written.

Published by John Lane Company, New York.

"The Eyes of the World, a Novel," by Harold Bell Wright, Author of "The Shepherd of the Hills," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," Etc., with illustrations from oil paintings by F. Graham Cootes.

The author's powerful imagination and resolute moral tone in these days of erotic writings need no encomiums. Harold Bell Wright created for himself a firm and lasting niche with the general reading public with his widely known stories "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth." "The Eyes of the World" completes the triology of the simple life, the ministry of capital and the ministry of art and letters.

In the last named work the author vigorously, and with trenchant, incisive pen exposes the degradation of those in arts and letters who prostitute their high gifts before sensualists willing to pay any price for the gratification of their desires. With background and characters the author portrays his ideas in strong and masterful fashion. The theme of the story hovers about Aaron King, a young artist on the threshold of fame. Fate takes him among attractive scenes in Southern California and there he meets Mrs. Taine, a beautiful, voluptuous woman married to a worn out, invalid roue. She manages so that he has an opportunity to win fame and fortune by painting her portrait, and during the sittings she casts her line to win him. From the mountains comes a charming young wood nymph, a magician with a violin and King meets her. During the struggles of the artist there is always at his elbow a *fidus achates,* Conrad Lagrange, a "popular author" of the "six best sellers class," who has deserted his genius to turn out the more highly profitable decadent stories of the day. He writhes in his degradation and exercises all the strength of his nature to prevent young King doing likewise. Lagrange, through experience, knows the terrible penalty attached and realizes that a liason between young King and Mrs. Taine will put the shackles on him forever, morally, temperamentally and as an aspiring artist. Other carefully drawn characters people the background to develop the absorbing action. One of the great and stirring scenes is where the wealthy Mrs. Taine invites the great literary, society and political lights to her beautiful home to witness the uncovering of her second portrait painted by young King. A number of intensely dramatic episodes develop, culminating when the roue husband of Mrs. Taine offers a toast to the young mountain violin player who is among the talent on the afternoon's program. It proves to be the final effort of the worn out sensualist and and he is carried helplessly to his death bed, while the wine drinking guests steal away, jesting and worrying over their own personal concerns. A stinging and impressive close is given to the scene with the love smitten wife attempting to make a clandestine appointment with the young artist. A powerful artistic stroke which portrays almost in fire the natures of such beings. Almost with the same pen sweep the skilful author in contrast brings to the foreground the peaceful natural loyal love of the mountain nymph and the young artist.

Cloth, 12 mo., $1.35 net, published by The Book Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.

"That Affair at Portstead Manor" by Gladys Edson Locke, Author of "Queen Elizabeth," Etc.

Things open up very complicated in this intricate detective tale. A diamond necklace, which might have been looked to for aid in solving a murder mystery, only adds to the complications. While the plot hinges upon the blundering attempts of an official detective and a middle-aged bachelor to discover the thief and assassin, there is interwoven the charming love story of two of the suspects. After suspicion has been thrown on several members of the house party at the English manor, and is finally narrowed down

to three persons, any one of whom had equal incentive and opportunity, and all three of whom seem to acquiesce dumbly in the mistrust of themselves, the heroine of the double tangle works her way to its solution with a mixture of intuition generally claimed by womankind, and a logic often fondly imagined by the masculine mind to be its exclusive property. At any rate, she proves her point in the end, and the reader finds both process and conclusion entirely satisfactory to his intelligence and very highly enjoyable.

Cloth; 8vo, $1.25 net; by mail $1.40 Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Shadow-Babe and Others," by Jessamine Kimball Draper.

The philosopher poet breaks into individual sounds of mirth and tears the babel earth raised to heaven, but the mother-poet goes further, into the hearts of the children of men, and gathering happy and pitiful alike in her arms, shares their emotions with infinite understanding and sympathy. Yet the harp of verse is struck to divers tones. There are poems of stirring patriotism, lines of optimism, sonnets of youth and age, songs of southern plantations and northern fields. Natural scenery is not forgotten; the voice of girlhood is heard in the "Ivy Hymn;" "Songs for Chi Psi," and other verses of college days; and the lilt of "Ma Pale-brown Lady Sue" sets the feet to dancing, willy-nilly, by the contagion of its care free melody.

Cloth; 12mo; $1 net; by mail $1.10. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"A Woman in China."

Mary Gaunt, author of "A Woman in China," was the first white woman who ever crossed Liberia, and she also made a journey of 1,400 miles in West Africa, accompanied only by negro servants and bearers. Her latest journey was through the region which had been terrorized by the notorious brigand, White Wolf, and Miss Gaunt was continually meeting with warnings of the brigand. She saw many towns which had been burned and looted by White Wolf's band, but she herself escaped all real dangers and is now in London, where she is lecturing on the country through which she has so recently traveled. The success of her earlier book, "Alone in West Africa," will probably be more than duplicated by the recognition given to her new volume, "A Woman in China," which will be published this autumn by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"The Making of a Home." Its Practical, Religious and Ethical Foundations, by Robert O. Lawton, Chair of English in London College, author of "The Greatest of These," etc.

We are all tired of muck-raking. When the sore has been opened and cleansed there is no virtue in further probing. The next problem is to grow healthy new tissues. The present volume, in pursuance of this logic as applied to matrimony, is concerned with happy marriage. While no one can prescribe infallibly for another's happiness, there are yet certain principles, invariably involved, that repay careful study. Such a study is likely to do more for the troubled matrimonial state of the country than much worried comment on the alarming increase of divorce.

Cloth; 12mo.; 80c. net; by mail, 88c. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1906

By Ina Coolbrith

In ended days, a child, I trod thy sands,
The sands unbuilded, rank with brush and briar
And blossom-chased the sea-foam on thy strands,
Young city of my love and my desire.

I saw thy barren hills against the skies,
I saw them topped with minaret and spire,
On plain and slope thy myriad walls arise,
Fair city of my love and my desire.

With thee the Orient touched heart and hands:
The world's rich argosies lay at thy feet;
Queen of the fairest land of all the lands—
Our Sunset-Glory, proud, and strong and sweet.

I saw thee in thy anguish, tortured, prone,
Rent with earth-throes, garmented in fire,
Each wound upon thy breast upon my own,
Sad city of my love and my desire.

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall
And ruined hearth—are these thy funeral pyre?
Black desolation covering as a pall—
Is this the end, my love and my desire?

Nay, strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,
The Will that builded thee shall build again,
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men.

Thou wilt arise invincible, supreme.
The earth to voice thy glory never tire,
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme,
Proud city of my love and my desire.

But I shall see thee ever as of old.
Thy wraith of pearl, wall minaret and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold,
Lost city of my love and my desire.

The two miners, Chaffee and Chamberlain, in their cabin at Groveland, Cal., formerly Second Garrote. They were the lay figures in Bret Harte's story, "Tennessee's Partner." *Photo by C. E. Holmes.*

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INA COOLBRITH, CALIFORNIA POET

By

Marian Taylor

(Photos by courtesy of Louis J. Stellman, Geo. Wharton James, Miss Ina Coolbrith and Writers' Club.)

Miss Ina Coolbrith.

"Behold the builders working each his will
In verse or story limned with rarest art;
Twain, Stoddard, Markham, Atherton and Harte,
The rugged Miller and the cultured Sill.

"And lo! among the rest their work adorning,
Walked one of gentle and unstudied grace,
Who wrought all day with ever-upturned face,
And sung more clear than meadow-lark at morning."

—*John E. Richards.*

IT IS WITH a feeling akin to reverence that we approach the subject of Ina Donna Coolbrith, whom Bret Harte rightly termed "the sweetest note in California literature," and yet who, to the present generation at least, is very largely unknown, owing to the indifference with which we are apt to pass over the great in our midst for the less great far away.

The only surviving member of that notable coterie of celebrities (all of them much older than herself), numbering Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Chas. Warren Stoddard, Prentice Mulford, Joaquin Miller, and others, we may well feel thankful that there is still time left in which to honor a woman

Joaquin Miller in his camp in the mountains.

Grass Valley mines, and was snowed-in until May of the following year. Meanwhile the wife and children went through a California flood, after which they all came down with ague, and to add to their misery, rations were short.

In the spring they removed to San Francisco, where Mr. Pickett became foreman of the Bulletin printing office. He built a house near the Mission, and the family spent the summer there. Desirous of practising as a lawyer in Los Angeles, he sent his family ahead, intending to follow them immediately, but a thief first robbed and then burned his house to the ground, which misfortune compelled him to remain where he was for a time in order that he might earn money wherewith to pay off his indebtedness.

Thus it happened that Ina Coolbrith received her education in Los Angeles, and a newspaper of that city had the honor of publishing her first poem, a school-girl composition and nature rhapsody entitled "My Ideal Home," when she was but eleven years of age. Upon being asked by her teacher why she rhymed her compositions, she replied: "Because it is easier, please ma'am."

While in Los Angeles, Ina had the interesting experience of opening a ball one night with no less a personage than Don Pio Pico, first Governor of California. But her step-father could not settle permanently in the southern part of the State, so with his family he returned to San Francisco, where Miss Coolbrith shouldered the responsibility of helping out their income by teaching the English branches in a private school. This position she kept for three years, teaching from ten to three o'clock daily, doing a large portion of the household tasks at home, and writing as she snatched opportunity from hours that should have been given to recreation and rest.

All honor to Charles H. Webb that he appreciated the talent of this remarkable girl! Mr. Webb was a clever New Yorker who had started a weekly paper, the "Californian," in San Fran-

cisco, somewhat resembling the "Argonaut." He asked for and published her poems, and was her devoted friend until his death. Shortly before this took place, he wrote: "What a dear, good girl you were, Ina! And how you stand out above all in the old San Francisco days. Your high qualities of mind and heart alike endeared you to me, and I could not forget you if I would. The thought of you is like a bright star in my memory forever."

We now come to the days of Ina Coolbrith's association with Bret Harte, who had also been a contributor to the "Californian," and of which he had succeeded Webb as editor. Meanwhile, Anton Roman, desirous of launching the "Overland Monthly," was also looking around for an editor, and selected Bret Harte. In its early years the magazine was coated in light brown, the grizzly bear appearing in black on the center of the cover. Its office was located on Portsmouth Square, where the monument to Robert Louis Stevenson was erected later.

Bret Harte lost no time in asking for contributions from Ina Coolbrith, and she wrote her pathetically lovely poem, "Longing," for the first issue; in the second number was published her exquisite and world famous "In Blossom Time," a fact which places a crown of glory on the "Overland Monthly," for never, surely, since the Divine Man of Galilee paid His tribute to the lily in words of matchless imagery has there been such an one as this written by a girl of less than twenty years, to the flower of purity and beauty.

"For O but the world is fair, is fair—
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

"And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him."

Shortly after this, Bret Harte prevailed upon the modest young poet to write the Admission Day Ode for the Society of Pioneers. She was very timid, regarding the venture, but urged on by him, she wrote the ode: it was received with great applause. For her work she was paid fifty dollars,

Charles Warren Stoddard.

and Harte said to her: "I will see, Little-Afraid-to-Begin, that you get the spondulix in brand new ten-dollar pieces from the mint," and he kept his word.

Bret Harte was editor of the "Overland Monthly" from 1868 to 1871, and during that time he published in it "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the story that made him famous. Yet to Miss Coolbrith this brilliant man, so much older than she, brought his stories that she might pass judgment on them. Her home was then on the corner of Washington and Taylor streets.

Another writer in the "Overland Monthly" was also a visitor at Miss Coolbrith's home, the lovable and richly endowed Charles Warren Stoddard, and these three, so closely associated, were facetiously called "The Golden Gate Trinity." A charming pen picture of this literary resting-place by Mr. Stoddard, we give in part:

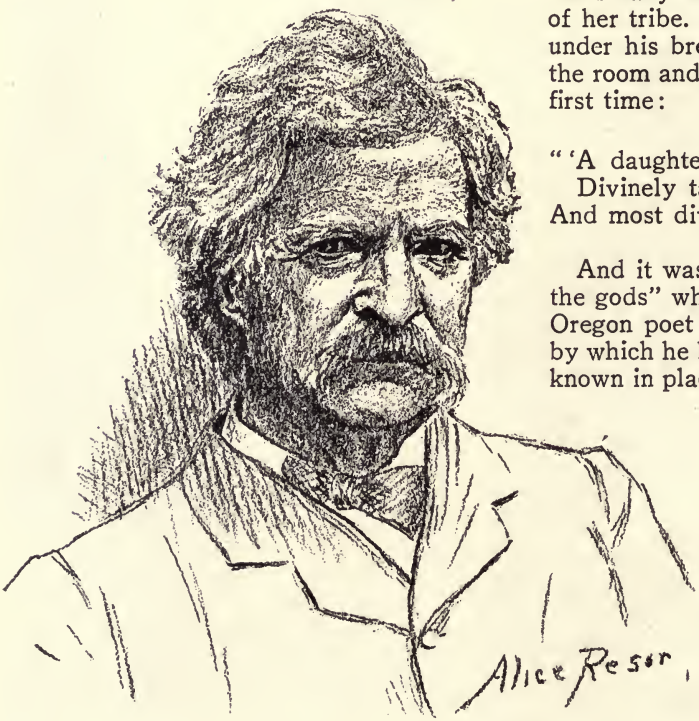
"In the rosy retrospect, the writer of these lines sees a cozy interior in a quiet house on a hill in San Francisco. There was always a kind of twilight in that place, and a faint odor of fresh violets, and an atmosphere of peace. It was a 'Poet's Corner' in a city which was more poetical than it now is, and far more poetical than it will ever be again.

"There were little Parian busts on the mantel, and delightful pictures upon the wall, and rich volumes with autograph inscriptions everywhere. The exquisite atmosphere of the small salon—it was salon in the best sense of the word—was most attractive. Here Bret Harte chatted with the hostess over the table of contents of the forthcoming 'Overland Monthly;' here the genial 'John Paul' (Charles H. Webb) discussed the prospects of his Californian, and here Joaquin Miller, fresh from the glorious fields of Oregon, his earnest eyes fixed on London, and dreaming of future fame, met the gracious lady who was the pearl of her tribe. Joaquin murmured under his breath as he entered the room and beheld her for the first time:

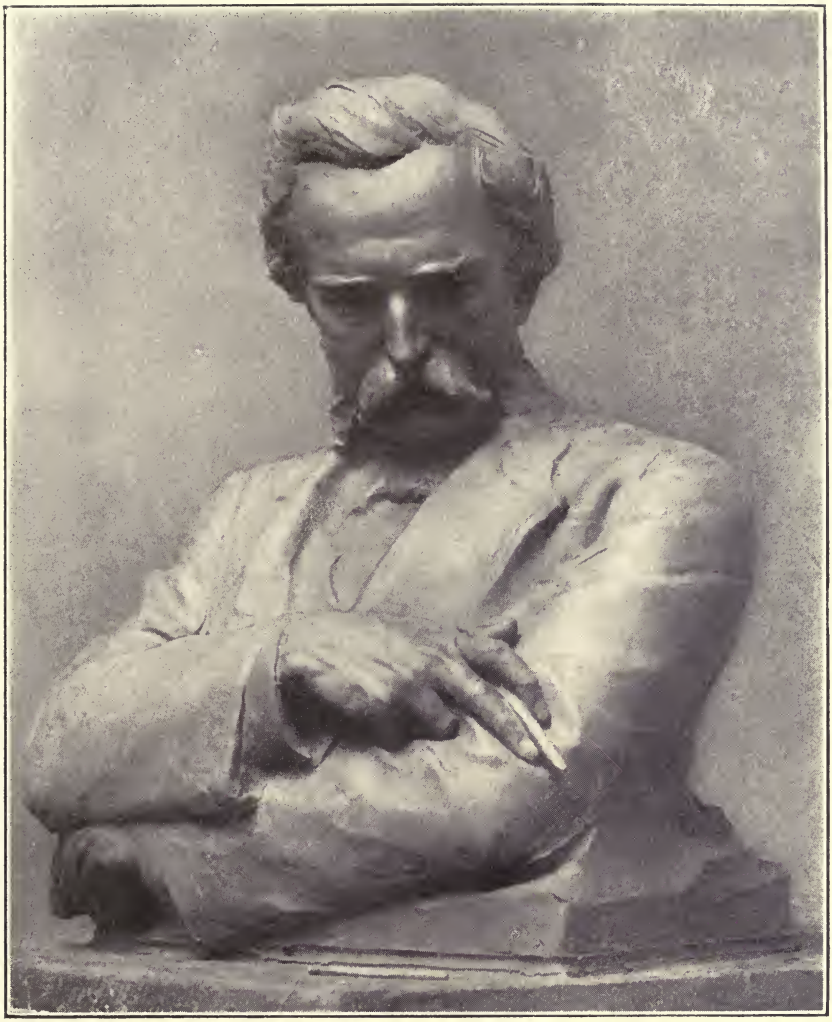
"'A daughter of the gods!
Divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.'"

And it was this "daughter of the gods" who suggested to the Oregon poet the name Joaquin, by which he became universally known in place of his baptismal one of Cincinnatus Heine.

Though filled with work, those were happy days. The reputation of the gifted girl was assured, and the future bright with possibilities. She was planning to go to England and



Mark Twain.



Detail of monument to Bret Harte tobe erected by the Bohemian Club, San Francisco.

Continental Europe with a friend, the literary world was reaching out to her with eager hands, when, like a thunder-bolt out of the sky, came an unexpected sorrow to her, one involving new and very grave responsibilities. Her widowed sister, falling ill, sought Miss Coolbrith's home, where she died six months later, leaving two children —a boy and girl—in her care.

Not once did she hesitate. Would that we might write this part of her history in letters of gold, for as one has said: "Half-divine is genius, but diviner, sacrifice!" And, though sacrifice meant in this case, the turning away from all social and home life, in the ordinary meaning of the words; the proper exercise of her gift, hence fame and the heights where walk earth's greatest, to tread the path of duty alone, yet into that duty she threw all the loyal devotion of a loving heart. The children became as her own, and to them she gave the best years of her life.

These new conditions, necessitating a larger and more regular income, Miss

Exterior of Miss Coolbrith's home, Russian Hill, on Broadway Street, San Francisco.

Coolbrith took the place of librarian of the Oakland Library, which was at that time sustained by subscriptions, but made free to the public four years later. At first she had no assistant; afterwards she had two; but even then there were hours at the desk alone, all the cataloguing to do, and the book-lists to make up; indeed, throughout the twenty years she was there, she had more than one woman's share of work to do as well as the arduous home duties to attend to, her unfailing comfort, her dear mother having passed away in 1876.

Before this happened, however, another child had come to the home, temporarily, it was thought at first, but the period lengthened into seven long years. This child was Calle Shasta, Joaquin Miller's daughter by the Indian wife of his youth. Urgent business was taking him East, and he wanted her in safe keeping.

Calle Shasta afterwards married, and is dead now, but to the end she was devoted to the woman who had mothered her. As for Joaquin Miller, when asked to write a poem for the Coolbrith Day at San Jose in 1907, he sent this eulogy:

"Let me confess frankly that I am not equal to doing her half-way justice. Her whole life has been a poem, a sweet, pathetic poem. Aye, more than that, it has been a piteous tragedy. Her invalid mother, her dying sister, then the children to educate and rear as her own—God, how she toiled, and how she must have suffered with all her poetic sensibility! Yet she ever had a smile and a word of Faith, Hope and Charity for us all! And we all clung to her, and all looked up to her, helpless girl though she was, and all the strong men of the time—dead and gone now—looked upon the lone, weak woman as to some superior being, and so I reckon she was—and still is. Of all who gathered round Bret Harte, she was the best, yet the last to claim recognition.

"If ever this nation is half-civilized, each State will step proudly forth and pay some solid tribute to those who have, like Miss Coolbrith, celebrated its glory, with pay and pension equal at least to that of an honest soldier. And this great State is a good place to begin it in. Let grand old California have the honor of breaking the first ground. There is not a man, woman or child in the United States who would not expect to see California pay this tribute, long due, to this divine woman. And tears of joy would come to thousands and thousands in California to see it done."

After Miss Coolbrith's retirement from the Oakland Library, her health was poor for several years. But she made two visits to the East, where New York and Boston vied with each other in doing her honor. In 1898 she became librarian of the Mercantile Library, San Francisco, resigning it two years later to take the same position at the Bohemian Club, of which she is the only woman member, and where she served until the earthquake and fire of 1906 destroyed the city.

Interior of Miss Coolbrith's home, Broadway street, San Francisco.

This final blow swept away the treasures of a lifetime, mementoes that can never be replaced, and among other most valuable manuscripts "A History of California Literature," the work of years of patient research, which was to have been Miss Coolbrith's gift to her beloved State.

At the time of this disaster—like many other refugees—she camped on the ground at Fort Mason for three days, then went to the home of Mrs. Judge Boalt on Spruce street, where she stayed for two months. She was in Oakland next for a short time, and later visited Los Angeles to see if conditions were favorable for settling there. That city not appealing to her, however, she returned to San Francisco and took a flat on Lincoln street, not far from her old home, where she lived for about three years, until in fact a new home was made possible for her.

This came about through the kindness of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and other friends, who got up an Authors' Reading at the Fairmont Hotel, the money from which, with additional funds from the Red Cross Society, purchased a lot on Broadway near Jones street. Upon this land she was enabled to raise money for the erection of flats—one for her own residence and the other for renting; the heavy debt on which—oh, the pity of it!—exists to the present day.

In 1908, another link with the past was broken in the death of Charles Warren Stoddard. Bret Harte died in England, but "Charlie," as Mr. Stoddard was affectionately called by his friends, returned to San Francisco, the city of his love, in 1905, poor in health; he died three years later. By Bret Harte's advice, Stoddard, years before, had turned from poetry to prose, and made a success of it. Little wonder, for his was prose-poetry! For six or seven years he traveled as correspondent of the San Francisco "Chronicle;" after this period he accepted the Chair of Literature at the College of Notre Dame, Indiana, later

taking the same position at the college of that Order in Washington, D. C. "Love was the key-note of his character," says Miss Coolbrith, to whom he was always a devoted friend, and who mourned his death.

In 1910, Miss Coolbrith accepted the presidency of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, serving one year, and now to the great gratification of the members she has consented to be their president for the coming year. She is also president of the Congress of Authors and Journalists, which will be a great event of the Exposition.

The idea of the Congress originated with Mrs. I. Lowenberg, its first vice-president, who suggested it three years ago. She herself is well known as the author of two remarkable books, "The Irresistible Current" and "A Nation's Crime."

The work already done by Miss Coolbrith in connection with the Congress is simply wonderful. She has sent out more than two thousand invitations all over the world, selecting the right people with unerring wisdom. Among the replies received is one from Louise Imogen Guiney, the famous American poetess, who lives at Oxford, England, in which she says: "I am glad of this chance to pay my respects to you whose name is familiar to me this long while."

Gertrude Atherton is vice-president at large of the Congress, and the committee includes the Presidents of our two Universities and the leading men and women in the domain of literature.

Some have said that Miss Coolbrith's fame is purely local. Such a statement, however, betrays ignorance, for not only has she won honor throughout the United States and Canada, but England discovered her years ago, and made her a member of the London Society of Women Journalists.

Albert Kinross, of the London "Outlook," came across her "Songs of the Golden Gate," and was so impressed with their beauty that he immediately wrote a four-page review on the subject, and sent out posters all over England, calling attention to the American poetess. He said, among other things, "She is as inspired a writer of verse as any now alive," and expressed wonderment that recognition should not have been awarded work of such worth in California, and that it should have allowed a poet of such quality to waste life and youth after winning the right to so high a place in letters.

Mr. Kinross, quoted as among Miss Coolbrith's best work the touchingly poignant poems, "Longing," "Withheld" and "When the Grass Shall Cover Me." Truly no one can read these lyrics unmoved. In the first two is the anguished cry of a cramped spirit for a fuller life, a passionate craving for the fields and the flowers of God's great out-of-doors, and in the third is revealed the yearning of a stricken soul for the love and sympathy so largely denied:

"When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow,
Very patient I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will moan, Alas;
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was—
When the grass grows over me!"

A remarkable incident is connected with this poem. Whittier, before he knew the identity of Miss Coolbrith, included it in his "Songs of Three Centuries," stating that it was the best one in the collection, but he could not trace its author. When, subsequently, her name became known to him, as might be imagined his pleasure was great indeed.

But Albert Kinross was not the only one who exploited the poetess in England. To the wife of a well known California Judge visiting London, the celebrated George Meredith expressed himself thus: "Your Western writers are your best. They are virile, forcible, original. Do you know Ina Coolbrith? A true poetess; she has gen-

ius; she is foremost among your writers; keenly alive to every mood of Nature, in touch with every human emotion. If I go to your California I must meet her; why doesn't she come to London? We have no such women writers with us now. When you go home, tell her she is one of the very few lyric writers that has impressed me." He also said it was dreadful to think of her spending her life in musty libraries, and that she should be financially independent from her books.

Miss Coolbrith's first volume of poems, "The Perfect Day," was published in 1882; the second, "Songs from the Golden Gate," in 1895, a fifth edition of which will soon be issued. The latter is beautifully illustrated by reproductions of some of Keith's masterpieces, which were painted specially for this book of his friend. There is enough material, also—the poems of her later years—for a third book, which, her friends devoutly hope, will be published in the near future.

Of her work—one of the critics of her own country—Edw. Rowland Sill said: "She is the most genuine singer the West has ever produced." Edmund Clarence Stedman has always been her friend, and to him her second book was dedicated. For his Anthology he selected four of her poems, "The Mariposa Lily," "Fruitionless," "When the Grass Shall Cover Me," and her tribute to Helen Hunt Jackson, which, according to Whittier, is the best ever written. The Quaker poet added, in a letter to Miss Coolbrith: "Since Bret Harte died, there has been no verse on the Pacific Slope that has the fine quality of thine."

George Wharton James stated recently: "I have no hesitation in saying that the only poems of the San Francisco disaster that will live are the ones written by Ina Coolbrith and Joaquin Miller." And of her matchless Ode, "California," written for the dedication of our State University, and which contains this choice tribute to our most stupendous piece of scenery:

"The far Yosemite
For garment and for covering of me,
Wove the white foam and mist,
The amber and the rose and amethyst
Of her wild mountains, shaken loose
in air,"

he said: "It is the most exquisite poem, expressive of the beauty, the glory, the destiny of the State ever written."

Miss Coolbrith herself considers "Oblivion" one of the strongest things she has written, and certainly those who read it once will never lean toward the doctrine of annihilation, so awful is the picture. It is a relief to turn to "Meadow Larks" with its lilt of joy, and of which the great artist Keith said: "It is just glorious!" We give a verse:

"Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of
care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O life
so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who lives the noblest life finds
life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to keep
its waters sweet."

Her poem, "The Captive of the White City" (the Indian chief, Rain-in-the-Face) has all the force and fire of Joaquin Miller; it is as fearless an arraignment as he might have made of the white man in his treatment of his red brother. And like the Poet of the Sierras, she has also written a poppy-poem, "Copa de Oro," rich in descriptive power and altogether worthy of the Golden State.

Of Miss Coolbrith's rare humility of spirit there is touching evidence in her choice dedication poem, "The Hill's Base;" indeed, it is a quality that permeates all she says and does like the perfume of a beautiful flower. Perhaps the clearest exposition of her character is to be found in her poem, "Prayer." In this age of self-indulgence and self-seeking, when men seem literally to trample down others in their mad scramble for success, Miss Coolbrith's words shine with an

effulgence born of the spirit. Would that they might reach the hearts and consciences of the people, purifying the very springs of life! Here is a stanza:

"If I must win by treachery or art,
Or wrong one other heart,
Though it should bring me death, my soul, that day,
Grant me to turn away!"

The tributes to Miss Coolbrith in poetry and prose from men and women distinguished in letters are so numerous that we can refer to them but briefly. Many of them are embodied in a Valentine Book, gotten up by the San Jose Women's Club for the "Coolbrith Day" celebration on February 9, 1907. The initial tribute came from Ohio, and to it were added others from Charles Warren Stoddard, Edwin Markham, George Sterling, Clarence Urmy, W. C. Morrow and wife, Carrie Stevens Walter, Madge Morris, etc. The following words were from George Sterling:

"Thine art's high dream
Has pictured earth so fair,
We well could deem
That Shelley's skylark waits,
Near heavenly gates,
His lyric sister there!"

Clarence Urmy wrote:

"Sunset skies, what shall I say?
Tell her of our love alway.
Tell her of the peace that lies
Far beyond all earthly skies;
Peace that shall be hers alway
When shall dawn the perfect day."

Isabel Saxon expressed a great truth in these words:

"All too few are they
Who add to genius more than genius gives,
And one who dwells with noble deeds, alway,
In all high things, a thing immortal lives."

The last verse of a beautiful poem by Charles Phillips must not be omitted. Would that we had space for it in its entirety:

"High in her lofty tower
My lady lives;
But from her golden dower
Such bounty gives
Of truth, of love, of beauty,
Of strength and high, pure duty,
That by her song's allure, her gentle power,
She lifts the world to share her hallowed bower."

It is rather a strange coincidence that the two great Western poets should both have elected to live on the heights, the late Joaquin Miller in his eyrie on the Fruitvale Hills, and Ina Coolbrith on Russian Hill. Is it because of the truth so well expressed by Frances Ridley Havergal:

"The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious view,
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer the stars of light."

Certainly none can say they have ever really seen San Francisco until they have drunk in "the wide and glorious view" from Russian Hill. The bay, with its dream-island, Alcatraz, like a chameleon always changing its color as it keeps guard over the Golden Gate; Yerba Buena, sprawling on the dimpling waters like a huge, tawny lion couchant. The busy ferry-boats plying back and forth with their human freight; "Little Italy," basking in the sunshine at one's feet with all the abandon of a happy, care-free child. The great city behind, slumberous with a Sabbath calm at that distance, and right and left of one the most delightful old houses clinging dizzily to the cliffs, their partly hidden gardens ablaze with a riot of flowers, peeping coquettishly through iron rail or wooden fence.

On entering Miss Coolbrith's *salon*,

the pictured faces of Mark Twain, William Keith, Gertrude Atherton and others greet one. Surely something of the charm of the old home is in this quiet, restful room. It is a literary Mecca, toward which those turn who care for the highest and the best. Said a lady one day after climbing the hill: "Your house gives me a wonderful view of scenery, but *you* have given me a wonderful view of life."

Of the poetess of to-day, dignified, gracious as ever, with a sparkling wit that is very irresistible, much might be said.

The years have certainly added to, rather than taken from, her. Even the lace fichu that she usually wears now thrown lightly over her head, seems but a part of her regal equipment. Her own words to a dear friend, Mrs. Lightnor, are so truly descriptive of herself that we quote them:

"Graven with hard-fought duty,
Lined with Life's grief and care,
Not in its girlish beauty,
Her face one-half so fair.

"Not in their young, dark splendor,
The eyes unused to tears,
So dear as these grown tender,
And chastened with the years.

"All the old tendernesses
Of heart and soul complete,
Time touches with caresses
That leave her doubly sweet."

Thank God, this is not an obituary review! Post-mortem appreciation counts but little. There are many years in store, we trust, for our poetess —and it is for us to make her sunset years the very best of all. Let us pledge ourselves to be faithful gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting to our Queen of Song, giving her loving service and the flowers of life now.

And let us begin by sending a message to her—in the language of one of her own sweet verses—and it shall be California's message to her poet-laureate:

"After the wintry pain,
And the long, long sorrow,
Sing, heart! for thee again
Joy comes with the morrow!"

Evening in the Valley of the Moon

By E. S. Goodhue

This ancient scoop among the hills,
  This healed-up mark of waste and power—
Softly upon it falls the Hour,
  And evening all the valley fills.

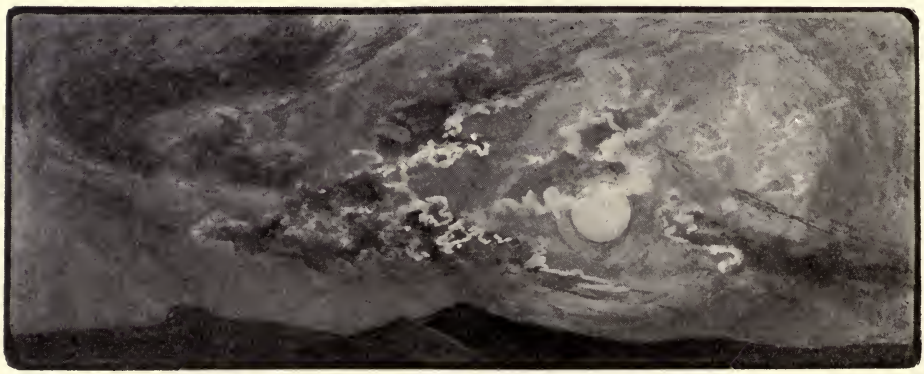
Across one peak, unbroken light
  Spurns the habiliments of shame;
Pierces the cloud with crimson flame,
  And bids defiance to the night.

But like the cosmic power of love—
  Unerring impulse of the soul—
Like youth's momentum toward a goal
  Or flights of birds and songs above,

Comes the timed sequence of the day,
  Blending in purple tints along:
The visual notes of evensong—
  Earth's sweet, diurnal symphony.

So day departs and darkness drops
  Its velvet drapery of shroud;
Clear eyes of stars undimmed by cloud
  Look down upon the mountain tops,

And one calm valley lies in sleep,
  Canyon and forest, dell and glen;
Cattle on hills and sons of men
  A long, pervasive silence keep.



Radiograph of an impacted second bicuspid, entirely covered by the gum and lying at right angles in the jaw. —Radiograph by Franklin H. McCormack, San Francisco.

Wonders Developed by Radiographs

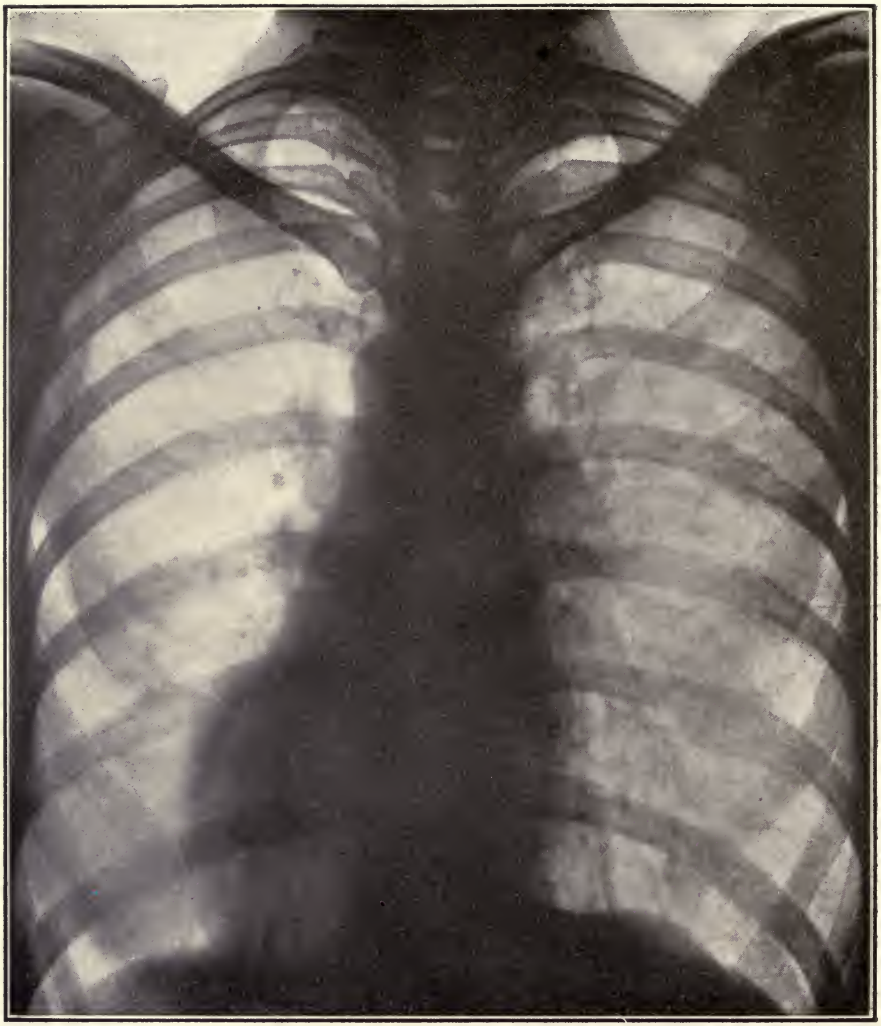
By Henry H. Foster

GREAT as has been the wonders produced by the X-ray in its seventeen years experimental life, scientists agree that it has barely crossed the boundary lines of the fields of knowledge it is destined to illuminate. Aside from introducing a new and extraordinary light for development, it has done more than all other discoveries along like lines in revealing pictorially the true condition of certain diseases afflicting the human body. From the viewpoint of humanity it is one of the greatest instruments at hand to assist in the alleviation of invalids.

Like many another discovery made by curious man, it was stumbled on by accident. Some eighteen years ago, Professor Roentgen was experimenting in his laboratory on sending an electric current through vacuum tubes, when in a shift of some of his materials the glimmer of the wonderful light came into sight. At first it was regarded as an unusual light; later some of the possibilities of its extraordinary powers began to be realized; since then they have been widening with the years.

The essential feature in its production is an exhausted bulb, or Crooke's tube, into which enters two metal conductors serving to introduce and withdraw the electric current. It differs from light and all other radiations. The rays pass in straight lines through any medium which does not absorb them. It is thus proved that they are not due to trains of waves, otherwise they would be made to interfere and to experience diffraction. The most striking feature of X-rays at sight is the fact that they penetrate with great ease certain substances which are opaque to light, and on the other hand are absorbed by certain substances which are transparent to light. Thus X-rays are absorbed largely by glass, but are transmitted freely for instance, by aluminum, by wood and by human flesh. Thus things hidden from view, such as bullets in the flesh, a button in the stomach, a needle in the thigh, a fractured bone, may be photographed as easily as any metal, stone or dense substance concealed in a wooden box.

The usefulness of the X-ray to physicians depends on their power to penetrate various substance of differ-



Chest showing tuberculosis on the right. This plate shows the heart shadow, being the dark portion in center of illustration, and normal lung tistue on left side of shadow. The opposite side of the chest shows the mottled appearance characteristic of tuberculosis.

—Radiograph by Dr. Howard E. Ruggles, San Francisco.

ent densities and opacity, and the absorbtive power of the different tissues of the body. Radiograph pictures of parts of the human body are due to the fact that substances of different chemical composition, molecular grouping and thickness absorb different amounts of rays. Very early in experiments with the X-ray it was discovered that if radiation was too intense its action on the skin of an observer might produce serious changes and cause what is known as "X-ray burns." An X-ray is about the same thing as sunburn. If exposed to the sun too long you would have sunburn; if exposed to X-ray too long it would be X-ray burn. Both are easily avoidable. Some years later it was found as a result of careful experiments, that

Stomach filled with bismuth, showing deformity due to cancer. The outline of the stomach is irregular at the bottom, due to the invasion of it by the cancerous growth shown by the arrow.

—Radiograph by Dr. Howard E. Ruggles, San Francisco.

in the case of certain kinds of cancer and of a limited amount of skin diseases, the action of the X-ray was extremely beneficial.

There are three methods of X-ray examination. 1st, with a sensitized photographic plate placed below the part to be photographed. 2d, for dental work, a small sensitized film is wrapped in light and water-proof paper and placed in the mouth. 3d, for examination of moving parts of the body such as the stomach and intestines, the fluroscope is used.

During an X-ray examination the patient must be properly supported, usually seated or lying, according to the part to be photographed. Examina-

tions must be made with a fluroscope or screen in a dark room, and the physician must prepare his eyes for the work by previously spending about ten minutes in the dark, or by wearing dark glasses twenty minutes before entering the room. At first he sees only the green light of the tubes, but shortly his retinae begins to recognize objects in the room. When a radiograph is taken, all buttons, bones, glass, etc., must be removed from the patient's pockets; so must gauze, splints, etc., from wounds. It is customary, also, to take two views from different points of fractures, new growths, foreign bodies, etc.

A physician must know radiography from all angles and sides before he can hope to interpret a radiograph properly. When he is an expert in this reading he may recognize the presence and extent of tuberculosis, pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis and a number of other maladies in the stomach,oesophagus and other abdominal organs.

In surgery, the X-ray was first used to detect the position or presence of foreign bodies such as bullets, and to recognize a fracture. Developments along this line has led to their successful use in diseases of the bone, abcess, dental surgery and the detection of calculi. The value of X-rays in cases of fractured bones remains pre-eminent both in diagnosis and to decide if a fracture is properly reduced. In radiographs it must be clearly understood that they can be interpreted only by those thoroughly skilled in the use of the Roentgen ray and in the reading of the radiograph. A layman would make himself foolish in trying to explain one.

Recently in San Francisco an interesting case was tried in the courts which strikingly illustrated the advantages of what may be termed the "new" dentistry as distinguished from the passing old form. The case itself was based on the diagnosis of the condition and treatment of a certain tooth; a dentist of the old school contending that his form of treatment would remove the cause of the malady, while the dentist of the "new" school contended that he was wrong, and that to save the tooth of the patient, treatment of a specific kind, which he outlined, was absolutely necessary. To fortify

Radiograph showing teeth in good condition, with gold fillings.
—Radiograph by Franklin T. McCormack, San Francisco.

Normal stomach filled with bismuth in suspension. Bismuth is given the patient, so the stomach will cast a shadow when radiograph is made. The picture shows the vertebrae faintly visible as a vertical column through the center and T shaped shadow of the stomach lying to the left and crossing it. —*Radiograph by Dr. Howard E. Ruggles, San Francisco.*

An X-Ray picture of the lower and upper jaws from the cuspid teeth back, showing impaction and unerupted third molars (wisdom teeth) which were completely covered by the gums and only exposed in the radiograph. The photograph also shows the upper first molar impacted and unerupted, the root of which completely rotted away.

—Radiograph by Franklin H. McCormack, San Francisco.

his position he exhibited a number of radiographs of the patient's jaws. The dentist of the old school had never seen radiographs before, and he examined them with intense interest; being of an open mind, he at once admitted that the other side was right, and that the radiographs clearly demonstrated their position.

Of all the new and efficient acquisitions introduced into the "new" dentistry during the past few years, the radiograph has unquestionably done most to furnish the best and most reassuring evidence regarding the diagnosis of a patient's jaws. Ordinary affections peculiar to the surface of the teeth are of course treated off-hand and with confidence borne of long experience by the general practitioner. Frequently, though, the "new" dentist, in his examination of a mouth, will recognize unusual signs, signals to his careful inspection that there is something out of the ordinary with the tooth, a trouble that may exist somewhere in the interior of the root or in the adjoining flesh or bone surround-

ing the tooth. He promptly suggests that the patient have a radiograph taken of the mouth. These shadow pictures of an intense electric light cost from ten to twenty dollars, and are made only on a prescription from a dentist, very much after the manner in which a patient with weak eyes gets a prescription from an eye specialist, and goes to an occulist to have it filled. These radiographs depict, as far as radiography can truthfully depict, the condition of the teeth of the patient relieved of the flesh, the result being very much as if the flesh was removed from a body, leaving only the skeleton. Shadows on the plate show the nerves of the tooth and any pus sacs, foreign matter that may lay alongside. With such a map of the teeth before him and their relationship with unusual matter, the dentist has a definite and fairly accurate view of the dental problem before him: accordingly he is in a position to attack it without hesitation and in the light of intelligent understanding. More than that he and the patient enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that when the operation is completed it will be permanent and not necessitate further trouble because the fragment of a nerve or an incipient pus sack has been overlooked.

Radiographs of the jaws present strange and wonderful disclosures of the human jaws, not the least of which is pyorrhea; scattered among them are freaks no dentist could guess without the information furnished by these illuminating little plates. For instance, one young lady, with an otherwise normal set of teeth, has a small separation between two of them. A layman would naturally pass on the question by declaring that the teeth simply had not grown side by side—that's all. But the "new" dentist is not satisfied with such an indefinite answer, he demands the exact reason and the radiograph furnishes him the data. The picture shows an "upset" tooth lying half way up between the roots of the two teeth; the peculiarity of this "upset" tooth is that it is lying horizontally "fore and aft" in the jaw. On the plate this tooth has the shape of a pearl. Its extraordinary position is such that only some capital form of operation in dentistry can place it erect and bring it into position where it will naturally grow into the proper place.

Radiograph of knee, showing impacted bullet, also fragments of bullet lying in heavy tissues surrounding the bone.

—Radiograph by Franklin H. McCormack, San Francisco.

Some jaws seem to be sown with teeth as thickly as bristles in a tooth brush; a few of them manage to get through the gums in a badly arranged and distorted condition, while others are checked in their struggles to reach

the light by other teeth grappling with them in a desperate effort to reach the surface of the gum first. The result is, that none of the combatants reach the surface, and there are gaps in the rows of teeth. An experienced dentist with the radiograph of such a condition before him, with little effort can induce the preferred tooth to make headway and take its desired position. Another freak disclosed under the flesh is the tooth with a twisted root; these are uncommon, but they are to be reckoned with in some instances, and only the radiograph will disclose the course of their curves and indicate to the operator exactly the field he is to operate in. Other plates exhibit teeth still buried in the gums and showing a stubborn disinclination of ever wanting to see the outside world. Some people are still carrying baby teeth in their jaws that have never come to the surface and never will. In some cases only the crowns of them have started, then the process stopped, like a house abandoned after its foundation was laid.

Cases handled by careless and inexperienced dentists are explained by these plates. The pictures show that the operator neglected or was unable to extract all of the nerve of the tooth he was filling, with the result that the fragment of the root that remained in the cavity decayed and developed pus, which worked its way quite naturally to the top of the root and affected the surrounding flesh. Gas developed, producing a painful swelling, which the inefficient dentist attempted to relieve permanently by lancing, and which, of course, brought no lasting relief.

Under an efficient dentist, with the radiograph of the tooth before him, the remnants of the nerve and the pus were removed, the cavity carefully cleaned, and nature did the rest.

The dreaded gum disease, pyorrhea, where the gum shrinks back from the teeth, is roundly and copiously illustrated by these plates from the first stage to the last, from the time where the little triangles of gum between the teeth begin to disappear to the point where the tip of the root of the tooth is barely clinging to the jaw. Other plates demonstrate that the disease can be readily cured under proper treatment; it is based chiefly on a removal of the germ and cleanliness thereafter.

At a meeting recently held by the Pennsylvania State Dental Society, it was announced that the germ of pyorrhea had been located by Dr. M. F. Barrett. It is said to be an animal organism similar to that which causes dysentery, a corresponding medicine is being used, and the discoverer has successfully treated forty-six patients in the Philadelphia hospital.

Radiography is now pioneering its way through the human anatomy, and physicians and surgeons, as well as dentists, are awakening to its wonderful possibilities. The experts who are leading the way are alert, bold in their outlook, scientific in their attack, and it is certain that new fields of knowledge along this line will be discovered and mapped by them.

THE CHICKEN RANCHER

By Jean C. de Kolty

A FEW DAYS after I had taken possession of my one-acre chicken ranch, as I went to my back fence to tie up the goats for the night, I heard a violin in my neighbor's yard. It was some distance away and only a stray sound reached me now and then, but in this matter-of-fact neighborhood it seemed rather unusual. Having borrowed a can of coal oil from Mr. Bissonette, a Canadian from Quebec and my neibhbor on the other side, on the day of my immigration, before the electric light had been turned on in my house, I felt myself entitled to some degree of neighborly intimacy and asked him next day who that other neighbor of mine was. He looked at me as if surprised that I was not posted already.

"Oh, that old Dutch crank, you mean," he said,, with apparent indifference; "he don't amount to much. He just fiddles most of the time when he ain't working, all by himself. Lives alone and does his own cooking and everything."

"Seems to have pretty good chickens," I said, hoping thus to bring up a subject that might be expected to make my neighbor talk, but he only said:

"Yes, I guess they are all right," and turned back to his hoeing.

This whetted my curiosity. I tried Mr. Lane, from across the street, next time. Having twice borrowed a ladder of him, I expected more consideration, but all I learned was that Mr. Lane, a sort of lanky, slow speaking Hoosier from Indiana, had no use for "that old Dutch fiddler," because he didn't belong to any church, kept his light going at all hours of the night, smoked cigarettes, and every Tuesday morning the egg buyers from Los Angeles brought him a case of beer in exchange for eggs. All of which seemed to single the man out among his neighbors.

This was some information, but not just what I wanted, and I thought I knew Lane well enough by this time to feel some surprise that he should hang such a final verdict on such slender pegs. The Inglenook Poultry Colony neighbors were customarily more broad-minded in judging each other. I made up my mind not to question any more and see for myself.

Through the wire-mesh fence, as I went about my work, I could see a great deal of the old Dutchman. I could see nothing particular, though, save that he seemed to be busy all day, as most of us were, with his chickens, and fruit trees, and vegetables. Toward dusk, while the lively white leghorns were settling on their roosts with various discreet cackles and uneasy grumblings, I could see him water his kales, his artichokes and cauliflowers. In the West, over the misty deep blue sky line of the distant hills, would imperceptibly, slowly, majestically spread its unutterable glory one of those daily California sunsets that would look quite improbable if truthfully caught on canvass by some master brush; never twice the same as you raise your eyes, almost every mood and shade would stand out, garish and theatrical, quite unnatural, except in nature in its rightful place. And as this purple and pink and crimson glory recedes in the West, from the East, mysteriously floats upon you the wistful, calm, unfathomable spirit

of the gray hour. There is a distant barking of a dog or the plaintive mooing of a cow who begs to be taken home. And my Dutch neighbor would phlegmatically gather his implements, seat himself on an upturned feed-bucket under the tiny porch of his tiny kitchen, stick an old pipe under his shaggy mustache, and begin to fiddle, fiddle, fiddle.

I paid no attention to this fiddling at first, and I usually found myself at such times near my brooder house getting the baby chicks settled for the night, and this was some hundred feet away from the fence where only an occasional sound could reach me; but one misty night I had to go back to the yard after the evening meal to test the eggs in the incubator, and hearing the violin pour out its customary eventide song, I quietly crept near a clump of eucalyptus trees to listen for a few minutes.

It was long past midnight when the last note had died away, and I went to bed, and almost rising time when I finally dozed off, still shuddering in my dreams at the weirdest, most intangible, fleeting cascades of tones man has ever heard, I truly believe—now rising with the impetuous longing of agonized prayer, now rushing down like turbulent waters, now ending in almost imperceptible sighs of despair and hopeless surrender. They were such notes as you often long to hear from the instrument of some world-famous virtuoso, as you chafe with impatience, listening to his tours-de-force and coldly-prodigious pyrotechnics. They were barely notes at all, it seemed to me later, for when I tried to recall anything of the whole of it I could never see a single bar on paper—and I always thought my ear was good, my memory still better, and my knowledge of counterpoint and notation quite tolerable. It was like an inarticulate wail, a living voice—now thundering, now scarcely breathing—reaching out into the eternal mystery of spirit, of that How and the Why of which all art and all religion are made. I forgot about notes and scales and school taught music, and only knew that I felt immeasurably hopeless, and stretching out my arms to some world beyond all experience, some ethereal regions that all of us have known by glimpses at times, and none of us could name in words. Plainly, it was improvisation, without the least straining for effect for others to marvel at, but to realize for the player himself in some tangible form the struggle of his own soul, so infinitely obscure to himself and so painfully present. I had a weird sense of communion of our two souls—his who played to himself and mine who listened like the thief in the night—and it was quite a while after he stopped playing that I still sat there and listened, wondering whether it was true.

I said nothing of my strange experience, for fear of making myself ridiculous, but fully determined to see for myself what my uncanny neighbor looked like at close range. Now, the easiest way to beard the lion in his den in the chicken colony is to buy chickens or eggs from him, for that is what he is there for. I was stocking up my place, and had bought a few hundred day-old chicks for the brooder house, but that would produce no eggs for some six months yet, and I had to have laying hens in the meantime to defray expenses.

When I entered the gate, the man was nowhere to be seen. I called several times: "Anybody there?" At length, from a closed brooder a heavy, gruff voice came: "Vat you vant?"

"I want to ask if you have any pullets to sell.

"Mabbe I have. I look."

And then silence. I waited quite a while and at last asked: "Where are you?" I had to repeat this several times before I received another gruff answer: "Here." I started to open the door, but the angry voice stopped me: "You talk to me here. Don't open that door." I looked about but could see him nowhere. At last I heard another "Here" from the ground somewhere, and in the tiny door used by baby chicks, at the bottom of the wall,

I dimly discerned through the wire netting something like a human face. Evidently he was on all-fours among his chicks in the hover. When he finally opened the door I beheld the dirtiest, most disreputably unkempt figure I had yet seen in Inglenook. People are apt to be rather indifferent as to their appearance where every neighbor knows the other's occupation, and the work itself is not compatable with particularly civilized attire, but my Dutch friend certainly was a sight. His face had probably not been washed for weeks, save perhaps for some soap lather when shaving quite a while since. Under a faded, chewed-up, shaggy mustache was stuck the stump of a smoked-out cigarette, and crooked rivulets of tobacco juice were slowly trickling among the red and gray stubble on his chin. Otherwise, it was a most ordinary, insignificant face—what could be seen of it—and his clothes were just shreds and patches, dried mud and oil stains, and splashes of dirt of every sort. And he was bare footed, like a Chinaman in his vegetable garden. Even the hands were not those of a violinist. One could scarcely suspect the indispensable suppleness and flexibility in those scratched, calloused, rough, thick and heavy chunks, with short fingers and big, knotty knuckles.

Yes, he thought he could spare a couple hundred hens, having room for only a thousand, and they were just coming year-olds, great layers and easy keepers. And he would sell them cheap, considering the fine strain and their prime condition. I diplomatically ventured to inquire whether he was sure that some two-year-olds or over might not be among them, but he began to grow indignant at the mere suggestion, and as I had come to make good friends with him, it all ended in my buying the chickens, although the price seemed rather high. However, when stocking a chicken ranch the price of the foundation stock is a gamble pure and simple. Almost any price is reasonable, if the stock is of the right kind, and almost any price is money worse than wasted if the chickens will not lay eggs enough to pay for their feed. What had really put me off my guard was the very roughness and independence shown by the old German, who appeared ready to break off negotiations at any moment and to refuse to take my money. And being human like the rest of us, I naturally grew anxious to turn over the money exactly in the measure as he seemed reluctant to take it. But I had to fetch every odd penny before the chickens were mine. I was beginning to understand the attitude of the neighbors, but I determined to place myself in the light of a possible purchaser on future occasions, feeling that he could not very well fail to be at least decently polite with me.

I soon found that I was mistaken. He took my money, all he could get hold of, and gave me as little as he could manage in return, but at the end of a couple of months all I had gotten out of him in the way of personal intercourse was a short nod and a grunt when I ventured to mention the weather over the fence. It began to occur to me at last that Mr. Dutchman was in possession of a considerable slice of the funds set aside for my stock, and that I had very few eggs to sell from my pullets. I was on the chicken ranch on a stern mission: to make a success; and this meant selling high, buying low, and above everything, no hasty or foolish deals.

Every evening I sat unseen on the edge of a feed trough and listened far into the night to the marvelous music from the other side, but this had nothing to do with making money in the chicken business, while the Dutchman did not even seem to bother asking himself why he was making it out of me so easily. I began to suspect that I was paying dearly for a serious menace of allowing my Dutch pullets to eat up the rest of my ranch. I had to look for some other way of solving the riddle of the grimy genius across the fence.

I went to his place one morning to make a small purchase—and I made

up my mind it would be the last—for the express purpose of carelessly remarking that I thought I had heard a violin from the direction of his house last night—or was I mistaken? I thought I might start him talking on what was nearest his heart, but all he said was: "Oh, yah; I blays a leedle bits." I was about to give up my quest as another case of reaching out into the Great Unknowable, when a quite unforseen accident suddenly intervened, which later made of us regular cronies and permitted me to glimpse a most unexpected side of my mysterious neighbor, but only to plunge me into a still greater mystery beyond. To make change for me he stepped into the house, and I quite naturally followed. This was happening for the first time, and he—by design or accident—always transacted his business outdoors with me heretofore. The kitchen was as bare of furniture or any unnecessary truck as the strictest necessity permitted, but one could have eaten from the floor, and there was not a flyspeck anywhere. On the table lay a copy of the Paris Illustration and a stack of the radical daily, L'Intransigeant, folded in that characteristic Paris fashion: two folds parallel to the print and one in the other direction.

"You read French?" I inquired, showing my surprise.

"Sure," he said. "You French?"

"I admitted it. "Vell," he said, "I vent to the Sorbonne and the College de France seven years, and to the Bal Bullier yet for two more years alreatty." And we both laughed, with that Masonic satisfaction of meeting in territory closed to the herd.

That opened the flood-gates. It came out that we had both lived for several years within a few doors of each other in the Rue du Pot-de-Fer, that we had both frequented the same Cafe des Trois-Amulets, and knew quite familiarly the same dame de comptoire presiding therein, which of itself would have been quite a title to distinction and free fraternizing, even in Paris. In fact, we could both recall some of the "droles-de-types" about the cafe playing chess or dominoes and sipping absinthe. Mr. Scholtze produced a half-forgotten game of chess from his tool chest, and we finished the celebration by playing until long past the green-stuff feeding time. No greater proof of his interest and enjoyment could have been imagined.

Thereafter I became to him "the man who has seen the world," a kindred spirit in this unlikely place, and we spent most of such time as our exacting duties permitted in each other's company, but in spite of what I thought my adroit attempts, I learned very little. He would discuss with much energy and feeling Kant and Fichte, or Karl Marx and syndicalism, or the relative theories of the Munich and Parisian painters, or the Parnassiens, who used to be quite in evidence in the cafe of the three amulets, everything under the sun but himself and his music. It was plain that he was a gentleman and an educated man, with all his grime and his uncouth English, and of a high, though a bit extravagant, intelligence. And withal, way down somewhere I often caught by short flashes a most peculiar, obstinate, uncompromising independence, a sort of carefully masked intellectual pride that no material tragedy of life seemed strong enough to break. I began to understand the distrust of the neighbors; by them he was quickly judged and found wanting.

And I found my chickens just as wanting as their former master. There were a few eggs at first, then there were fewer; finally the production fell off to an alarming degree, while the feed bills were piling up on me. At last I went to consult a disinterested expert, Mr. Bissonette. I found that the latter had been watching my chickens and knew all about it.

"Well," he said, "I didn't want to say anything, as you didn't ask me before you bought 'em. You've been sold out, that's all."

I became alarmed. Here was the season far advanced toward the high egg prices in the fall, my money set

aside for laying stock spent, and I was left with a lot of free boarders on my hands and no eggs to sell. I asked for advice.

"I don't see what there is to do," said Mr. Bissonette, "except send your chickens to the butcher before they eat their heads off, and take what you can get for them. You see," he went on with the superiority of the real chicken man over the poor greenhorn, "the old crank has got good stock all right enough, but you ought to have knowed that the egg hen is only profitable for two years. We all have to renew half the stock every spring and get rid of the two year olds to the new beginner somehow or other."

"Somehow or other" was full of meaning to me now. Why shouldn't the "new beginner" thus pay for his welcome and experience—why, indeed? I sold the pullets for barely enough to liquidate the feed bills at the mill and said nothing to my great German friend about the matter. What was the use? Didn't he watch my chickens daily over the fence, and did he not know what ailed them better than myself?

Thus the chess sessions and the music and likewise certain crafty and tight fisted business transactions continued for some time, when one day as I was mixing the evening mash for my flock, I noticed a shining, big, lordly limousine before my neighbor's gate, and two portly gentlemen with silk hats and whiskers enter the house conducted by Mr. Scholtze. There was no music in the gray hour. In the dead of the night I was suddenly wakened by the glare of dancing flames in my window. I jumped out of bed in alarm. It was a rubbish fire in the neighbor's yard at this strange hour. A man with a rake stood by. There was still a light in the window and the chauffeur was fast asleep in his seat.

I was busy all next day on my place, but toward evening I heard quite a lot of uneasy cackling from the chickens next door, and when I came near the fence it became plain that they were ravenously hungry, running up to me and frantically trying to break through the fence, in their eager appeals. Hung on the fence with a piece of wire was a sheet of paper. It read: "Must leave in a hurry. Feed chickens and keep eggs. Scholtze." Upon consulting a couple of neighbors as possible witnesses in the event of complications, I could see that against all unwritten law and custom of the land they did not seem inclined to lend any assistance in the matter; so I concluded that since the absence was evidently only for a day or two, I had better help out my Dutch friend; and besides, the eggs came in handy, being fifty cents a dozen at this season, and I had none to sell myself.

I waited a day, then another, then a week. It became necessary to irrigate the alfalfa and vegetables, clean the chicken houses, move the young stock to the laying pens. I was beginning to have more than enough of it when one afternoon the same lordly limousine I had seen before drove up to my gate. The chauffeur threw open the door with much ceremony, and the two portly gentlemen with silk hats and whiskers stepped down with numerous bows and inquired where a gentleman bearing my name lived. I invited them in. The portlier one with the gold pince-nez introduced himself as Dr. Wilhelm Huenholtz, Consular agent of His Imperial Majesty the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, the other gentleman with whiskers being Freiherr Otto von Hohenhausen, the consul's secretary. I begged them to be seated, and waited somewhat puzzled by the ceremonious introduction which seemed to presage important matters.

After another bow or two, the consul began: "It seems," he said, "that you had the extreme kindness to be quite friendly with a Mr. Scholtze who owns the ranch next to yours. We have the honor to be commissioned to inform you that Mr. Scholtze's honored father died in Germany recently, and Mr. Scholtze was compelled to take the first boat out of New York.

We understand that there was some business between you with regard to certain poultry which has not proved entirely satisfactory, and with a view of offering amends and likewise as a token of his esteem and friendship and the further consideration of one dollar paid in lawful money, Mr. Scholtze begs you to accept this deed to his ranch, with its stock, contents and equipment. Will you kindly give us a dollar, please?"

I was so dumbfounded that I handed him a dollar before I could think of anything to say. I looked the deed over. It was in regular form, with abstract of title and properly recorded —it certainly did not look like a hoax or a misunderstanding. With all the energy at my command, I started to protest against the mere idea of such an utterly unwarranted gratuity, at first with considerable heat, and later, when I had somewhat recovered from my surprise, with more of reserve and offended dignity. I also wanted to communicate directly with Mr. Scholtze without delay. I wanted his address. But the consul was so extremely polite and bowed so much that there really was no way of making my protest and refusal final. Besides, he stated, he was only authorized to hand me the deed, but not to offer nor to accept any further suggestions or communications: ergo, he said, he was totally unable to act outside of his strict instructions which had come directly from the Imperial Chancery of His Imperial Majesty, as it was well-known to me, he hoped, that no diplomat worthy of his high mission could possibly do. And as to direct communication with our esteemed friend Mr. Scholtz, he added with a scarcely perceptible smile, after a look to the secretary who likewise smiled, that was quite out of the question, as the papers had been transmitted through the Imperial embassy in Washington, and perhaps His Excellency the Ambassador—but even that was very, very doubtful, indeed.

I could see that it would be useless to insist. So all I could do was to keep bowing once for each of his bows and twice when the secretary joined in this healthful exercise and let matters stand thus for the time being.

I entered the house that very night. Now that I had at least the legal right I must make every effort to learn Scholtze's address. The thing was ridiculous. In the middle of the kitchen floor stood the big washtub in which he always did—with a strict regard for due economy—his family washing. It was full of muddy water and a piece of soap was on the floor beside it. A still open razor near a shaving mug, a pair of shears and little heaps of nail parings and cut hair testified that he had made quite a careful toilet, determined to leave all his grime behind him forever. All of his clothes, the liberal provisions of generously flavored cheese and good liquors—for in the matter of such personal indulgence as eating and drinking he treated himself with a surprising largess—everything he had owned was left just as it happened to be at the time. I looked the house over from top to bottom in vain. I went to the rubbish pile. It consisted of the ashes of papers which were hurriedly dumped out of the empty trunk lying alongside. Scraps of manuscript music, letters and old newspapers, but not enough of anything to extract any practical clue. In raking the heap I came across several metal document boxes, and right in the center of the pile was one still locked, and so covered by an arched heap of half burnt papers that the box remained quite intact when the fire had spent itself. I broke it open and was delighted to find exactly what I was looking for: a package of letters from his mother. One, particularly, dated some eight years back, consisted of eleven pages of elegantly careless pattes-de-mouche —the sheets being marked with a monogram topped with a princely coronet. Here is a free translation of the last three pages.

"Every passing year adds to my loneliness, and almost unendurable yearning to see you once more before

I myself shall have passed away. You know that your sister is a true Sternhoff zu Eulenthal, a worthy daughter of the prince, your father. It comes natural to her to side with him in our discussions whenever I succeed in summoning courage enough to pronounce your name. But you know of old how little I can do alone against their family counsel governed by five hundred years of fixed ideas. The prince is too much of an aristocrat to ever mention it in words, but it is plain to me that he has never forgiven me for being your mother, nor himself for having once been blind enough to marry a commoner, with a commoner's instincts to transmit to his only son and heir to one of the proudest titles in the Empire. My boy, my boy, how I yearn to see you; how I wish that I could counsel you to come home, throw yourself at the feet of your father, and perhaps the Lord might deign to grant me the miracle of softening the prince's heart at your sight. But when I wake I realize that it would be in vain, just as I realize that you would not do it.

"The other day, Julia and I were finishing our coffee on that sunny little veranda in the Prince Johann tower when your father came in with a number of the Berliner Tageblatt, and without a word or look to me handed it to your sister with the words: 'Read this, Julietta; isn't it handsome? Even as a gypsy fiddler, showing himself off to a herd of commoners for money; he doesn't appear to set the river afire.' There was a quiet contempt in his tone that cut like knives, and as he was leaving the terrace I thought I heard him mutter something like 'verfluchter Kerl'—truly the first time I ever heard him use such a vulgar phrase!

"And think of it that this is the same man who for two years attended the performance of every opera in which I was singing, and who used to be blessed once with a true appreciation of music. Will you believe that since your departure we have only appeared twice in our loge at the opera house, and both times by Imperial command! And that I have not dared to approach my beloved piano for fear that my playing might suggest to him some more such remarks as I have just mentioned? I feel certain that you at least will realize how much such a renunciation of my only solace must mean to me. Oh, my son, my dear boy, I beseech you, at least leave off playing in public, even if I have not the heart to ask you to abandon music altogether. It is not good for you, your playing is not for the crowds. For I know that you will never condescend to compromise enough with yourself to take up those little tricks that make the popular concert virtuoso.

"And then, your father is getting old. Every notice of your public appearance is like a dagger in his heart. Why, I am quite convinced that were it in his power to transfer the entailed estates, he would rather see the title lapse, and the proud old house of the Sternhoffs extinct at his demise than to pass them on to a 'public mountebank,' as I once heard him express himself.

"What more shall I say to you, my dear child? save that life is so monotonous, and oh, so dull to me! I dress and go on parade, as usual; I take my afternoon drives in the Thiergarten, and go to court when it is impossible to do otherwise, but what is all this to me when my only true child, my only own boy, is wandering somewhere over the earth, without a family, without a fatherland, without peace in mind or in heart, perhaps even without enough money to purchase the needed bread and comfort!

"Apropos, this reminds me to explain to you why I am enclosing in this letter the legally executed copy of your birth certificate. It is to serve you at our embassy as means of identification should you ever wish to pay your respects to the ambassador. I had Count Rudolf cause to be forwarded from the Imperial chancery the proper unofficial notice to His Excellency, so that you may be able to

dispose of his good services for funds which you may be in need of or for any other purpose, at any time you may wish."

The birth certificate was still in the envelope—he had never used it. It was evident from the negligence with which he had treated documents of such import that this man, who for years would pick up in the dust of the road and carefully preserve every stray piece of twine and squeeze every penny like a vise, had not given a second thought to his chicken ranch as soon as he had turned his face homeward to his patrimony. It was the Prince Sternhoff zu Eulenthal who had stepped from that humble door, and Herr Fred Scholtze, the unwashed chicken rancher, immediately became to him a personage of such small importance that anything belonging to him was not worth the picking. Thus he might have left it all to the first tramp he met on the road.

All that was two years ago. I still hold that ranch. It is quite true that a well equipped chicken ranch in Southern California, stocked with a thousand bred-up white Leghorns, is not to be sneezed at, but of course I mean to deed it back to the prince at the earliest opportunity. I find, however, that mails are unsatisfactory in such matters, don't you? Last year I had fully intended to go to Germany for that purpose, but my financial obligations would have made this somewhat of a sacrifice. This fall I find that I will scarcely be able to spare the time from other important tasks. I am quite determined to make the trip the coming spring—if nothing prevents. In the meantime, eggs are again fifty cents a dozen, case-count, and they come in handy.

THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS

I have been looking from this rock ten hundred thousand years.
I have not moved since God Eternal made a million spheres.
I saw the sun swing into place,
The myriad stars pause high in space;
I saw the moon drift from the blue
And brighter grow, on nearer view;
I heard God's voice in mighty sweep
Call mountains from the shoreless deep;
He drew them up against the sky
And hung His feathery clouds on high.
I saw him from the mountain seams
Pour sparkling, bubbling, crystal streams.
His cooling breath was on my face—
And winds possessed unmeasured space!
He blessed the earth—and forests sprang.
He spoke—and feathered choirs sang.
These granite rocks are organ keys
His rivers play, and every breeze
That whispers to the listening ear
Sings in the anthem: "God is Here!"

RIFE GOODLOE.

THE GOOD NAME OF THE CAMP

By Adrian H. More

"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they find it."—Book of Job, 28.1.

VULCAN is the greatest gold camp on earth. The "Golden Pick" daily avers it in large type on the front page, and the newspapers of the State have caught the catch phrase from the local paper and repeated it so often that to think Vulcan is to conjure up an image of a stream of gold pouring from the mountains into the eager money markets of the world.

Vulcan is not pretty to look at. The crudities of the camp are not spared by the intense sunlight of the high plateau on which it is situated. In the dry, rare atmosphere of the continental divide the light waves pass through the air with little interference. The landscape of these regions is characterized by what the photographer calls extreme definition—every object stands out clear-cut and boldly. It is almost impossible to believe that the sharp contours of the snow-capped crenellated range to the south is over a hundred miles distant in an air line. Yet the same light, which brings these beautiful objects so close to one, does not spare the untidy streets nor the rawness of the hastily thrown together shacks that mainly compose the town.

On this October day the streets were filled with throngs of men clad in the undress affected by the miner off shift. On the hill side above the town there was an unwonted stillness. No busy switch engines threaded their serpentine way through and around and under the huge mine dumps gathering together long strings of ore-laden cars destined for the mills in the valley. There was no crash and rattle of mine cars casting rocks over the fan shaped slopes of the waste piles. The wheels of industry had stopped, while below, in the town, men's passions were simmering.

Vulcan was on strike. Not for any personal grievances, but in sympathy with the millmen fifty miles away in the valley. In Vulcan the mines do not treat their ore, but ship it to custom mills. These mills had recently combined into a single concern popularly known as the Mill Trust.

In the West, for time out of mind, the mills worked every day in the year on twelve-hour shifts. Few men endured these long hours for more than a few months at a stretch. With no relaxation, even of a Sunday, men's energies quickly wilted. The State legislature had a few months before passed a bill prohibiting any ore treatment plant working longer than eight-hour shifts.

The Mill Trust promptly attacked the bill on the ground of unconstitutionality. The men as promptly struck for the immediate enforcement of the law. After a short but bitter struggle the Governor of the State had intervened and the Mill Trust had capitulated. The men claimed, however, that on returning to work the management was not keeping in good faith the terms of settlement, and the strike was renewed.

The millmen appealed to the miners not to ship ore to the mills which were attempting to work with strike-breakers, and the miners appealed in turn to the owners to refuse shipment to the mills until the strike was settled.

The mine owners rejected the appeal. Not only did many of them hold stock in the Mill Trust, but the men who controlled the Trust also controlled the management of some of the largest mines.

Thus the stage was set for one of the bitterest labor struggles the West has ever seen. A civil war in all but name. Many lives were to be lost, tremendous damage to property was to be sustained, and a State government was to be humbled in the eyes of the nation before a truce was declared. It was a class war in every sense. The miners had no complaint to make against the owners, nor the owners against the men. The miners and owners ranged themselves in their respective classes, wage earner against employer.

Three thousand nervous, high strung men were idle. Yet there was very little drinking and no disorder beyond the occasional brawl between hotheaded youngsters. Most of the men lay around their cabins reading and talking. In one shack a group of miners was sprawled around a stove (for even in October there is a sharp nip in the air in these altitudes) in a cabin littered with the detritus from mud-caked clothing and heavy miners' boots. The air reeked with the fumes of plug-cut consumed in foul pipes. The men were arguing, as they had been for a week, the merits of the strike and chances for success.

"There's no sympathy in a sympathetic strike," asserted Rufe McClintock. "We have no sympathy for the mine owners; they haven't any for us, and none of us have much love for those Polacks who started the muss."

"Now, see 'ere, Rufe, you don't mean that," said the little Cornish miner, Trevarrow, who was religious; "I 'aven't got anything against the mine owners, but I'll be 'anged if I'll work eight hours to keep those poor devils working twelve down there at Beaver City. I'm for 'em."

"So am I, as a matter of principle," retorted McClintock, "but a sympathetic strike works up more bad blood than if we were fighting for our own hand. And what's worse, there's no end to them. It's like you, Trevarrow, boy, when you were called on to lead in prayer at church the other night. We won't be able to find a place to saw off."

The roar that went up at Trevarrow's expense temporarily silenced him. But not for long.

"I 'ear as 'ow there's a lot of operatives in camp," Trevarrow said, lowering his voice, "and you know what that means, Rufe."

"Sure I know," cried McClintock, "it means hell. There's no profit in an orderly strike, for those fellows, and they sneak around stirring up trouble among the young fellows and the toughs. We miners don't want any outrages, but the detective agencies don't care what happens so that they get business. Right now they have the mine owners scared stiff with their lying reports. It's a safe bet that some of those operatives are preaching war and extreme measures among our boys now, all the time posing as one of us. I tell you, Trevarrow, there'll be no peace in labor matters until these detective agencies are put out of business. There is no place for them in a civilized country."

"Yes, but 'ow are you going to do it?" replied Trevarrow. "They've got something on near every politician in the country. Who's going to vote for a bill to put 'em out?"

The argument waxed louder, but ever in a circle as such debates always run. Trevarrow, tiring of the talk, went to the door of the cabin and was looking over the town towards the plains, which could be seen far off in the distance, thousands of feet lower than the camp. As he idly stood breathing the keen wine-like air, the Gold Sovereign shaft house shook like a quaking aspen and hurled itself in the air in fragments of timber and pieces of machinery. A roar and a cloud of dust and smoke followed, and the little cabin rocked to the air blast that struck it like a tornado. The crash of hurtling balks of timber fall-

ing from a great height added to the din.

"They've blown up the Gold Sovereign shaft house!" shouted Trevarrow.

Rushing to his bunk he grabbed his six shooter. Every man did the same, and with a common impulse they ran towards the Gold Sovereign, buckling on their guns as they went.

There was nothing to be done at the shaft. Where, but a few moments before, there had stood a well built shaft house, there was now only a crater-like hole. Engines, boilers and building had disappeared.

The cabins near by had suffered deplorably, and the screams and cries for assistance that came from the ruins proclaimed where the first need was. McClintock took command of the situation instinctively, and was involuntarily obeyed. As fast as men came running up they were set at rescue work. A thousand willing hands tore their way through the ruins, and with the natural tenderness of strong men, the injured were quickly removed to the hospital and the more solidly built houses which had stood up against the explosion.

The circle of devastation was systematically and thoroughly searched. The men, accustomed as they were to grewsome sights, were stunned at the magnitude of the disaster, and even after the last injured person had been rescued, stood silently looking over the ruins.

In some mysterious way a rumor spread through the crowd that there were men cut off from the surface in the Gold Sovereign mine, and a rush was made towards the shaft. The mouth of the shaft had been blown off like the muzzle of an exploded gun. The explosive had been placed near the collar of the shaft, and had not only destroyed the entrance, but had probably filled the shaft for hundreds of feet down with a tangled mass of timbers and rock.

There was no other exit. William Lintern, the owner, had steadfastly refused to obey the State law requiring two openings into every mine. Not a miner, he had regarded the State regulation of mine operation with a hostile eye. As he controlled the political machinery of this and the adjoining county, State inspectors had found it discreet to avoid seeing too much at the Gold Sovereign. And now, the rumor ran, Lintern and his foreman, McFarlane, were below, trapped in a snare of their own devisement.

Lintern was not popular among the miners or the other owners. Most of the mine managers, and many of the owners, had come up from the ranks of the men. The camp had only been discovered a few years, and there was still a strong bond of mutual sympathy and respect between miners and the owners. But Lintern had always been merely an investor who had acquired his interests in devious ways. He looked upon miners as mere wage-earners, and knew nothing of the customs of hard rock miners, close riveted by centuries of tradition. Hence he was in constant conflict with the mine managers and the miners of the district, and it was believed that, but for him, there would have been no strike.

So the great mass of men stood silently looking at the ruins of the workings in which many of them had been employed but a short time before. DeLand worked his way through the crowd and joined McClintock.

"Rufe," said DeLand, who was manager and principal owner of the Conqueror. "This looks pretty bad for you boys. What are you going to do about it?"

"Hell," burst out McClintock, "what is there to do?" Then fiercely: "You don't think we did this, do you?"

"No, not you, nor your sort," quietly rejoined DeLand. "But can you feel sure of all your men? But there's no use in discussing the responsibility for this outrage. What can be done about getting Lintern and McFarlane from underground?"

Rufe McClintock had worked in every large mining camp from Bisbee to Butte. As a miner, he was ranked among the best. He did not work for

wages as the majority of the men did, but was a tributor, that is, he earned his money by receiving a percentage of the value of the ore he discovered and mined. Among the skilled workers of the world, there are none better than this class of miner. In courage and resource, they have few equals, and surely no superiors.

McClintock stood easily, with his thumbs in his belt and body relaxed, thinking hard. He was a splendid specimen of the gold miner. Big and broad shouldered, with quick, easy, muscular action, he had the physique to back up any action that his clear, alert mind had decided upon.

"I can do it, DeLand," he said, finally, "if you back my play."

DeLand threw a searching eye into McClintock's, and being satisfied, said curtly.

"To the limit."

"I'd sooner save a rattlesnake," rejoined McClintock, who, turning to Trevarrow, asked: "Are you on, Dave?"

"Till Hell freezes over," was the laconic answer.

Without further parley, McClinton climbed on a pile of mine timbers, and looking over the men for a moment, he spoke his mind:

"Boys, there are men underground in the Sovereign," he declaimed, "and I don't have to tell you that the only way out is blocked. You know what they will be saying to-morrow. That the miners of Vulcan have done this thing. But, as DeLand here says, this is no time or place to discuss responsibility. There may be a way to save these men below us. I want a dozen good men to come with me to the Conqueror to work our way over into the Sovereign. Can I get them?"

Could he get them? They all wanted to go, but of the clamoring mob he picked ten old tried miners, and, with DeLand, they hastened over to the Conqueror shaft house.

McClintock rapidly organized his force. Going into the change room, they helped themselves to the mining clothes in the lockers and prepared to go underground. As soon as the men had changed, they hurried into the blacksmith shop and busily sorted out sharp drills and picks, and searched for ropes, candles and explosives.

In the meantime, DeLand had gathered a small force of his old men to clear the shaft house of miners eager to help, but who only succeeded in getting in the way. The hoisting engineer and fireman were brought in, and they busied themselves in getting up steam in the cold boilers.

DeLand, as soon as he had completed his task, hurried to the store room, which he opened to issue supplies to the rescue party.

Rufe McClintock looked over the stock of tools, and being satisfied, called his men together. DeLand joined the party as a matter of course.

"If we go down to the fourth level," abruptly began McClintock, "we can get into Johnson's old workings, and then through an upraise into the intermediate level on the Blue vein. About four hundred feet in the intermediate we can get into the old open stope at the south end of the Sovereign's second level. The ground was bad when I found the opening two years ago. Probably it has now caved in entirely. There is tough work ahead of us. We will work two hour shifts. I will take charge of one shift and Dave Trevarrow will take the other. If Mr. DeLand will, I would like him to take charge of the surface and send us everything we need. I think it will be a long job, but I want it understood before we start that it may mean a steady pull for thirty hours or more. If any one thinks he can't stand the gaff, let him pull out before we start."

McClintock had chosen the men well; there was not one who was less enduring or less resolute than he himself. There was no criticism nor discussion as to the plan. The silent men knew McClintock, and accepted his disposition with the peculiar discipline of skilled miners.

"Ed.," said DeLand—they were old friends—"I will need a lot of timber, I am afraid. See that there is plenty

on hand if it is called for. Dave, you come below with me and look the situation over."

Picking out three of the men, McClintock and Trevarrow commenced loading the bucket, which was swinging over the black mouth of the shaft, with ropes, drills and picks, some sticks of dynamite and plenty of candles. When all was ready, the men climbed on the bucket standing on the rim, and grasping the rope with one hand. That there was only a quarter of an inch of sheet steel between the soles of their feet and the bottom of the shaft a thousand feet below, never crossed their minds.

Giving the signal for descent to the 400 foot level, the bucket was soon gliding rapidly down the shaft with its load of men clinging like flies to the rope. The men were chatting as the bucket sped down, and, as miners will after a lay-off, were even jesting. In a couple of minutes the cage was brought to a standstill exactly opposite the landing station in which DeLand had thrown on the electric light from the switch at the surface. Getting off the bucket with accustomed ease, it was unloaded and left swinging in the shaft.

Soon the men, laden with tools, were moving steadily in Indian file through the narrow, dark drifts. In the dim, flickering light of the candles, the picked men of the Vulcan district began to climb the ladders into the great open places in the vein which had yielded so much of the rich ore that had made the place famous. Though apparently they moved carelessly through the workings, they knew what they were doing, and, as they passed great slabs of rock barely hanging to the walls, McClintock would call the attention of Trevarrow to them.

In the old intermediate level, in which there had been no work done for several years, the really dangerous work started. Before the men had advanced a hundred feet the way was blocked with a snarl of broken timbers and loose rock which had spilled through from the old workings above. The Homeric efforts of McClintock and his men form an epic which will be remembered as long as mining is conducted in the West. For seventy-two hours they endured nerve-racking perils and the physical strain of almost unremitting labor in foul mine-air. At an altitude of nearly two miles above sea level such toil tests men's resisting power to the limit. A trained athlete accustomed to low altitudes could not have stood for an hour what these men endured for seventy-two. Every device and trick known to miners was pressed into service, and when these failed, new ones were found or hard slogging work resorted to. Anything and everything was done to push through the long stretches of caved ground, and when they couldn't get through they went around.

The old war-horse DeLand could not be kept on surface. Passing up and down the shaft, he had transported all that men could need down to the station which he had rigged up with the necessities to relieve tired and exhausted men. Often he went into the heading to encourage and advis McClintock and Trevarrow. They were once more his men—his boys—and all thoughts of the strike were banished.

When the air became too bad for candles to burn and the stench of powder smoke and sweating bodies became too foul to endure, he brought long lines of pipe to convey fresh air from the compressors. When the men came off their shifts, no prize fighter between rounds was ever more carefully tended.

The great throng of miners which waited around the shaft house for news from below seemed not to thin night or day. They all knew that McClintock bore no love for Lintern, and their wonder grew as the story of the tremendous efforts of the men below filtered through the crowd.

Two years previously McClintock, working as a tributor in the Gold Sovereign, had found a rich body of ore, the royalties from which would have

made him independent. A technical flaw in the issue of the lease, unnoticed as long as McClintock was in barren rock, was taken advantage of by the mine owner to take the ore from the miner. The case was still in the courts, and yet McClintock was working as few could work to save Lintern. Surely, it was past understanding.

All sense of the passing of time had long left the miners, struggling against odds. But such toil as they were putting forth makes or breaks. They gave a faint cheer as they finally burst through the last obstruction and entered the main workings of the Gold Sovereign. The noise of the blasting and the ring of steel on rock had apprised Lintern and McFarlane that their wait for rescue was coming to an end. They, too, had long since lost track of time. In the dark for forty-eight hours or more, each hour seemed endless.

The two men when found were in bad case. The stimulants brought by the miners, but which they themselves would not touch until their work was concluded, quickly revived the mine owner and his foreman. With a little help they crawled through the workings and down the old stopes until they came to the Conqueror shaft.

Lintern's physician met him at the station and hurried him to surface in the cage, which had been attached to the rope instead of the bucket. The worn out miners followed, and, so strong is habit, they changed clothes before leaving the shaft house. A clamor burst from the lines of waiting men as McClintock's head appeared above the collar of the shaft. But he was too tired to heed it.

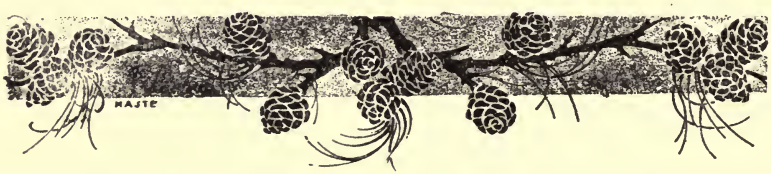
As Trevarrow and McClintock passed out from the change room, Lintern, who was talking with DeLand, called McIntosh over.

"McClintock, Mr. DeLand here has been telling me what you and your partners have done. I am not ungrateful," said the mine owner. "And I would like to see you and the others, as soon as I am able. You men deserve some reward."

McClintock laughed. A week ago he would have unleashed his tongue and lashed Lintern's soul with the vitriol of his wrath. Now his work-weary brain refused to respond to anger. He was immune from new gusts of temper; he was merely content with work well done, and only wanted rest. As his eyes traveled over the men who had been with him, who, worn down as they were, would still have driven their weary bodies under the whip of an unconquerable will, had there been a further need, and then looked down on the shrunken, putty faced Lintern, he felt a rush of pity for the man. Money, just money, paid all this man's scores. Dragged from a trap created by his own penury, his first thought was to pay for the service in money.

"Mr. Lintern, you don't understand," said McClintock, in the tired voice of the utterly weary man. "You owe us nothing. Not even gratitude. What we did was not for you, but for the good name of the camp."

Dragging tired and stumbling feet, unheeding the cheers and roars of welcome from the multitude of miners, Trevarrow and McClintock made their way half-blindly to their cabin. They had met the supreme test that comes to all men of their type, and had not been shamed before their fellows.



THE PHANTOM BONANZA

By Arthur N. Chadwick

WITH a clattering crash the rickety door of the Crystal Fountain burst inward and admitted a stifling whirl of dust from the raging sandstorm, in the midst of which a choking, sputtering, speechless individual beckoned wildly to the loungers in the dingy back room. In less than ten seconds every man in the place, including the bartender, was out on the warped sidewalk, peering both ways into the gathering desert dusk for the cause of the irruption.

Cock-eyed Bill, the disturber of their meditations, seemed to be looking off up the Thorne road, where a cloud of dust proclaimed some moving thing. As the cloud drew closer, they made out a string of four plodding burros, each staggering beneath a burden small of volume, but evidently great in weight, and trudging at the head of the procession was as eerie an apparition as sleepy old Hawthorne had seen in a decade.

"Name it, Bill—you saw it first!" roared young Wakeley through the gale; but he of the slant eye, chronic conversationalist on most occasions, stood as though petrified, with a look of puzzled apprehension on his weather-beaten face.

The caravan plowed through the sand, past the gaping group and on to the watering trough at the corner of the saloon. The picturesque biped piloting the burros kept his head bent against the sand-laden wind, and the flapping brim of his huge hat shared alike with a jungle of flying white whiskers in concealing his features. Not until the first burro had its muzzle in the trough did he look up, when his little, beady eyes, ringed with alkali dust, swept the staring crowd.

"Good Gawd!" gasped old Cox, turning ashy grey, "it's—it's——" and he sidled up to Cock-eyed Bill, the only other old-timer there, and whispered something. Cock-eye was trying vainly to bring both his orbs to a focus on the pilgrim.

"Evenin', gentlemen," quoth the latter mildly. "It's a wee bit breezy the night."

The sound of his voice galvanized Bill into speech.

"George," he wheezed into the old stage driver's ear, "it's sure *him!*" And the two clung to each other like a couple of seminary girls facing a mouse.

Old Whiskers knew not, apparently, that he had started as much as a ripple in the even tenor of Hawthorne's way. He fussed about the pack of one burro, slid his hand under a fold of the burlap and produced a chunk of something that shone even in the dusk. Then every one knew why the little animals had staggered beneath their loads.

It was ore, native silver ore, with a sheen and a glitter that bespoke unheard-of value. And at the sight of it, Cock-eyed Bill and the stage driver leaned against each other and gibbered incoherently.

"It's fair gude stuff, sire," burred the old grizzly, holding the fragment out on a grimy palm. "Aye!"

The men shouldered closer. Wakeley, who wore an E. M. after his name and had a reputation in Nevada mining lore, never having seen such rock in his life. No more had Dillon, his slightly younger assistant, and the two stared in blank silence from the ore specimen to the odd human specimen holding it.

Purcell, a prospector unaddicted to bonanza fever, squinted at the chunk of argent wealth. Whiskers laid it atop the hitching post, exposing its reverse side, and Purcell's eyes resem-

bled those of a crab. Still Cock-eye and old George stood aloof—they did not seem to want a closer look, but continued whispering aside.

"Gentlemen," wheezed the visitor, "I've over half a ton like it here, and I'll sell the lot for five hundred dollars. Ye can smelt it in the smithy yonder."

Don Wakeley's eyes snapped. He knew that five thousand would be cheap if the load sampled like that which he had seen, and he had three hundred in his clothes and knew where the other two hundred was forth coming.

"Will you let me sample the lot?" he asked—the first words any one had addressed to the newcomer.

"Aye, if ye mean business—but I'm a bit dry the noo."

Wakeley motioned towards the saloon door.

"We're all dry," he observed. "Scotty, go in and get busy. What'll you all take, gentlemen?"

There was a concerted movement towards the bar within. Wakeley paused at the door to hasten the old man of the burros.

"Hey, Don—shut the door!" came a voice from inside. "We don't want to drink alkali dust!"

Wakeley closed it and waited. The line up at the "mahogany" watched the door expectantly. From the distant end of the bar Cock-eyed Bill aimed one optic at the entrance and the other at the array of bottles behind Scotty.

"Well," growled that official, "start something!"

Wakeley opened the door and looked out. Then he stuck his head out. Then his body followed his head, and those within heard him swear eloquently. They followed in a body, and soon learned why he blasphemed.

Where they had left the old prospector and his staggering, lop-eared train, not a sign of man or beast was visible.

The two old-timers got as far as the doorway. After one hurried scrutiny of the deserted plaza they turned to the bar and seized a black bottle set out by Scotty, each gulping down a huge swallow of the fiery courage it contained. Both were ghastly grey with some mysterious fear.

The men in front of the saloon began to feel it, too. They had discovered that the dusty roadway was as free from tracks of any description as though a steam roller had passed over it. Every footprint and wheeltrack was blown level full of dust, as it had been since an hour after the Bodie stage came in at three o'clock.

They flocked into the Crystal, where Bill and the stage driver were holding silent communion with Scotty's ten-year rye. In one voice they appealed to Bill, whose knocking knees and ashy hue betokened some understanding of the mystery.

"Gentlemen," chattered Bill, "I'm plum shook up—Scotty, pass that rye again." And once more he drew heavily on Scotty's store.

"It's seventeen years now," he resumed, "since ol' Sandy Murchison blew these parts without warnin' Me 'n ol' George here was about the last that seen him then, an' he was sure clost to eighty in them days. He—he——"

"I'll have some o' that bug-juice, too, Bill," interrupted Cox. The younger men drew closer, urging Bill to go on.

"Maybe some o' you lads remember," he proceeded, "when Hawthorne was a real metrop'lis—when Bodie an' Aurora was like the ol' time Comstock. She was some lively in them days. There was money circulatin' fast—why, it wasn't nothin' to see fifty thousan' in yellow stacked on the tables in the back room yonder.

"It was in the late '80's an' early '90's that she was liveliest. Lots o' tenderfeet comin' an' goin' always, lookin' fer gilt-edged minin' oppertoonities. Some of 'em found 'em—huh, George?" And the two veterans of the desert chuckled at memories of gullible humanity.

"It was in '89 or thereabouts, an' just such an evenin' as this, wind an' all, that an ol' desert rat blew into town,

leadin' four jacks loaded with rock."

The rest exchanged glances. Cock-eye introduced another gill of liquid fire to his copper-lined inwards.

"The outfit pulls up in front o' the Crystal, an' has a crowd around it quicker'n ye can spill a drink. An' then the ol' cruiser hauls out some chunks o' what nobody'd never saw around these diggin's before, an' nobody ain't never saw since—native silver."

Wakeley started. He remembered seeing the tattered pilgrim lay the specimen on the hitching post.

"Wait a minute, Bill," he interrupted. He and Dillon went outside and investigated by the brief light of matches, returning promptly with twitching scalps to announce that the specimen had disappeared.

"Natchelly," observed Cock-eyed Bill. "Ye didn't expect to find it, did ye? These I'm tellin' about was real, though; and when ol' Whiskers 'd showed 'em to the bunch he says: *'Gentlemen, I've over half a ton like it, here, an' I'll sell the lot fer five hundred dollars.'*"

"Just what he said to-night!" blurted out Stanwix, the faro dealer.

"Pree-cisely," returned Cock-eye. "An' there was a Britisher in the crowd —a dook's son or somethin'—with a sack that'd drownd a good swimmer. That Britisher knowed his business, too; for he made ol' Whiskers dump thet ore in Kelly's blacksmith shop, built a humpin' fire in the forge, an' in less 'n a hour had his five hundred back, an' as much more.

"It clogged the tuyere o' the forge so with silver he couldn't do no more that night, so we all moseyed back here to talk it over. We found Whiskers here paralyzed drunk, whoopin' it up over the wheel, buyin' fer the house, an' gen'lly showin' what kind of a time a prospector can have on five centuries.

"Whiskers lasted till midnight, an' then quit without the price o' his breakfast; which the fun bein' over, things quieted down some. We dropped off one by one to hunt the hay, figurin' on seein' him in the mornin, when he'd sobered up an' gettin' a line on where his rock come from.

"Next mornin' we started out about breakfast time to look him up. We scoured this here town, gentlemen, from the court house to the last Piute tepee—an' that was all the good it done us. Nobody knowed when he'd went or where.

"The Britisher didn't care; fer by the time he'd spent the day in Kelly's blacksmith shop, payin' Piute bucks four bits a hour to blow the bellers, he was seven thousan' dollars to the good, an' then some. Nobody here never seen such rock! The silver run like butter in that there forge, an' Kelly cleaned up three hundred odd from the leavin's.

"Fer three weeks ol' Whiskers an' his ore was everybody's guess. Then the gold strike over on Corey Peak made us all ferget him an' his silver; but one night, jest a month an' a day after his big night, him an' his little jacks come ploddin' across the plaza like they had before.

"Nobody seen him till he hit the town, so nobody knowed which side he come from; but he went through the same performance as before—only this time there was some biddin', severial wantin' a look-in.

"This time he sold out fer a even thousan' to Lem Walters, who run the Crystal in them days. Lem's head was long, though, an' he didn't do no forge smeltin'. He shipped the stuff to San Francisco instid, an' netted jes' under 'leven thousan' on it.

"Lord, what a time Whiskers had that night! We tried to pump him—might as well 'a' tried pumpin' oil out o' Walker Lake. All we learned was that his name was Sandy Murchison, an' that he could pack more bad whiskey 'n any man in Esmeralda County.

"Sandy's pile petered out about one o'clock, but he was jest as happy without it—an' a derned sight safer. When he dozed off in a chair we dee-tailed Jim Rafferty to keep cases on him, an' put Dave Winston, the owl barkeep, wise, too. Then we all hit fer blan-

kets, an' as we passed the side door we seen his burros all sleepin' standin' up.

"When the Chink come in at daylight to swamp out, he woke up Jim an' Dave. Sandy wa'n't there. Him an' his burros had went their way without sayin' good-bye or leavin' their address. We was some put out with Dave an' Jim, but it didn't do no good to cuss, so we jest settled down to wait.

"This time five weeks loafed by, durin' the which every able-bodied man in Hawthorne combed every range east, south an' west—nobody figurin' he'd come out o' the lake. Then in breezes Sandy again.

"Same ol' rigamarole—sold his pack, had one swell jamboree, then hit the trail, leavin' us no wiser. He plum got on our nerves, an' every month or so fer near six months we went through the same performance. Finally, late in the fall, ol' Sandy failed to show when his time come around.

"We waited a week, an' then the town went huntin' fer him. We covered every range inside o' fifteen mile, an' every acre o' desert in sight. The last party in run across the carcass o' one o' the burros, picked clean as a Thanksgivin' turkey where it'd fell under the pack. An' the pack was native silver rock—same ol' stuff, richer 'n ever—so we figured we would never see Sandy Murchison again."

Bill paused and reached for the bottle. That container of comfort passed from man to man down the long line. Nobody had any comment to voice. As if by spoken assent, every man made a move to start for his respective quarters—and Scotty hastily emptied his till and joined them, deeming it unnecessary to keep the Crystal's hospitable doors open later.

In his dingy room at the Nucleus Hotel, Wakeley lay awake for hours, puzzling over the unheard-of episode of the evening, and trying to fit in with it an elusive memory that baffled his wits. Finally he gave his pillow a satisfied thump and fell asleep.

At daybreak the next morning he was well out on the desert, skirting the foot of the lake, and heading his cayuse for a many-colored spur of the range lying along its eastern side—a spur known as the "calico peaks." He once had done some lone prospecting in that desolate region.

In an hour and a half he was well into the foothills of the range, and another hour brought him to the summit of a saddle joining two of its pinnacles. Here he dismounted, took a long pull at his canteen and gave his pinto a sip from the crown of his hat. Then he sat down for a look about him.

Soon he rose abruptly, and leading the pinto, plowed down the steeper side of the ridge through treacherous slide-rock until almost to the canyon's bottom. A short search disclosed some scars in the earth's unlovely surface, evidently not made by the elements. A long open cut was visible, terminating in the nearly obliterated portal of a caved-in tunnel. Both cut and tunnel were so filled up and overgrown with scrub sagebrush as almost to escape the eye.

To try and enter the drift alone was folly. Wakeley searched the ground about the old workings, and found remains of a rude stone forge, traces of fire, a piece of rusted steel and fragments of tin cans. Then he saw what he was seeking—a low heap of rocks which had once been a "discovery monument;" and between two of the rocks he found a battered tobacco box, from which he gingerly took a scrap of paper, flimsy and yellow with age.

The slip bore, remaining of what had been a rudely scrawled location notice, these fragments:

"————ATED————
"————889————
"————CHISON."

As Wakeley read the faded characters his flesh crawled. He dropped the slip back into the box and was about to return it to the crevice when a rattlesnake sounded its shrill warning, and an ugly head flashed from behind the pile. Leaping back, he flung the box among the stones and drew his revolver to kill the reptile. Then

he changed his mind and returned the weapon to its holster.

Seizing the pinto's bridle, he flung himself into the saddle, thundered down the canyon's dry wash bottom like Paul Revere reincarnate, and did not pull up until he was a mile out of the foothills on the broiling desert. He spurred the pinto on towards Hawthorne, shimmering through the heat devils nine miles away, but seeming only two, and in a little more than an hour was in the plaza.

Cock-eyed Bill, emerging from the Crystal, needed but one look at the pinto to know that Wakeley had traveled far and fast. When Don piloted him to the seclusion of his own shanty for a talk, he fairly fidgeted to know what it all meant; and when the twain emerged, Bill was so full of suppressed excitement that he sputtered like a safety valve about to blow off. They kept their counsel, however, knowing what would happen if they did not.

Just as the first rays of the next morning's sun were gilding Mount Grant's bald spot, three horsemen slipped out of Hawthorne to the northward, directly towards the lake. In the middle rode Mr. William Brennan —otherwise Cock-eyed Bill—and flanking him rode Wakeley and Dillon. They continued northward until they reached the lake, for they did not want the necessity of explaining to possible travelers on the main road whither they were going with prospecting tools on their saddles. At the water's edge they turned towards the rising sun.

By seven o'clock they had reached the foothills. Wakeley took the lead now, and soon picked up his tracks of the morning before. Presently he turned the pinto from the bottom of the draw up which they had been riding, and followed the tracks up the side of the ridge. Just below its summit he paused for the others.

"You can see the place from the top of this saddle," he said, as they drew up beside him. They pushed on to the crest and peered over into the canyon beyond. The younger men started down the other side, Bill following gingerly. Soon they dismounted and led their horses through the sliding basalt fragments, with a clattering that awoke the echoes in the lonely canyon.

Across the rock slide, Wakeley paused and looked about, studying the surroundings with a puzzled face. That he was on the spot where he had stood on the preceding morning was beyond question. His own tracks and those of the pinto were plainly visible in the sandy slope; and farther down the canyon he saw the deep hoof prints in the gravelly wash, left as he tore from the spot; but the closest scrutiny disclosed not the remotest trace of any other break in the ground, new or ancient.

Wakeley doubted his senses. Baffled, he looked into the eyes of the others, and saw there evidences of the same feelings as those which had impelled him in his headlong gallop from the place the day before.

Words were unnecessary. They knew Wakeley too well to question the truth of what he had told them. Dillon and Brennan joined him in his search, and the three covered every foot of ground in the canyon above and below them for two hundred yards. All they found was rugged basalt and burned, weather-scarred "malapai," as innocent of any trace of man's work as the surface of the moon.

The tunnel and monument were not there!

Silently they returned to the horses, led them to the bottom of the canyon and mounted. With one accord they wanted to get out of those mystery-haunted hills and into the open desert. The old pioneer led the van, riding like a Cossack, and Wakeley and Dillon thundered close behind.

As they sped down that silent gash in the treeless hills, there came after them an eerie sound that made them shiver in their saddles. It may have been the echoing crash of a bounding fragment of basalt, dislodged from the steep wall of the canyon. It may have been ghostly, mocking laughter.

The Spell of "Old Brownie"

By Charles H. Meiers

REX BONNER opened the door of his little room in the Sulto, the strains of "Traumarei" running through his brain. It was his favorite melody, and he had played it on his mellow-toned old violin in the twilight of half the States in the Union. He had traveled a great deal, and always with one companion—his violin. Other dear companions he had found and left again along the path which he trod; but this one had been with him through it all, and had comforted him when his heart was sad and shared his gladness when he was glad.

Rex closed the door, whistling softly now the opening bars of the melody, and eager to take up his beloved violin and play it through in the California twilight, which was just shrouding in mystic beauty the city of Los Angeles.

He stepped briskly toward the corner in which he had been keeping the precious instrument, but paused, his whistling ceasing suddenly and a look of alarm coming into his blue eyes as they quickly searched the room. His face turned suddenly white, his hand brushed back a lock of brown hair and remained for a moment pressed against his forehead as he stood motionless as if trying to realize an unfamiliar situation; then he held out both hands toward the place where "Old Brownie" had been, and with a muffled cry of "My God; it's gone!" he sank into a chair, his face buried in his hands and his shoulders heaving. For many minutes he sat thus; then he arose and told the proprietor of his loss and notified the police.

No trace of the violin could be found; and Rex's companion of years was greatly missed. He might have bought another violin; but he could not thus recover the companionship which he had lost. No other violin would respond to his caress or to his mood.

As the months passed and Rex traveled into other States his eyes searched every violin case that he saw, every show window that he passed where instruments were displayed, and his ears were ever alert at concert and opera for the voice of his lost companion. But a year passed without bringing him within hearing distance of that sweet instrumental, though to him, heart-comforting voice. He returned to Los Angeles, still thinking of his lost violin.

Meanwhile, the tender, appealing voice of "Old Brownie" had reached the discerning ear of Alma Richards, a pretty and accomplished soloist and teacher, as she was passing a little Fifth street pawn shop. She paused before the open door and listened. The Jewish proprietor was trying to sell the instrument to a young man who could play only a little, and who, not recognizing the excellence of tone-quality which the violin possessed, balked at the price of $40. He went away without buying, to the extreme disappointment of the proprietor.

"What have you there—an old one?" asked Miss Richards, who had entered quietly.

"Sure!" replied the old Jew. "De fellow vat pawned dat violeen tell me it vas very oldt. I giff him money, und he say he sure coom pack; ubber he no coom; so I sell it now for twenty-five dollars."

Miss Richards looked the violin over, placed it under her chin and played a little. The tone seemed to plead with her. She bought the instrument.

For the next few months, Alma played "Old Brownie" at her concerts and was more warmly received than ever before. Something in "Old Brownie's" tone reached the hearts of all who listened. Alma tried to analyze that tone to determine what peculiar quality it had. She could not make the deduction, however, except that it pleaded half sobbingly. She could not help loving "Old Brownie," and the more she loved and caressed the dear old instrument the sweeter became its tone; but still it pleaded. This had a peculiar effect upon Alma, and at length she began to wonder about the violin's history. She decided to trace it back as far as possible, to see what she could learn about it.

Returning to the little shop, she asked the old Jew to tell her what sort of person had pawned the violin. He remembered distinctly, he told her, that the young man appeared to be worried when he came in, and that, fearing the instrument had been stolen, he was about to refuse giving him anything on it, when a Jewish friend, who could play, picked up the violin and played on it; then winked expressively, indicating that it was a fine instrument; so he decided to take it without question. He gave her the name which the young man had signed; but this, she knew, would prove fictitious if the violin had been stolen.

A search through the city directory failed to disclose the name, and she decided that the violin was stolen property. Nevertheless, she was determined to learn something about its history, if she could; and, moreover, she felt an added reason now for tracing it—a sense of duty.

Alma had run the gamut of her investigations, and knew not what more to do. That some one had lost a violin which had been highly prized she felt certain; but she knew of no way in which to find out who the loser was. Advertisements in the newspapers failed to bring a reply, so she was forced to reluctantly give up the search.

Back in the "Angel City" once more with the breath of the Southland in his nostrils, on a cool, bright evening, Rex was walking leisurely down Broadway, his mind filled with thoughts of romance and beauty, two elements that pervade the "land of sunshine and flowers." Unconsciously, he bore his head a little higher than usual, and his heart beat lightly as he strolled, feeling a spirit of good-will toward the world. The bright lights revealed stylish gowns, daintily slippered feet and smiling faces, the features of which appeared to be wrought in peace. A feeling of buoyancy came upon him. He began to whistle —Traumarei.

Rex was passing Blanchard's Hall when he caught sight of a poster announcing a concert by Miss Alma Richards. There was a picture of the girl with a violin. He remembered now that he had heard considerable about her ability as a soloist, and he decided to attend the concert.

Miss Richards began to play, and, while she held the keen attention of everybody in the audience, there was one who sat spellbound, leaning far forward in his seat, drinking in every note. Her music reached his heart. There was something sweeter about it, he thought, than any that he had ever before heard; and he could not help thinking that the voice of "Old Brownie," though slightly varied by the artist's personality, ran through the melodies.

"If it isn't my old companion," he mused, "it's the only violin I've ever heard that might replace mine." He decided to meet the player after the concert and have a look at the violin.

As Rex reached this conclusion, Miss Richards bowed smilingly in acknowledgement of profuse applause, and, laying a warm, animated cheek upon the shiny brown body of the

violin, she closed her eyes, her graceful body swaying rhythmically, and the sweet melody of "Traumarei" was wafted out in encore to the silent, attentive audience. As the opening notes reached his ears, Rex half rose, murmuring in a suppressed call, "Old Brownie!" Then he sank back into his seat again, enraptured, his heart feasting upon the now unmistakable voice of his long-lost companion.

Filled with happiness and triumph at the reception with which her program was meeting, and more than ever before pleased with the way in which the violin responded to her mood, Alma was throwing her very soul into the simple, beautiful strains of "Traumarei," and it seemed that she had never before fully realized how beautiful this old melody really was. She thrilled with rapture as she realized that she was playing to-night with expression which she had long sought, but had never before been able to attain, and the sweet old violin seemed to lift her heart's love and empty it out into the melody. She finished half in laughter and half in tears, to find friends gathering about her, congratulating her upon the signal success of her concert.

Alma was in the act of wrapping the violin, preparatory to placing it in the case, when Rex approached her, introducing himself, and, after complimenting her upon her playing, asked if he might see her violin. She gave the instrument an admiring glance as she held it out to him. He stood for one brief instant looking at it; Then he clasped it in his arms, kissed the shiny body and lay his cheek caressingly upon it as he sobbed: "Dear 'Old Brownie,' I have found you at last!"

For several minutes Alma did not molest him. She knew at once what it meant. At length Rex roused himself and begged her pardon. "When will you be at leisure for a short time?" he asked. "I wish to talk with about this violin."

Alma gave him the number of her studio and told him that he might call there on the following afternoon.

Rex arrived at the appointed hour and found Alma sitting in pensive mood, with "Old Brownie" across her lap. She was looking down wistfully at the fine old instrument, and did not heed his entry through the open door, nor did she awaken from her reverie until he stood before her saying: "Miss Richards-"

"Pardon me," she said. "I was just thinking of 'Old Brownie,' as you call this dear old violin, and wondering if I could bear to part with it. I suppose you intend taking it away from me. Was it stolen from you?"

"Yes, and you cannot imagine how much I have missed it," he said, answering her last question first.

"I can imagine that you have missed it very much," she replied. "I know how I shall miss it if you take it away now."

"Have you fallen in love with it, too?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so," she answered.

Then she told him how "Old Brownie's" pleading tone had first attracted her and how she had tried in vain to learn its history. "It seemed always to be pleading,—calling," she said. "Perhaps it was calling for you?"

"You teach here between concerts, I suppose?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied. "I make my living that way."

"Of course, I am willing to pay you what you gave for the violin, or more, if you ask it," he told her.

"Oh, but, must I part with it, Mr. Bonner? May I not keep it a little longer? You may come here to see it and play on it whenever you wish to if you will leave it here for a while," she suggested.

There was a note of pleading in her voice which caused him to hesitate. He thought of how much it would mean to her to give up the instrument. Remembering how lonely he had been without it, he decided to do as she had suggested. "But," he warned her, "I shall be coming here very often to play, and shall expect

you to play for me sometimes, too."

"Oh, thank you." she said gratefully. "You may come every evening if you wish. I shall be pleased to hear you play."

For the next few months few evenings came without finding them together, playing by turns and caressing "Old Brownie." At times they each had a hand on the violin and then something seemed to forbid their speaking and they remained silent, wondering what strange power of attraction lay in the vibrant fibres of the old violin.

"I am going away soon," Rex told her one evening as they sat, she holding the violin and he polishing it with a piece of silk cloth.

"And how about 'Old Brownie?'" she asked without looking up at him.

He was silent for several minutes, during which time he continued to polish the instrument. At length he spoke with suppressed emotion, watching the effect of his words upon Alma's face:

"It would be very hard to part with 'Old Brownie.' Would you not find it so, too?"

"Indeed I should," she answered, "and I'm afraid that I am somewhat selfish; for I do not like to think about giving it up."

"We might have it in partnership," he suggested slowly, seemingly feeling his way into the subject. "Would you like to go with 'Old Brownie,' little girl, and take care of it for me?"

Alma hid a glowing cheek against the glossy old tone-king and kissed it as she replied:

"Yes, Rex, I want to go with 'Old Brownie!'"

OCTOBER

The spiders weave their jewelled threads
To deck October's gown,—
And dewdrops spill rare diamond gems
To grace her gorgeous crown.
The locust drones a lullaby
Amidst the stubble grass,
And thistles strew the way with down
Where'er her footsteps pass.
A gaudy fleet of silken leaves,
With sails of red and gold,
Glide o'er the brook that tosses pearls,
From every sapphire fold.
The sumachs wave their crimson flags
Where elderberries nod,
And crickets hum a requiem low,
'Neath plumes of goldenrod.
The pines a fragrance rich exhale
From forest aisles grown dim,
And like a halo, twilight gleams
About the hilltop's rim.
Then moonbeams stir the purple grapes
That tremble on the vine,—
And from a glass with jewels rimmed,
Night quaffs October's wine.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

The Butterfly and the Moth

By Helen Christene Hoerle

THE BOY sprang up the hotel steps, his fine young face aglow with eagerness.

"Girl," he breathed softly, as a slim young creature appeared, almost as if by magic, on the top step.

"Girl," he repeated as in awe.

"Donald," she slipped her cool little hand in his big brown one, and smiled up at him. "Let's go, somewhere, anywhere. I want to get away from it all," her eyes wandering vaguely around the wide porch as she placed a big, floppy white hat on her dusky hair.

The sun sank, as they stood there, looking at each other and finding pleasure in the mere nearness of the other's presence, like a huge, fiery ball in the west tinting the skies with soft purples and gold. The shadows grew longer and longer, as from across the lake drifted the faint, alluring strains of the hotel orchestra. A bird in a tree top high called as loudly to its mate as it was possible, and the answering echo came back mockingly from the low, surrounding hills.

The girl and the man strolled lingeringly through the cooling green shade of the forest. The mystery of the twilight enthralling them in its mystic beauty, and pleading silently with them to love and to be loved.

"Girl," said the man, suddenly breaking the uncanny stillness. "Girl, you are even more beautiful to-night than ever before."

The girl laughed happily and smiled up at him. He was such a boy, a great big overgrown lovable boy. In the soft twilight glow her beauty seemed to the man to be almost unearthly. The finely chiseled face, framed by a halo of dusky hair and lighted with a pair of clear, gray eyes, was one to win any one. The slim, graceful figure in its clinging violet and gold draperies was poised as a bird ready for flight. The man grasped the firm, round, white arm almost roughly.

"My Butterfly Girl," he whispered tensely. "For the second I was afraid you were going to fly away as a butterfly would, as the yellow emperor, your namesake, would flit away when he tired of a mate."

Again the girl's deep, throaty laughter rang out, sweet and clear. "Oh, Don, you are so—so——" she paused as if seeking a word. "So refreshingly young and original. Please let go. You are hurting my arm."

The man's grasp slowly loosened. "Promise," he pleaded. "Promise you won't go away—ever."

The girl's face darkened. "Go away," she repeated dazedly. "Go away! But, boy, you and I can't stay here and play forever. We have our work to do in the world, you and I."

The man caught her to him and pressed kiss after kiss on her serious, upturned face. "Girl, girl, dear, I love you, love you so. You can't, you must not leave me. I want you, need you —for my wife," he added reverently.

The girl tore herself free, and stood panting in the path, her eyes seeking the man's like those of a frightened bird pleading with its captor. "Boy, you must not," she cried, her hands on her breast and trying vainly to overcome her agitation. "You must not. It is folly, the folly of the twilight hour." Her voice caught in a sob and broke. "Please, please don't spoil our beautiful friendship."

The man stared in amazement at the little figure in yellow. "Why, little girl," bewilderment in every tone, "why, girl. What have I done? Don't you understand? I love you, want you for always, as my wife."

She shook her head sadly. "Don't, boy. Not to-night anyway, please. I want to be happy with you just for this night. Let me kiss you once, and—and then don't ever speak of such a thing again." Her strong young arms, pulsing with the fire of healthy womanhood, found their way around his neck and she kissed the man passionately, on the lips, once, twice, thrice. To the man it was like the benediction of a priest, something divine, heavenly from above. The girl laughed a little unsteady laugh. "Now the madness of the night is over, isn't it. We are two sensible people again." She smoothed back her hair and glanced at him sideways. "Please, boy, take me back to the hotel. I'm tired."

Not another word passed between the two, until the hotel was reached. "Good-night, Donald, dear," the girl murmured shyly, putting out her hand. "Good-night, boy," and before the man could reply, she had entered the big hotel.

"Telegram, miss." The clerk handed her a little yellow envelope.

The girl slowly broke the seal and hurriedly scanned the few typewritten lines. "I am called away," she said, evenly, as if she hadn't known the contents before opening the envelope. "I must leave to-night. There is a train out at 11 something, isn't there?"

"Eleven-thirty," consulting a timetable. "Shall I send a maid to your room to help you pack?" The clerk's voice was suave. The girl had been a lucrative guest during her six weeks' stay.

The girl smiled at him. "No, thank you. I shall have plenty of time, and can manage nicely." She might have added: "My trunk has been packed since morning."

The young clerk watched her as she slowly ascended the stairs, and listened unconscious of the fact till he heard her gain her room and the door close. Even the night clerk had not been blind to the girl's charms.

The girl closed the door quietly and stood before the long mirror, gazing contemplatively at the little gay figure reflected therein. "Good-bye," she cried hysterically, her voice breaking in a strangling sob. "Good-bye, you happy, frivolous thing; good-bye for another year."

With frantic fingers she tore at the fastenings of the filmy gown, and threw it in a heap into the trunk that stood open as if to receive it. With a deliberation almost unnatural, she shook out the rippling mass of dusky hair and brushed it primly back from her broad, white forehead, into a sleek knot at the nape of her neck. Calmly, she wiped the pink off her smooth cheeks and the red from her full lips. The soft, violet lines that had lent an added charm to the unfathomable gray eyes were wiped away roughly. A gray dress—cut in severe tailored fashion—she grabbed from its hook and slipped over her head.

"Butterfly? Rot. What a sham it all is," the now colorless lips curved cynically. "His butterfly girl." A hard laugh, so different from the care free, girlish one of an hour before, issued from her full, white throat. "A moth, a gray moth. How can I go back? How can you?" she demanded of the nun-like figure reflected in the glass.

With the change of clothes the character of the woman in them seemed to have changed, too. When she discarded the soft, clinging, purply gold gown, the gay, light-hearted, loving, lovable girl disappeared, and with the donning of the nun-like gray the girl had changed into a woman, sedate—sad—even worn. The eyes were still the same unfathomable gray, but an infinite expression of sadness had stolen into them. The cheeks were full and round, but colorless, and the lips curved downward as if weary of life, instead of upward with laughter and joy. Suddenly her eyes fell from the reflection in the mirror to the slip of

yellow paper lying face upward on the dressing table. The woman snatched it up and frantically tore it in a hundred pieces.

"It's a lie. I'm a lie. Always a lie. Go back. Back to Hell. Six weeks of Heaven and forty-six of Hell. Is it worth it?" She beat her tiny hands together, passionately. "Boy, boy, how can I leave you? I love you so. Oh, boy dear, why did I allow myself to love you. Another year. And each year I'm a little older, wearier, and a little more worn. How long will it last?"

A gentle knock at the door and a servile voice interrupted her wild ranting. "The carriage, that you ordered, Miss, is waiting."

Methodically she locked the trunk, pulled a little black hat down on her head and tied a heavy veil over her face. "It's the end," she whispered in awe. "The end. It will never be the same again." She gazed regretfully around the dainty room that had beheld her joyous comings and goings for the past six weeks. "Good-bye, dear room." A bright tear glistened on her lashes. Hastily brushing them away, and a cynical smile on her stern white lips, she closed the door, almost reverently, and slowly descended the stairs.

* * * *

The boy rushed up the porch steps, and looked eagerly up and down the broad veranda for the girl's familiar little figure. No girl was in sight. He entered the exchange, a feeling of foreboding coming over him and a look of disappointment on his handsome lover's face. It was the first time the girl had failed to meet him.

"Mmm—the Butterfly—er—Miss—" he stammered, blushing, in his eagerness to see her the girl's name had completely slipped his mind.

"Mr. Donald Mitchell?" the clerk inquired politely. He, too, had seen the girl and the boy together much too often to suit him. The clerk handed him a letter.

"This was left for you."

"Left for me," the man repeated, dazedly, gazing at the clear, firm, unfamiliar writing, and tearing open the envelope, read:

"My Boy: Forgive me. I must go away. It's all wrong. I'm not free to love or to be loved. But free or not free, you are the first and only man I have ever loved, or ever will love. Do not try to find me: it will be useless. Maybe sometime, somewhere, we'll meet again, and until then please forgive and forget.

"Your broken-hearted,
"BUTTERFLY GIRL."

The boy, suddenly made a grown man, raised a haggard, drawn face from the girl's tear stained little note. Then with a heart rending moan of grief, he thrust the note into his pocket, and stumbled blindly down the steps into—oblivion.

DISORDER

The hedge is clipped so straight, the garden grows
  In ordered calm perfection, shrub and tree.
Thank God the sunset bars lie not in rows,
  Thank God the stars are scattered carelessly;
  That flowers know no rule but blossom free,
That birds wait not to sing in turn at all;
God left the mountains as they chanced to fall,
  And did not stop to straighten up the sea.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

IN THE INTENDED PLACE

By Oney Fred Sweet

WHEN I WENT to California last summer expecting to find my friend, Will Spencer, a doctor of dentistry, in one of the coast towns, I discovered that I would have to journey farther—down into the Imperial Valley—where he had turned a doctor of dairying.

"I suppose you are one of my old friends who thinks I've failed because I didn't stay by the profession that had been picked out for me," he smiled, after we had enchanged greetings at the station.

"But you were one of the best men in the class," I exclaimed, trying to get used to him again, with the tan so thick on his face and the sombrero with a tilt to it that seemed as natural as you please. "You——"

"I know," he cut in, "but listen—"

And as we drove along toward the ranch he told me the story—how little incidents all through life had played their part in finally landing him where I found him—the one place in all the world, according to his theory, where the Lord, in the first place, intended he should be.

"When I was a carefree kid back in a little Iowa county seat town," he began, "a cow was just a cow. Her feed cost us nothing, or at least I thought it didn't, as we had our own pasture. The cows brought us a calf every year, and I knew that was necessary in order to keep them milking good. Real kid days, those were, with a free run of the fields, and such woods and streams as the prairie vicinity afforded. I suppose to-day you would call our old gang boy scouts. The only thing that cut into my play was our little garden of an acre or so, and the two cows that I had to milk. I sold the milk to neighbors. Such money as I made those days from selling the milk and the garden produce I didn't make with the idea of having it make more money for me. How was I to know at that age and with such experiences as I had had in life that the easiest way to get money was to have your money work for you. Still, I might have learned that lesson at that time if I had been so inclined, as the following incident will illustrate:

"One summer when I was about twelve, my chum, Frank Hopkins, and I, got a job with a farmer about two miles out of town. It was during the haying season, and I remember I drove a team of twenty year old mules on a buckrake, and 'Hoppie' drove the horse on the stacker. We walked home and back every morning and night. We got breakfast at home and dinner at the farm. At the end of the first day I proposed to 'Hoppie' that we walk home to supper.

" 'Nope,' said Hoppie, decisively, 'we get our supper here. We've paid for it.'

"And so we stayed, but it had never entered my mind before that a meal cost anything excepting at a hotel or restaurant. You see, Hoppie was a financier, even as a kid.

"We worked ten days for that former for fifty cents a day, but he took out twenty-five cents when he paid us because we went to work late two mornings on account of the dew on the hay. My $4.50, if I remember rightly, went for some cartridges for my rifle, ice cream, rides on the penny-go-round that was visiting the town,

while two dollars I saved for the county fair two weeks ahead.

"The beginning of school in September was a great trial to me in those days, and many an hour I spent during the first few weeks of the term with my feet encased in a pair of uncomfortable shoes—any shoes were uncomfortable then—shifting from side to side in my seat, letting my eyes wander out of the windows, down into the distant hollow where Squaw Creek ran, and beyond to the old stone quarry —the scene of many 'duck off' and Indian camp fires. I never got over that feeling entirely. Confinement between four walls to me was a punishment, and is still, to a great extent.

"After finishing high-school, I did several things. I helped the local painter on jobs about town, and during that period on several occasions, brushed in the conventional Venetian red on farm barns in the surrounding country. I remember distinctly that we never painted a farm house. The farm houses in those days didn't seem to be made to live in, but just to eat and sleep in. I can still see the wash basin on a bench back of the house, filled with water from a rain barrel under the eaves, the endless, many shaded towel slipped over a roller nailed to the siding; just inside, the tired wife busy over 'something extra' for the help from town; and after dinner the peek into the 'best room,' with its drawn shades, a center table on which was the family Bible and the family album, an organ against the wall, a carpet covered sofa, and above it the hideously enlarged framed picture of some ancestor who either lived in the old country or back in Pennsylvania or New York.

"No, as I think back, there was really nothing to lure me onto an Iowa farm in those days, my parents having brought me into the world in a house in one of the small towns. At about the age when I should probably have been thinking about going into something, the Spanish-American war came along, and I spent six months in the Islands, letting the typhoid fever get into my system. When I came back home, I had never seen a battle, but I had acquired a roving disposition and irresponsible habits which so easily become a part of one. For six months more I was with a government surveying party in the mountains of Northern Montana.

"When I came back home again I knew the time had come for me to do something. My family came to that conclusion, my friends came to that conclusion. Now, in the Idaho town where I was raised, a young fellow can get a job as clerk in one of the stores or he can spend four years in college and prepare himself for one of the professions. It was quite the popular thing to go in for one of the professions—to come home from college during the holidays wearing the latest style clothes. We cared very little then for the need of scientific men in the field of agriculture, and that was before the call of back to the land became as insistent as it is to-day. Well, I took up dentistry, studying three years at Milwaukee, and working my way as best I could, as you will remember, waiting tables and painting signs outside of class hours. You will admit that I came out of school capably trained for the work. When it came to a location, I choose California, a growing coast town.

"I had much of the same experience as the average young professional man. I was not burdened with funds, I had to get acquainted, there was stiff competition. Still, I did fairly well, and I saw other dentists come and go, and my practice increased, slowly but surely.

"But the indoor work began to tell on me. My actual physical labor was so small that it seemed as nothing, yet at the end of the day's work I was tired. It seemed at times as though I was the storehouse for all of the ills of the people I treated during the day. You know how it is. I saw, also, that in order to be successful I must associate, with some church, club or fraternal order, and not only put a full day into my work at my office, but my

remaining hours into working up a practice. Three years went by, and by the end of that time the novelty of the thing had worn off, and the grind had begun. I was a kid again in school, shifting from side to side in my seat—an imprisoned thing.

"You remember the lecture we received in school from old Professor Wells. He said we could figure on ten years in working up a practice. If we made a good living and had a good business at the end of that time we should be satisfied. The next ten years we would have to make our stakes—after that we would be on the down grade.

"My health became none too good. I was never particularly in love with the profession that I had accidentally entered, and things did not look rosy in the future at all.

"About this time there was a rush to the newly opened irrigation project down here in the Imperial Valley of Southern California. One day when the office palled on me until it seemed I could no longer bear it, I threw my tools down with disgust, and though I had a patient waiting, I locked the door and went home.

"That night I bid my wife good-bye —I had married during my second year in practice—and came down to look the valley over. For six months I worked at various things in the valley towns, and ended by buying one hundred acres of land with water rights, for sixty dollars an acre. The place, you will notice, is about seven miles from town. The next six months, after buying a team—four horses in this country—I put in at leveling, checking and making ditches, hiring a man to help me at the work.

"We got forty acres ready by fall and planted it to barley, and the next spring I moved out on the ranch with my wife. The barley hadn't done very well, but we cut and stacked it, and then I let the man go, as I was running short of funds and was already in debt for some of the machinery. My wife and I raised some incubator chickens, and with these and twenty turkey hens which we bought, we had a start at least with poultry.

"That summer I did not accomplish much. I might have planted late July corn or cotton, but I didn't, and perhaps it was just as well, for my ignorance was colossal on things pertaining to ranching, in spite of what I had learned from observation and reading. However, early that fall I began discing up the forty acres for barley again, and late in September I seeded to barley, and with it sowed three pounds of alfalfa seed to the acre. Gradually I was getting onto the irrigation game. It was difficult at first, with new ditches which were liable to break, and not understanding the ways of water, the amount required, etc.

"I began to realize about this time that it took money, also considerable knowledge, to stay in the ranching game. At the beginning of the following summer, an inventory showed that I had on hand about ten tons of barley and alfalfa hay mixed—the barley hadn't done well—forty acres of young alfalfa, which looked very promising, twenty acres of cotton—a new crop in that region, with its outcome problematical. I also had four horses, about a hundred and fifty young turkeys, some fifty or sixty chickens, and a milk cow. Also there was an overdue grocery bill, and several others that should be met.

"Hay was of very little value, located as we were seven miles from town and the roads unimproved. I could have bought alfalfa in the stack for five dollars a ton from many of the neighbors. The chief products of the valley at this time were barley, alfalfa, corn, hogs, sheep, dairy cows, and range cattle brought into the valley to fatten for the market. Also many of the older ranches were branching out into fruit growing—citrus, olives, apricots, grapes, dates, etc.

"Two of the biggest money makers grown by those close to the railroads were asparagus and cantaloupes. On account of the crop being put on the market two to six weeks earlier than

from any other locality, it commanded a big price, and was and is shipped to all parts of the United States. But none of these latter industries, for the present at least, was for me. I could readily see that lack of funds, lack of experience, and our poor location were all against us.

"Well, here we were on a ranch of a hundred acres, sixty acres leveled and in crop; forty in alfalfa and twenty in cotton, with as good soil as can be found anywhere, and plenty of water to irrigate with.

"The alfalfa was now doing fine, but the cotton wasn't doing so well, and we got but half a bale to the acre off it. That fall, after selling two of the horses, marketing the cotton and turkeys, and then settling our bills, we were about even with the world—half of the ranch paid for and thirty tons of hay in the stack.

"'Wife,' I said one day, 'we have got to get dairy cows. We have got to feed, and I know we can raise as good alfalfa as any one. We can't raise hogs, because we haven't got the money for a fence, or the cash for hogs, and it takes time to realize from other things, but we can fence for cows and buy them on time. We would have a cream check coming in every month.'

"'And who will milk?' my wife asked.

"My mind was going back to the days when we had had the little garden and the cows in the Iowa town.

"'I will,' I answered; 'that is one thing I can do, and though I have never milked as many cows as we will want, I will take a chance.'

"There were several dairy cow dealers in the valley at that time, some square and some who were not so square. It was their system to go out into the coast country and buy up a few carloads of scrubs, or find a locality where the feed was scarce and buy cheap. Cows that they paid twenty dollars to forty dollars a head for were readily disposed of for seventy-five dollars and sometimes as high as a hundred dollars. They usually sold on time, with a small payment down, or what they could get, and then took notes for the balance, collecting monthly payments of half the cream check, or three dollars each month a head, the notes drawing ten per cent interest. I would venture to say that half of the dairymen in the valley got their start in this way. Some have lost out with it, but the biggest number have stayed by it. And the dairy business has done more to keep the valley on its feet financially than perhaps all other industries combined. But to get back to my own experience.

"My credit was good in town, so I had no trouble in buying enough posts and wire to fence twenty acres into two fields. I converted my horse lot, or corral, into a milking corral, and as the winter climate is so mild in the valley, with very little rain, I needed no barns or sheds for protection.

"After looking around for some time I ran onto a man who said he had some cows and would sell me as many as I wanted. He said he was short of feed, and would sell for nothing down and a dollar a month, seventy-five dollars a cow. It looked good to me. That is, the price did. And I went to see the cows. The cows looked all right, too. The next day I took a friend to see them, who had had considerable dairying experience. My friend thought the cows were not so bad, but he didn't think they were what I wanted, and wouldn't advise me to buy them.

"Well, I went home and thought it over and talked it over with my wife. I hadn't much to lose but my time. I had feed, and plenty of it. I knew I was taking a long chance, anyway, and if I was to pay five or ten dollars down on a cow—I hadn't fifty dollars in the bank at that time, mind you—I might not make any better deal with some one else, and I stood to lose the first payment if the cows proved unsatisfactory.

"So I decided to buy. I got fifteen of the cows. I thought I could milk that many. I also bought a cream separator—second-hand—for forty dol-

lars, paying five dollars down and five dollars a month, and thus I landed in the dairy business.

"My next drawback was in marketing the cream. There were no other dairies between my place and the town and I had to deliver my own cream to the creamery every other day. Those were busy days for me. I found after a few days that the milking wasn't going to be so hard, but it took considerable time. I watched very closely the amount of butter fat the creamery gave me credit for each day, and it was with great elation that I brought home by first month's cream check. It was for eighty-four dollars. Out of this was taken $26.25 for payment and interest on the cows for one month.

"The next month I fenced three acres of alfalfa for hogs and invested what money I could spare in pigs that would use up my skim milk.

"The biggest returns for any month that winter was $140. I had enough feed to keep me through until spring, and at last I felt that I had a start. As spring came on I saw that I was going to have too much on my hands. There would be hay to cut and crops to get in, and I did not see just how I was going to do it. I knew that the cows wouldn't pay so well in the spring and summer, not enough so that I could hire a man.

"At last I picked up a young fellow from Oklahoma, who had picked cotton for me in the fall, and we made a bargain. I was to pay him $50 a month and board, $30 cash and the other $20 to come out of the cotton returns in the fall, as I had decided to try cotton again. In fact, the fellow from Oklahoma decided me. I would have put in alfalfa, but with that crop I had nothing with which to guarantee his wages.

"The alfalfa was doing fine by this time. I fenced ten acres more and pastured a hundred and twenty-five pigs on it two months for a neighbor. My pay for that was five young brood sows, and that gave me my first real start in the hog business.

"One day a stranger rode up to my place, and scrutinizing me rather closely, asked me if my name was Spencer.

" 'That's me,' I answered, wondering what was going to happen now.

" 'Did you buy some cows of a man by the name of Young?' he asked.

" 'I did,' I confessed.

" 'Well,' he snapped. 'They are my cows. Young bought them of me, and has never made any payments on them except the first one. I had been away for six months, and those cows you have and about thirty others are scattered all over the valley, and I am out looking them up. Young will probably take a trip over the road, and as for you—well, I am afraid you will have to lose what you have paid on them.'

" 'All right,' I agreed, making an effort to keep back the gulp in my throat. 'I can't lose much, but I like the cows and I hate to see them go. All you have got to do is to prove that they are yours. Come to the house and get some supper, and we will talk the thing over.'

"I guess a fellow never loses anything by being hospitable and keeping his temper. The fellow stayed all night, and for breakfast, and when he was about to go he remarked: 'Well, you just keep those cows and don't make any more payments. I will look up the rest of them and bring them to your ranch, and if you want more of them I will sell them to you.'

"The outcome of the incident was that I procured fifteen more cows from my guest of the night at $2.50 a head a month, and fixed it up with Young so that I lost none of the payments that I had made. The Oklahoma lad stayed with me that summer, each of us milking half of the cows. That fall he quit, and I hired a man to milk all the cows and feed the pigs and calves, leaving me free to do the balance of the ranch work."

For a time we rode in silence.

"Well," he finally summed up, "those thirty cows will average me two hundred a month or better the year round. I have at present half a dozen nice heifers, two months to

twelve months old, coming on. With the milk and a little grain, I am able to turn five or six fat pigs every six weeks or so, my cows are half paid for, and soon I am going to begin culling out the poor ones and two years from now I expect to have as good a string of cows as there is on any ranch in the valley.

"I have a surplus of hay this year, and things have advanced so rapidly that I will have no trouble in selling alfalfa for twelve dollars to eighteen dollars a ton in the stack.

"In the three years I have been in the valley, land has more than doubled in value, and alfalfa land is renting for as high as eighteen dollars an acre. Another asset, not hitherto mentioned, is homestead claim we have just adjoining our ranch. We took it up the second year we came here. It is mostly on high land, above gravity water, but it is in such close proximity to a main canal that we anticipate no great expense in pumping water to eighty acres of it easily. Experienced fruit growers, who have looked at this land, say that on account of its elevation it should be practically frostless, and the soil ideal for fruit growing.

"It has been three years now since I quit my dentist's office to get out into the open. I have never had any desire to change back. I feel that I have just begun to scratch the soil as yet, and if I live to be a hundred years old there will always be something here to interest me—something new to try out."

We were reaching the ranch house, and as we came nearer, I made out the form of a tiny two year old toddling out to the roadside.

"So-ho!" I exclaimed. "And what is the young man going to be when he grows up?"

"Bill" Spencer looked prophetically off over what had so recently been a vast desert, ignoring my question about the boy until he was where he could reach down and pull him up into his arms. Then he said, seriously enough, as I caught hold of one of the little chubby hands:

"One of the valley kings."

AFTER

Over bleak hills, all naked and bare,
  Feathery clouds hang low,—
Floating like birds who are resting there,—
  Heavy with unshed snow.

Over hearts hopeless and sad, may creep
  Doubts, misgivings, and fears.
Aching the eyes that refuse to weep,
  Heavy with unshed tears.

Vainly we watch for the sun, and see
  Whirled through the frosty air
Fragments of leaves flying back and forth,
  Broken and sad, like prayer.

After the clouds unloosen the snow,
  Sunshine at last appears.
Rested the heart, the lighter we know
  After a flood of tears.

IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS IN '50

By H. B. Albery

IN VIEW of the great interest which the public just now has in the opening of the Panama Canal, and of the comparatively recent discussion of the two different routes, known as the Nicaraguan and the Panama, it has occurred to me that a brief account of conditions on the Isthmus at the time of the hegira of gold seekers who flocked to California in 1849 and the succeeding years, might be interesting, as coming from one who traversed both routes at that early date.

I have always been classed as a '49er, although I did not start to California till the spring of 1850. Then, the vicissitudes of travel were many and great. One can go around the world to-day with greater comfort and in less time than it took many of them to go from New York to San Francisco. As compared with the great ocean liners of to-day, the steamboats of that day were insignificant and illy equipped, and many chances had to be taken of being left for months on the Isthmus.

In our case, we had purchased our tickets in Zanesville, Ohio, from Dillon & Co., who were the agents for Howard & Sons, owners of the Empire Line of steamboats running from New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn. Our contract provided that we were to be taken from New York to Chagres, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus on one of the steamers of the Empire Line, and from Panama to San Francisco Bay on another ship of the same line which was supposed to have started from New York a month before to go round Cape Horn, and which we could catch at Panama in the month of April.

When we got to New York, however, we found that the ship which was to pick us up at Panama had been delayed, and had started only 15 days before; and we afterwards learned that she had been compelled to put in at St. Thomas for repairs, having broken her shaft. We tried to arrange with the company for an exchange of tickets to a steamer sailing a month later, but as they had been issued for the Empire City, sailing at such a date, we could do nothing, and the only concession the company was willing to make was that it would carry all the provisions we might need for our stay on the Isthmus, free, which, considering the inconvenience present and what happened later, was absolutely insignificant, as our little amount of baggage, freight, etc., was imperceptible in a big ship's load, and would cost the company nothing to transport.

There were five of us, all Franklin County, Ohio, men: Amba Mann, Abraham Blauvelt, a man by the name of Rhodes from Reynoldsburg, John Havens, an old Mexican War veteran, whose campaigning experience turned out to be invaluable, and myself, who sailed away on the Empire City on Thursday, the 15th day of March, 1850. The Empire City was an old-fashioned sidewheeler of 3,000 tons burden, and we reached the mouth of the Chagres without incident excepting a fire scare growing out of a fire in the cook shop, which was soon extinguished. One of the passengers also came down with smallpox, and this almost created a panic. Meetings were held, and some advocated stoutly that it was our duty to throw him overboard. But more humane counsels

prevailed, and he was carried in to Chagres, where he was put on a small boat and carried by natives to Gorgona, where he was set out by himself with shelter and food, and left to care for himself. What became of him I never heard.

One week from the following Sunday we dropped anchor in the harbor at the mouth of the Chagres River. We were landed in small boats on the left bank of the river. Here we found a small American trading place made up of a few sheds and shanties. The native town on the opposite bank, where we had to go to arrange for our trip up the Chagres river, and which had been made up mostly of huts made of bamboo and other native growths, had burned the night before we got there, and most of the town was in ashes. We walked around among the ruins, and found that the population was made up of negroes, Indians, half-breeds and the motley mixtures usually found in these latitudes.

We hired a dugout, or bungalow, made of a huge mahogany log, which took our baggage, provisions and the five of us, besides her crew, very comfortably to Gorgona, 55 miles up the Chagres River, for ten dollars each. Our boatmen were natives who made a business of carrying passengers in this primitive way. We waited about for a long time, impatient to get started, when an inquiry resulted in obtaining the usual answer "En poco tiempo." "Pretty soon" lasted again so long that we went personally to investigate and found our boatman fast asleep. Whereupon a vigorous protest resulted in our getting started late at night. For the first eighteen or twenty miles up stream, we had deep water, so that the boatmen could use their paddles. After that, they would push it with poles and often get out in the water and wade alongside, pushing the boat as they went. At meal time we would all land and cook our meals on the shore.

We had left Chagres at midnight, and it took us all of that night, all the next day, all the next night and the following day to reach Gorgona. Just before reaching Gorgona we came to a bend in the river where our natives explained there was a short cut across the peninsula which we could walk across and enter Gorgona before the boat got there. One member of our party undertook this, and got lost in the jungle, and had he not encountered a friendly native, who guided him out, he probably would have perished. We were afterwards told that the body of an unfortunate man, who had undertaken this short cut, was recently found there. Gorgona was a town of several hundred people of the same mixed varieties we had already encountered. There were also some American traders there, and a so-called hotel where you could get a bed and meals. As I was not well I took a cot at this hotel instead of staying outside with my companions.

Next morning we arranged to have our baggage carried across from Gorgona to Panama, a distance of 26 miles. This was accomplished by pack mules and horses, and in some cases by men who had racks strapped on their backs where they could carry 200 pounds without great trouble, and often took a passenger aboard who sat with his back to the carrier. In one case I saw a native carrying a tool chest which weighed 240 pounds, and I noted that in climbing up some of the steeper grades the muscles on his legs stuck out like ship cables. This method had been in vogue so long that the carriers had regular rest places along the route, where they could back up and rest their burdens till they were ready to go on. These carriers were paid at the rate of 12 dollars each, whether mule or man. The rest of us walked, and as the weather was exceedingly hot, it seemed quite enough for those of us who were not used to the climate. Occasionally we met a kind of palanquin carried by two men, one at each end, and in which the passenger, often a woman, rode quite comfortably. The road was only a trail, where only animals and

Entrance to San Francisco Bay, California, the Golden Gate in the middle distance. (*From a painting made in 1911.*)

men, but no vehicles, could go, and it had been traveled so much that here and there, where the ground was softer, it had been worn till the sides were above the head of a man riding on horseback. At such places it was necessary to call out a warning to any possible person coming the other way, as the path was too narrow for two abreast. On the way we saw evidences of the first clearings for the railroad which was afterwards built across the Isthmus.

Half-way between Gorgona and Panama, we found a hotel kept by a Tennesseean. It was merely a road-house, and was called the Half-Way House. It was at the top of a hill. At this point the hills are quite high, being the end of the Cordillera Range. It was quite dark when we reached the Half-Way House. It had been intensely warm, and the streams were all low. I remember seeing what seemed to be a clear, bright stream, and, as I was very thirsty, I laid down on the bank to get a drink, and was much upset to find the water quite warm and unrefreshing. We continued our long hike that same night by a brilliant moon, and got to Panama that day about noon. For part of the way we had traveled over the old Buccaneer cobblestone roadway, which in places was as good as it was when originally put down two hundred years before. This road ran from Panama to Cruces. We struck it 17 or 18 miles from Gorgona, between the Half-Way House and Panama.

A standing joke on the Isthmus among the travelers at that time was this: You could buy a horse or mule at Gorgona for the same price it cost to transport your baggage, viz: $12. But when you got to Panama there was always some one there to claim it, and the old Alcalda would always decide in favor of the claimant, thus earning the title of the American Justice of the Peace, J. P. (Judgment for plaintiff.)

We carried no arms as the country was peaceful and travelers usually went in quite large parties, and there was always some one on the road, as people were then swarming to California from all parts of the world.

Except for an occasional village or stopping place for the carriers and boatmen, the country was covered with a dense jungle which was almost impenetrable. Here and there, however, a sign of the great world outside appeared. At one place an American was training parrots for the market, and at another a man had captured a sloth, which was in the act of dying when we saw it, and we were told the animal could only live in trees; that when taken from its native leaves and branches it invariably died.

Not knowing the customs of the country we made a mistake in our contract, and our baggage was dropped outside the City of Panama. We should have arranged to have it carried as far as the American settlement at the foot of Balboa Mountain, where many Americans were encamped waiting for their steamers. This was located on the site of an ancient Bath establishment. The original plant had been on a magnificent scale and was beautiful. There had been a number of outlets for the water, all of which had been stopped up but one, out of which the water came in small quantity, and was very fine. Here the women of Panama came daily to do their washing, and it was probably on account of this beautiful water supply that the camp of these adventurers had been located. We were compelled to pay extra to have our stuff carried over to this camp, from where it had been dumped the other side of town.

This camp was not far from the ocean, and it was quite comfortable to remain out of doors as long as the dry season lasted. Some of the campers who had tools had built shacks for greater comfort. We remained here several days, but were finally driven into the city by a thunder shower which brought a rain, and with it came out of the ground scorpions, tarantulas, vipers and other deadly things, which are not comfortable neighbors. During my stay, I visited all points of interest in Panama—the

A native hut in the jungle.

A man eating shark caught off Panama.

churches, which are many and fine; the fortifications; the battery, where were a number of ancient cannon, and the old narrow streets, with their projecting upper stories, which in some cases came so near together at the top stories that people could have easily shaken hands across the street. We had rented a place in the city, but outside the old town wall, where we could cook our meals and sleep. The streets were paved with cobble stones, and the ancient walls of the city remained —although in bad state of repair. One great comfort was the ocean bathing, which was very fine. A peculiar terror was to be found in the native Jigger, which, when he got into your feet, caused such distress that he had to be cut out before relief could be had.

Our party soon found out that it would be a long time before our ship —the North Carolina could arrive— weeks—possibly months. There were people here who had waited many weary weeks with no hope of going forward unless they could make some new arrangement. I had visited our consul, Mr. R. M. Corwine, who, with his brother as assistant, was running the consulate, without being able to accomplish anything and finally made up my mind to buy passage on some other boat. Blauvelt and Mann got so discouraged that they gave it up and started back home, but I was bound for California. Some of the delayed ones had become so desperate that they took passage on sailing vessels bound for California. Finally I learned that the steamboat Isthmus was about to sail, and in desperation I sold my ticket on the North Carolina, which was supposed to be worth $150.00, and gave an extra $100.00 for passage to San Francisco and then, having barely time to get aboard, I sailed for San Francisco. This was in April 1850. As a matter of fact the North Carolina, the ship which I was to have caught at Panama, did not reach San Francisco until the following October.

Two years later—in April 1852, I was on my way home and this time crossed the Nicaraguan Isthmus and traversed the route which it was proposed to use if the canal had been located there.

We landed at San Juan del Sur on the West coast. There was no harbor at this point and the ship simply anchored in deep water and we were put off in the ship's boats, which took us as far as they could go in the surf and from this point we were carried ashore on the backs of natives.

When we got ashore, we noted that there were a few small buildings and about 100 people. It was just after the famous Walker Fillibustering episode. There had been a fight and we were shown the bullet holes in the hotel and other buildings. Everybody was scared out of his seven senses although all was now peace. We were greatly amused at the appearance of the Nicaraguan "Army." It consisted of a fussy little Lieutenant who was all togged out in a brilliant uniform with gold lace and gold spangles galore, while his soldiers had nothing on but a long shirt, were barefooted and seemed to be simply marching about in a circle. It was the duty of the ship company to transport us to the Alantic side of the peninsula and, when it was known that the ship was coming, the ranchmen and others, having animals of any kind, came in hundreds with horses and mules, some with saddles and bridles and some with nothing but a halter—anything that would carry a man—all intent upon making the almighty dollar, which was as precious to them then as it is in Wall Street to-day.

I didn't stop to get anything to eat, so intent was I upon getting on, but simply grabbed for the best thing in sight and succeeded in getting a fairly good horse with a saddle and bridle. On this animal I rode twelve miles to Virgin Bay, an arm of Lake Nicaragua. We had a fairly good road for that kind of travel as the underbrush, etc., had been cleared away. There were several hundred of us and when we got to our journey's end, there was always some one waiting to take our animals. They were then fastened together by tying the bridle or halter of one horse to the tail of the one in front of him and in this way quite an impressive and comical effect was produced as the lines trailed away.

On the way over, we had been taken care of after the local fashion in so-called eating houses or hotels and the natives were always on hand with fruits and other things to sell. The main article of food, however, seemed to be eggs and the cry was constant, as long as we remained in sight *Amerisano compre los nuevos.*

At Virgin Bay there was quite a village, where we remained till evening, when we got a boat—a big iron scow—which took us out to our steamer, the Central America, which we boarded. She sailed away sometime that night and took us across Lake Nicaragua. The next morning we arrived at the head of the San Juan River. Here were once great fortifications, now in ruins. They were most picturesque and interesting evidences of former civilization. Our boat was able to take us eighteen to twenty miles down the river, when the water became too shallow and we were transferred to a smaller boat, which took us some thirty or forty miles farther to the Rapids of Castillio, where no boat can pass. Here we were compelled to get off the boat and walk around the rapids. The river gets shallower as it approaches the sea, and our company was forced to divide into three companies and board three little steamers which drew but a few feet of water. These boats were named the "Clayton," "Bulwer" and "Webster," in commemoration of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which is so much in evidence at this time.

In this manner we reached the mouth of the river at San Juan del Nord—across the bay from the Graytown of to-day.

The steamboat Promethius from New York had just arrived. We steamed across to her anchorage, but found she was not ready to start and would not be for several days, having to discharge her passengers and cargo and clean ship. This necessitated a stay of a few days in Graytown, and we sailed homeward in due time.

Since the last *Adios, querido amigo* was said in 1852, I have not returned either to Nicaragua or Panama, but reading of the marvelous achievements and present activities at the Isthmus makes the primitive wildness of that early day seem like a dream.

Pyramid Lake.

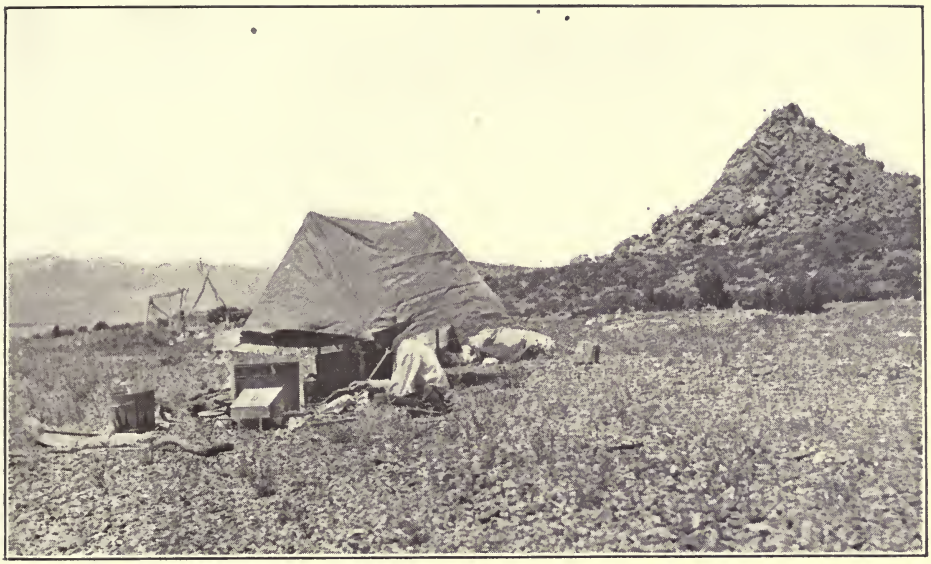
PYRAMID LAKE

A LAKE OF THE DESERT

By E. J. Newcomer

THE Truckee River, sole outlet of far-famed Tahoe, and itself renowned for the trout that live in it, is well-known until it reaches Reno. But who, of the thousands of fisherman and summer-resorters that visit Tahoe every summer, knows where the Truckee River ends? A stream so beautiful should not merely lose itself in the desert. Nor does it. To be sure, beyond Reno it becomes sluggish and muddy, and there is little to remind one of the clearness and picturesqueness of its upper reaches; it meanders across the fertile Truckee Meadows, and winds down a rough, barren canyon, with only rustling cottonwoods for company, instead of the tall, dark-green pines and firs. But eventually the water that is not diverted by the great dam at Derby for irrigation turns northward, and finds its way into a lake larger than Tahoe, deposits its load of silt, and becomes, if possible, more wonderfully clear and blue than it was.

This is Pyramid Lake, thirty miles in length, and surrounded by a rim of rugged, rocky, snow-capped mountains, rising from the desert. It was discovered in 1844 by the indomitable Fremont, who saw it from its northern end, and who, impressed by the huge, pyramid-like rock that rises from its depths, gave it its name. It has long been of special interest to explorers



Campers pitch their tent anywhere along the shore.

and scientists, for it is a remnant of the geologic Lake Lahontan, which, in ages past, covered the greater part of Western Nevada, and the shore line of which can easily be made out in many places to-day as a white streak five hundred feet above the present level of the lake.

To the uninitiated a desert means sand, and so it does in reality, but it may also mean many other things. It means a special way of living for its inhabitants, whether they be of the animal or the vegetable kingdom; and it opens up to the city man, the man of many luxuries, a vista of a different life, one that is full of enjoyment despite its surroundings. There is a struggle for existence, too, that will appeal to him. Unceasingly the lizard is followed by the hawk, and the insect must carefully avoid the jaws of the lizard. Yet one may run across the frail nest of a dove, trustingly built upon the ground at the base of a giant yellow lupine.

The less arid parts of the desert teem with an animal life that is more interesting than that of the Sierras. And so one finds it about Pyramid Lake, for here the vegetation, though characteristically gray and dwarfed, grows thickly and in great variety. But it is the lake that adds real life to the region, a huge body of water, ever-changing, now azure and sparkling in the sunlight, now black and foam-lashed under the clouds, and supporting a myriad population of birds, the more interesting because of their almost total ignorance of humanity. A few Indians from the Piute reservation at the mouth of the river, and an occasional Reno fisherman, are their only human acquaintances.

The only island worthy of the name is Anaho, Island of Thunder, near the eastern shore. Contrary to its name, it has a very peaceful look when one first sees it from the river's mouth, an inert, barren mass, reminding one, with its irregular hump and long, low-split trailing out to the north, of nothing so much as a huge brown rat asleep. But at close range Anaho proves to be a very lively place, especially in the springtime, for its square mile or so of rocky surface is the breeding ground of a colony of several thousand snowy-breasted, black-winged pelicans; and the nests of these pelicans, low mounds of gravel and sand with a shallow de-

pression in the center, are scattered everywhere. Each one contains two or three large white eggs, or a little later a couple of gawky, ugly looking chicks, naked and helpless. The parent birds are wary, and depart in a white cloud at man's approach, and circle anxiously overhead. But though you may conceal yourself ever so well among the rocks, they will not settle down again until you have quit the island.

The pelicans hold chief sway on Anaho, but you may find a heron's nest in some bush, with a couple of bright eyed, sharp beaked young in it, jabbing at anything you hold near them; and you will surely find rattlesnakes, for this is their paradise. They are small, but they are numerous, and any bush or rock may shelter one of these vermin.

Far to the north of Anaho, and close to the northwest shore of the lake, is a group of peculiarly formed rocks known collectively as the Needles. The Needles consist of a chain of huge, sharply pointed rocks, strung together and held to the mainland by a succession of sand spits with gracefully curving beaches. Besides these, there are many detached rocks of curious form; gigantic monoliths wrought by nature, and bringing to mind some of man's work, the ancient colossi of Karnak and Luxor.

The water about the Needles is of the most crystalline clearness, and of great depth, its enchanting and ever-changing shades of green and blue rivaling those of Tahoe. Indeed, I know not anywhere of a like combination of exquisite water colors and fascinating rock shapes, unless it be that jewel of the Mediterranean, Capri. Nor is this all. One of the crescent like beaches is composed entirely of small, white, faintly polished pebbles, looking for all the world like navy beans. And if you dig down among them, even only a foot or so from the shore, the water that bubbles up as you dig is hot. There are numbers of hot springs among the rocks near the water's edge, and the bean like pebbles are simply

A cormorant and its nest.

concretions, formed of successive layers of lime deposited by the hot water about some grain of sand, and polished by the continual action of the miniature waves that beat upon the beach.

Out on one of the larger rocks, the gulls and cormorants that fly about the lake have their homes, and if you dare to approach and land, the rock becomes a pandemonium. The gulls rise in hundreds, screaming incessantly, and making lunges at your head, always turning, however, just before they strike you. The baby gulls, little balls of down, with speckled

pepper-box heads, have no place they can call home—they were born anywhere on the bare rock where an eggs wouldn't roll—and they go toddling about, falling into holes, and scrambling out again; and if frightened, they scud into the water and swim away like experienced veterans. They know enough to swim back, too, when their fright is over. One must tread cautiously lest he step on these youngsters, or on the gulls' eggs, for they are both ashy-grey and spotted, very much like the rock, and difficult to see.

The shiny black cormorants build their nests on the more inaccessible parts of the rock, often perching them on some narrow ledge of a sheer cliff. Their nests are bulky affairs, made of sticks brought from the desert, and lined roughly with feathers. The young stay at home better than the gulls—often the only means of getting away is to fly. They are ugly, naked little things when they first struggle out of the shell, but they soon acquire a covering of thick, black down, like plush, and they peck viciously at any intruder in a most resentful manner.

Camping about Pyramid Lake is a novel experience. A row boat rented of an Indian transports you and your belongings easily, though you must watch for the sudden, fierce squalls that may come up any time. You pitch your tent just anywhere on the shore, no use looking for shade, and you drink the lake water, though it is a bit salty, unless you have brought a can of fresh water from the river. There are two or three small streams flowing into the lake, fed by melting snow, but these only last a few weeks. Trout are plentiful in the lake, and may be captured with a hand line and spoon, or with light tackle. On land are rabbits, expert at dodging and stopping on the other side of a bush or rock just when you are ready to shoot.

Lately the Southern Pacific has built a railroad along the western shore of Pyramid Lake, to connect with Susanville in California, above Honey Lake, and by means of it you may see the winding, cotton wood lined Truckee and the muddy south end of the lake, clearing gradually as you go north; you may see brown Anaho and Pyramid rock, and away beyond them jagged Kumiva Peak, about which the Indians tell weird stories; you may see in the distance the Needles, with the remarkable Terraced Hills behind them, showing graphically the various shore lines of the ancient lake; you may see all these in an hour's time. But you will not know the life of the desert or realize its peculiarities unless you leave the train behind, and with it your civilized clothes and your civilized manners, and spend a while living and sleeping on the ground, fishing and swimming in the big lake, and tramping and rowing about from early morning until the sun glows gorgeously over the tops of the western mountains.

THE GROWTH OF VAUDEVILLE

By Robert Grau

IT WAS ON a hot August day in the year 1892 that I landed in New York from London, bringing with me what was considered a strange aggregation of stage talent. The cause of our advent at so inauspicious a season was the fact that I had secured, while in London, a contract with "La Loie Fuller," with whom I had made a small fortune abroad, and it was my idea to present the American celebrity to her native public in a vaudeville way.

We opened at the Garden Theatre in the metropolis a few days after arriving—to a sold out house—but, although "La Loie" scored sensationally, the "celebrities" came a cropper! Yet it was this very organization that started the invasion of legitimate actors in the vaudeville theatres of America.

B. F. Keith was then in the first year of his tenancy at the Union Square Theatre with his original idea of a "continuous performance." I had bound myself to present the artists I brought hither for at least three months. The company included Olga Brandon, Isabella Urquhart, Signor Tagliapietra, Alice Shaw, Florence Levey (the Gayety Girl), and others less known.

I approached Mr. Keith's New York representative, J. Austin Fynes, and found him favorably inclined. And thus was inaugurated what has since resulted in a complete change of the theatrical map.

Mr. Proctor was just starting up with a similar policy at his Twenty-third street house, and he caused much comment by engaging Signor Campanini, the famous grand opera tenor, to sing at his theatre. The distinguished Italian, however, sang only once a day, and that, too, at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was this engagement which caused Mr. Proctor to placard the city with announcements reading as follows: "After breakfast, hear Campanini at Proctor's!"

The first well-known artist to appear at Keith's was Alice J. Shaw, and she received a salary of $250 a week, which was regarded as extraordinary. Then came Ida Mulle at a similar salary, followed by Verona Jarbeau, whose honorarium was $400 weekly.

It was my idea that a one-act playlet, a curtain raiser, would find vogue, and Mr. Fynes said he would make the venture if I could dig up a star. It was my province in those days to do the "tempting.' The managers themselves, now millionaires, were wholly without prestige, hence they would have been repulsed by many to whom to-day they would probably not give an audience.

Charles Dickson and his wife, Lillian Burkhart, were the first dramatic capture of prominence, and their appearance at Keith's in "The Salt Cellar" met with instantaneous approval. Their salary jointly was $300 weekly, but the pioneer work which they did was on a very large scale. Then came the rush. Rose Coghlan, Marie Wainwright, Robert Hilliard, Clara Morris, William T. Carleton, Felix Morris and others. The salary limit reached $600 in 1896. Then the musical era began.

Remenyi, the great violinist, was paid $500 a week, but his career was very short in the new field, for, with his violin in hand, he expired in San Francisco on the opening night of his engagement before his audience. Ca-

Ethel Barrymore.

milla Urso, perhaps the greatest lady virtuoso of the violin, followed Remenyi. Her salary was $400 a week. The prima donnas soon fell into line—and Pauline Hall, Camille D'Arville, Lilly Post, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Marie Tavary, and Louise Beaudet were secured at salaries up to $1,000 a week; the latter figure went to Mrs. Davis.

Charles Hawtrey was the first star from the legitimate stage to receive in excess af $1,000 a week; he found $1,250 in his pay envelope every Saturday night while in vaudeville. He was followed by Jessie Millward, who received $1,000 a week.

In 1900, when the managers of vaudeville amalgamated, an effort was made to reduce the salary limit; the effort to check the advance of modern vaudeville failed, and in the following year there came on the scene the intrepid Percy G. Williams, who started his campaign of imperial vaudeville, with a policy of "pay first and count afterwards." It was Mr. Williams who paid Albert Chevalier $1,750 a week, Henry Miller $1,500 a week, and Vesta Tilly $1,750 a week.

Elsie Janis.

Lillian Russell for several years had been approached by every manager agent in America. Mr. Proctor, however, captured her at a salary of $3,000 weekly. The same Lillian Russell appeared for Tony Pastor at a weekly stipend of $35 many years before. Mr. Proctor's procedure in this engagement was looked upon askance by his colleagues, despite that he had always displayed an utter indifference to the outcome of similar ventures, his policy being to present first at his own theatre as many as possible of the stars from the broader field of theatrical endeavor, and until the arrival of Percy G. Williams in the arena, Mr. Proctor showed the way, giving more encouragement to the various agents in their efforts to capture celebrities than any of the managers of the past, or present, for that matter.

May Irwin was sought out after Miss Russell's success. Here we have a strange illustration of vaudeville progress. It did not seem so long ago that the Irwin isters, Flo and May, were wont to shine at Tony Pastor's

Theatre in East Fourteenth street. They were content there to receive a joint salary of $150 a week; in fact, for more than an entire decade the Irwin sisters appeared with regularity, and their salary did not go above the figure named at any time. Yet, when May alone embraced advanced vaudeville, she was required to sing three "coon" songs twice a day in return for the munificent honorarium of $2,500 a week. Lily Langtry, always shrewd in matters of a material character, also accepted $2,500 a week. Henry Miller was satisfied with $1,500, though in Frederic Lemaitre he registered the most pronounced hit that had been recorded up to 1904 in vaudeville.

Time surely has played pranks in the matter of vaudeville salaries. Elsie Janis in the fall of one year was paid $150 weekly for her "turn" of imitations, but in the spring of the following year, after she had become a star in musical comedy, she was paid $2,000 for a similar period. McIntyre and Heath have been playing the same specialty for thirty years, and up to twelve years ago they were granted an original salary ranging from $150 to $400 weekly; in fact, they appeared at the former figure for B. F. Keith in Boston at the outset of the latter's managerial career, and they were compelled to give six "turns" a day. Recently they went to the same city under the very same management, in the very same specialty, being paid $2,500 a week, and breaking all records for attendance in the Keith playhouse.

David Warfield appeared at Keith's Union Square Theatre in 1894; his compensation was $75 for each seven days, and he had to appear thrice daily. The same management has repeatedly offered him sixty times as much in recent years. Louis Mann, in the same year which recorded Warveld's appearance at Keith's, was paid $100 a week; he has since then received $2,600 from the same management for the same period.

Victor Moore, less than seven years ago, came forth with his laughter playlet, entitled "Change Your Act." He scored an immense success, yet for several seasons he was paid $125 a week, out of which he had to pay his associate, a Miss Blanc, and all of his other expenses. But after he had become a Broadway star, under George Cohan's management, the managers flew over each other in a desire to obtain his services at a salary twelve times as large as that which the very same act was allotted but two years before.

George M. Cohan himself has had an interesting experience. He was one of the Four Cohans up to ten years ago. This incomparable quartet would receive $200 a week in the vaudeville theatres. With the advent of the "legit" invasion, when salaries began to climb, they were paid $500. This was their customary compensation during the last two years prior to the debut of George in one of his own plays. Then a Chicago manager, John J. Murdock, advertised extensively in all the theatrical papers that he would pay three thousand dollars for one week at the Masonic Temple Roof Garden in the Windy City to the most popular strictly vaudeville act that could be procured. This honor was awarded to the Four Cohans, and they afterwards were offered a similar salary by many other managers. Such has been the vaudeville craze.

During the period Klaw and Erlanger were in the vaudeville field, they placed a high valuation on everything in the way of star attractions. They paid Suzanne Adams $2,500 a week, and it was under their direction that Harry Lauder came hither for the first time. He was hardly known to American theatre-goers. No effort was made to create a boom, yet he was engaged at a salary of $2,500 a week. His advent at the New York Theatre was a memorable one. The house had been playing to empty benches up to the time of his arrival. Suddenly the business reached tremendous proportions. The clever Scot did not face an empty seat during his entire term in this country. Lauder

holds the record of being up to this period the highest paid vaudevillian of all time. Although William Morris paid him $3,500 a week, the amount which that manager had to pay to English interests to secure Lauder's release from foreign engagements is so large that before Mr. Morris can reckon his other weekly expenses he must charge the Scotchman with $5,000 a week.

Has the limit been reached? The query was made in 1898 when Pauline Hall got $600 a week, again in 1901 when $1,000 was paid to Jessie Bartlett Davis, and the pessimists have contended with each elevation that the end was at hand, but each year has seen progress, with no indication of a retrograde movement.

At this time managers are keener than ever for headline attractions. William Morris offered Madame Pavlowa $5,000 a week but a few days after her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. To realize what this means, I will observe that, while one or two grand opera stars, like Caruso, are paid as high as $2,000 a night, they sing never more than three times a week. and their season of activity is very short—twenty weeks is a good average—so that the outlook is for the vaudevillian to become the highest paid of any in the artistic world.

Percy G. Williams once offered Eduard De Reszke $3,100 a week. The offer required of the big basso to sing one aria once a day, with a single encore. The same intrepid manager offered John Philip Sousa $5,000 a week for his band to appear for twenty minutes only at each performance.

David Warfield.

There are those who predict that the vaudeville of the near future will be divided into two classes. The one will show theatres of prodigious size, presenting vaudeville quite as good as that now seen in the theatres of the Keith class, but the scale of prices will range from five to twenty-five cents, while such magnates as Keith, Proctor and Hammersetein will undoubtedly raise their admission scale to that which is adopted by the best legitimate theatres and present programmes of uncommon strength which, when compared with those given by them, will seem extraordinary indeed.

THE LOG OF A 49er

ON HIS TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN—JAN. '49 *to* JULY '49—FROM THE DIARY OF THEO. MESSERVE

APRIL 16TH.—Another gale of wind broke upon us during this morning, and was on the increase at bed time. It has been an awful cold day. This afternoon our regular monthly meeting took place for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing month, down between decks. It resulted in the election of Pensam for President; Captain Bodfish for treasurer; Moses Martin for secretary. For directors, Curtis, Hunt, Chesley, Morney, Parmelee.

One night when we were off the Falkland Islands, some of the old board, Whitman, Goodspree, etc., were caught in the galley one night about eleven o'clock making a feast of mackerel. They were busy cutting the belly, which is the best part of them, out, and were having a delightful time of it together. Caleb Beal saw and understood the game, but kept mum. A few days after, he, while playing the same hand, laying away a fine, juicy mackerel for himself, was pounced upon by Whitman & Co. when an exposure ensued, placing the directors into a ridiculous position; the election being near at hand, the party cry has been "Pensam and Reform," and "Down with the Mackerel Party."

April 17th—This has been an ever to be remembered day by me. The gale which blowed yesterday has been if anything on the increase since yesterday, and all I can say of it is, it has been blowing as hard as it could and then it would blow a little harder, and give a twitch which would make us open our eyes with affright and stare at each other as much as to say: "I wonder if that has made a hole through her?" Never before have we witnessed anything like what presents itself to our view this morning. The wind has howled to such an extent that we have lived through a day of suspense and fear. The sea seems determined to overwhelm us, and appears to be one bed of froth; the towering masses of water, when we get in the trough of the sea, appears on both sides of us, like a dreary mountainous country when covered with snow. At one moment our jib-boom points to the regions above, the next moment towards the devil's home, as if undetermined whether to send us to hell or heaven. A number of the passengers sat up all night, but I thought I would take it regularly if I could. Oh! To see those huge white capped mountain waves as they would curl, threatening us with instant destruction, when our noble ship—true to her helm—would bound and glide over them, and, mounting high on another, quiver for an instant, then plunging down the receding wave, bury her head in a sea of foam, deluging her decks; then, shaking her huge sides, she would again advance up another wave. We could have no meals prepared to-day on account of the weather, so we had to eat out of one pan. We have had

hard bread, pickles, salt beef, no tea or coffee. Mr. Ayres took a sketch of the Panama as she appeared to-day.

April 18th.—The gale of yesterday broke this morning, but the sea has rolled awfully all day. The wind is still ahead, course West, sailing South, west. This evening I joined Mr. C. Beal, W. Stratton, and had our blow-out. We had an excellent pot-pie, down to which twenty sat, ten of my choosing. I obtained some brandy which enlivened us. After getting through with our feast, we went on deck and enjoyed a good smoke.

April 19th.—Quite a moderate breeze this morning for this place, but that breeze ahead. Early this morning a school of whales blowing around the ship. Palmer, the blacksmith, went up in the rigging to see the sights for the first time, so the sailors lashed him there for a short time to introduce him up there. There has been a general clearing and scraping out to-day below, as it is a fine day. This morning all hands kicked up quite a rumpus about a dish we have called lobscouse. We passed resolutions to have it banished from the ship, and Doude Fonk substituted. The latter part of the afternoon, the captain, having heard somebody grumbling, which is a general thing, about his not carrying sail enough, made the following remarks, as near as I could catch them: "Gentlemen—It appears there is dissatisfaction on board of this ship; there have been remarks made that this ship has not been conducted to the interest of all on board. Where this dissatisfaction originated, I do not know; neither do I wish to know. I heard some remarks to-day that I did not carry sail enough. No man must tell me when to carry sail; all my interest is invested in this ship; my wife and family, dearer to me than all the gold in California; twenty-five years' experience on this coast has taught me to act with discretion. The storm we have just lived through was one of the severest gales I ever witnessed in my life, and if this ship had been in the hands of some captains, you all, e'er this, would have been launched into eternity. I have cared for you all, and shall continue to do so, but if Providence shall see fit to overwhelm us, I cannot help it, but the sea shall strike me head first, and when we arrive safe in San Francisco, and I leave you, may God bless you all."

April 24th.—This morning wind fair, ship on her course; we have had a couple of studding sails out a part of the day. The wind freshening in the afternoon. We broke one of our studding sail booms and ripped up one of the studding sails. Since the new Board of Directors have been in office we have had warm wheat or corn bread alternately; our butter and cheese gave out about two weeks since. Our captain is still confined to his bed, but we are happy to hear he is improving, and I hope in a few days to see him around again. We miss him very much from his old station, the windward rail, back of the cabin. I wanted to see no better barometer than his face when he expected a storm; every cloud or change of wind perceptible was noticed by him and his anxious eyes would follow it through all its courses. His anxiety, coupled with exposure, no doubt has been the cause of his illness, as he has been seen, all hours of the night and day during the continuance of the late severe gales which we have had, at his post on deck, minutely watching the storm, through the cold and severe weather we have had.

April 26th—After a dead calm all night, the breeze sprang up about 8 o'clock this morning from the northeast and we have had a fine run all day. The mates seem to be more reckless and give it to her and have cracked on sail to-day and have made her howl; they set the fore topmast sail about one o'clock, but soon had to take it in; for the wind increased to such an extent before night that we reduced to double reefed top sails. I stood watch tonight from 8 o'clock until 2 between decks; this is a regulation we passed immediately after our start: there shall be two watches ap-

pointed to consist of two persons each whose duties it shall be to watch between decks after 8 o'clock until morning; one pair to watch from 8 until 2 and the other from 2 until 8 a. m. One hombra' watches forward of the mainmast and the other aster of it; this ordinance was passed to guard against fire and theft. During the night the wind arose to a gale.

April 27th—The gale last night broke about five o'clock this morning and we had a heavy sea on all morning. About ten o'clock we wove ship; after the sea had been broken up a little we cracked on sail and headed north for the first time, and on our course. So now farewell to Cape Horn, with all its gales and deceitful calms; with its cold sleet and snow; with its heavy swells and mountainous seas, nevermore, I hope, to be passed by me. It does appear to me as if Cape Horn was "the fag end of the world." The sun hardly appears above the horizon before it sets, the days being only eight hours long. But away with this. We are now heading North and may hope soon to be in pleasant weather again, so as I said before:

Farewell to Cape Horn!

Farewell to the wet, to the cold and
damp weather—
Farewell to the long boots, and all
heavy leather—
Farewell to the head winds, and also
adverse gales—
The wind is abaft, boys! bend on the
light sails.

Then farewell to all hail storms, rain,
snow and sleet,
"Brace round the yards, and haul aft
the mainsheet."
We are going, my boys, into warm and
dry weather,
We'll soon be on shore, on the bonny
green heather.

May 2d—This has been a rough day —wind from the west and it has blowed with terrific fury, but not so severe but that we could carry some sail. The wind has been abating by degrees all day. The sea has broken over us several times to-day. About 8 or 9 o'clock, while the sailors were shaking out a reef in the topsail, one of them discovered a sail right ahead of us (going the same way with us), which could just be seen. The sailor cries "Sail ho!" "Where away?" yells the mate. "Right ahead." The mate then ordered them to shake out another reef and let her whizz at that, and away we go in chase. At eleven o'clock we could distinguish her sails; half-past twelve we could see her hull; we ran up the flag apeak. She did not show colors. On our coming alongside we saw but two or three hombres on board. We passed her about a quarter of a mile to windward. She did not hail us, and we were silent; why, I did not understand. She was an old-fashioned looking craft, and a perfect tub. She was supposed to be a Chilean trader; at every roll of the ship she rolled so that she took her scuppers into the water; there was all kinds of conjectures in reference to her, and at first a great many thought it was the "Apollo."

May 9th—The wind hauled last night to the south, south-east, and the yards have been squared all day; we have been going along about seven knots. The air is temperate and pleasant. Quite an excitement and electioneering has been going on as to whether we shall stop at the Island of Juan Fernandez and Calleo, or only at Talcahuano. For my part, I shall let time work it out, for I am not particular as to which; each has its inducements. Our fare while we were off Cape Horn and now has far exceeded my expectation. Our butter and cheese gave out off the Falklands; also our potatoes just before then, and when they were gone, my expectations off the horn were a hunk of junk in one hand and a quate in the other, but I was agreeably disappointed, for we had our coffee nearly every day, and every other day had a fine square of warm bread. The potpies have been unexpected.

May 11th.—This has been a lovely, clear day, with a fair wind, yards

square. About ten o'clock to-day the bell was rung for all hands to go on deck, as the captain had some remarks to make. After all had made their appearance, the captain stepped forward and stated he intended to stop at Talcahuano for water, as we did not have a sufficient quantity to carry us through, and as we needed potatoes and other vegetables to prevent sickness. In his remarks he spoke of many of their laws, which we were to guard against violating, as it would put the ship in difficulty, and he concluded by speaking of their manners, customs and curious sights we would see there. All were exceedingly pleased with the news, and anxiously wished to set their foot ashore once more, not caring where it was, only let them put their foot on shore to know how it would seem.

May 14th.—We made good progress all last night, having the yards squared. The captain called us together again by the tap of the bell this morning, and informed us that it would be necessary to raise a sum of from $150 to $200 to defray the expenses of Port Charges and such other expenses as may become necessary. A committee was accordingly appointed to take up a subscription. Little else has been heard of to-day, but Talcuhuano. In the afternoon a request was sent below that all hands should clean in front of their berths, and a competition commenced to see who should make the front of his berth look the nicest.

May 15th.—We have had a clear day, with a light wind from the N. This morning we had our regular monthly election for officers of the Association. The great party question mooted at this election has been "Oil or no oil." Many of the passengers having private lamps wish the use of a little oil when wanted, which has been refused. Hence, the question of "Oil or no oil." As for myself, it is a piece of indifference with me, for I have with me a two gallon can more than two-thirds full, which I brought from New York with me. Pensam was re-elected president; Captain Bodfish, treasurer; M. Martin, secretary; and as directors, James Sperry, Geo. Touzee, Parmalee, Chesley and Cornwell. About five o'clock this afternoon the cheering cry of "Land ho!" greeted our ears, and on going on deck, I saw directly ahead of us a "something, nothing" appearing like a misty cloud in the distance, but which Captain Bodfish informed us was the land—the island of Mocha, which lies about ninety miles southward of Talcahuano. The darkness soon shut it entirely from view, and we tacked ship and stood off for daylight again.

A Hundred Days at Sea.

Come all ye hearty sailors bold, that plough the raging main,
And ye land lubbers, one and all, come listen to my strain,
And I'll sing you a ditty, and tell you how that we
Were out upon the billows wild, a hundred days at sea.

We left fair New York's city in the midst of winter cold,
We left our sweethearts and our homes to go a-digging gold.
Took passage on the "Panama," and a staunch old ship is she,
That carried us safe, through storm and calms, a hundred days at sea.

For California's far-famed shores we steered without delay,
We sailed o'er many a weary mile, for many a long, long day.
We crossed the old Equator and burning hot was he,
As all can testify who've been a hundred days at sea.

We met with no bad weather until we made Cape Horn,
Where we were beating round about for all of five weeks long.
At last we passed the stormy Cape and had the wind quite free,
And we sailed along quite pleasantly, a hundred days at sea.

It was a pleasant afternoon, on the fifteenth of May,
Our ship was going finely ('twas a delightful day),

When land was seen from the mast-
head, and very glad were we
To think that we had safely passed a
hundred days at sea.

May 19th.—Last night at 12 o'clock the ship hove to, and this morning, just before daylight the sails were set again. I arose at daylight; the sky was clear, but a dense fog hung over the lower portions of the land, which raised as the morning advanced, up the sides of the mountains and dispelled. The sea was as smooth as an angel's bosom, and we were going along about four knots. The sun had in a measure dispelled the fog, and we could see the land distinctly. Talcahuano Point came in sight, and lay directly ahead of us. A short distance ahead of us (about five miles) a bark was to be seen beating up, bearing the American ensign. Looking off starboard, a cluster of houses are to be seen, called the village of Linguin.

We found ourselves lying in a dead calm about three miles from the mouth of the harbor. Everybody was busy washing, shaving or dressing. A request that all who could would dress in black pants and red shirts for uniformity was received from the president of the association. Still lying in a calm, Mr. Mulligan asked the captain's permission to take his small boat and take a row around awhile, while we are lying in a calm. The captain gave him permission, but charged him not to land. The small boat was lowered, and Mr. Mulligan, accompanied by Messrs. Mitchell and Stilwell, jumped in and pushed off. They rowed around awhile, and finally went down behind a point and went ashore in a little cove on the island of Cherikeena. Still in a calm, but we have worked up to the front of the island of Cherikeena. A breath of air has just arose, and we can just say we are moving. We soon came in sight of the other side of the island, when lo and behold, the gentlemen who went in the small boat were to be seen busy picking up shells and other curious things ashore. The captain, on seeing them, was full of excitement and rage, as he feared the navigation laws of the country, and this business may cost us many a dollar, if seen.

What made things worse, a brig was just coming out of the harbor, then turning a point ahead of us. The captain took her to be a revenue cutter. Our sails were let up in the wind, so as to stop our headway, and not create suspicion, to allow them to come on board. On their coming aboard, they pleaded a non-understanding of the commands, and said they understood him to say that they were not to go ashore at the town of Talcahuano.

We are in the mouth of the harbor, sailing along slowly from one side of the bay to the other, tacking ship. Eight ships are in sight, three of them lying at Talcuhuano, and the other five making their way out of the harbor. About half past five a boat was seen to put off from one of the outward bound ships. We have tacked across the bay twice, running close into the bold shore which presents itself. We, at dark, dropped anchor, close onto the east side of the bay, about two miles from the mouth of the harbor. The boat from the outward bound vessel has just reached us; as they came alongside, our band struck up "Hail Columbia." The boat contained nine persons. A person in the boat arose and made a little speech, as near as I can recollect as follows: "Gentlemen: You must consider us green, and take us for a pack of fools to row from where we have, a distance of seven or eight miles. If this was in New York Bay, and we had pulled this distance for the pleasure of a little conversation, we would be taken for madmen; but, gentlemen, we are thousands of miles from our own land, and when we saw that proud banner (pointing to our ensign), we could not resist the yearning of our hearts, but, manning our boat, we have pulled thus far to see once more our countrymen. All that has been said in New York as to the richness and plentitude of gold was as nothing to the truth."

The Americans had driven all for-

eigners from the mines; news from the States was 37 days later than we had. The President's message could be seen at Talcuhuano; Kentucky had abolished slavery, and Henry Clay is in the Senate. He finally wound up by telling us vegetables were cheap, and as he had a long distance to pull, he would bid us adieu, hoping to meet us in San Francisco. They also stated they belonged to the ship Prescott, from Mustic, Connecticut; as they rowed away, the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," and finally finished by playing "The Star Spangled Banner." The scene that took place on our vessel the next two hours is almost impossible to describe. All were mad with joy at the news. All were manifesting their joy in all manner of ridiculous antics; some were dancing for joy; some were shaking hands for joy. Old Palmer was brought on deck and made to sing a song, when he sung about the "Tailors and Needles." The gold fever had completely died away among us, and we all had stronger failings within ourself than on our start, but to-night's news had settled everything. And let the fare be what it may now, content reigns within every breast. The scenery presenting itself to-day has been bold, rugged and poorly timbered. The Bay of Talcuhuano, on the right side of us as we are going in, has a number of quite large hills, much resembling the heap over a grave, and regular distances apart.

May 20th.—This has been a beautiful, clear day, with a light breeze blowing from the west. I was awakened this morning at daylight. About seven o'clock the sailors commenced at the windlass to hoist anchor, and I lent a hand myself. We soon began to slowly crawl along again towards Talcuhuano, and after thus getting along again within three or four miles of the anchoring ground the wind died away. Our three boats were then manned, when a line was hitched to the jib boom and we were towed along to our anchoring ground, where the anchor was let go. All were dressed in red shirts, presenting a fine appearance, and, as we moved up the bay, our band discoursed some fine pieces of music. A number of passengers volunteered to help take in sail. When the captain gave the word "take in sail," all the bunting was drawn up together, man-of-war fashion, and then down went our anchor. We were enthusiastically cheered by those on the other vessels. After the anchor was down, our band played "Hail Columbia," which sounded magnificent on the water. About twelve o'clock the "Captain de Puerto" and Harbor Master came aboard. After saluting us all, and complimenting us on the tidy appearance of everything, they were shown into the captain's cabin, where they examined our papers and found them all right. They then made their appearance again and disappeared over the side, going ashore in their boat, which was manned by four red-faced natives. Soon after they left, all hands were called on deck by the captain, and he read from a paper he had received, the "Rules and Regulations of the Port," after which he commented on many little matters, and told us we might go ashore. Our pastor then mounted the rail, and said, as it was the Sabbath, a short prayer to our Heavenly Father for the mercies and happy privilege of being once more permitted to set our foot on land would not be inappropriate. He then delivered a short prayer. By this time a number of natives with their canoes gathered around the sides of the ship and nothing could be heard from them but "shore, un Rial," "Cairo Shore, un Rial." A contest then for who is ashore first or second, but an hour had not rolled around ere I found myself aboard one of the dugouts on my way to the shore. The laws here require that all boats shall land in front of the Customs House, a long, two-story building, a part of which is used as a hotel, known as "Campfield." The Customs House is about the only two story house I have seen in the place. On my first stepping ashore, the land seemed to be rolling, and I could hard-

ly walk straight, but after a few minutes' walking through the lanes, my land legs returned to me. This bay is well adapted for a flourishing commercial town, and, in the hands of an enterprising people, might be made second to none on the Pacific Coast. The town is situated at the south end of the bay, at the foot of a series of hills. The houses, with but one or two exceptions, are but one story high, built of a large square brick called by them "adobies," and are covered with tile. Very few of them have board floors, but these "adobies." After I stepped ashore, I proceeded up the first street I came to, called "Jib Boom" street, in company with brother William and Sam. We had not proceeded more than two squares ere we came to the "mercado" (market place.) It is a large square covered with a shed on the outer part, while the center is open. Along under these sheds women were squatting, Turk fashion, with apples, grapes, pears, plums, eggs, etc. The people show much favor to the Americans, and at each door we have passed we have been invited in. The senoritas at the market place were anxious to sell us their fruit, and sweetly spoke: "Americano, cairo manzana's, uvas, ah!" (Americans, do you want apples, grapes, ah!)

We filled our pockets and proceeded up a narrow street and soon came to the plaza. I stopped in two houses, one situated on the west side of the plaza, kept by a senorita by the name of Marycetta Conecaro, and her husband. we were invited to tea, and partook of a fine shoulder of lamb. We bought a bottle of native sweet wine, which cost "un rial," after which we departed with many solicitations to call again. On the south side of the plaza the "calaboosa" is situated, in front of which a "vigalante" was parading back and forth; we passed around to the east side of the plaza, on which the cathedral was situated. The outside appearance resembled the little sketch on the margin. It being Sunday, and the doors open, we entered. I found the floor bricks; around the room were the hombres and senoritas kneeling upon mats which they brought with them; on entering we doffed our hats and went through the usual ceremony of wetting our fingers in a box and making a cross on our head. On the right of the altar was a figure of Christ, and on the left one of the Virgin Mary; in one corner the confessional box, and everything having the appearance of the altars of the Catholic churches at home, but everything seemed so ancient to me that I almost imagined myself to be moving at the time of the Crusades. While strolling around we were met by a padre, who said something about "California" and "por Sacramento," which we did not understand; but we did understand the meaning of a plate which he poked at us. I dropped a dime on it, when I received a blessing and "muey gracios, senors." After leaving the church, we proceeded through another narrow lane and came out on Jib Boom street again. On our way down this street our ears were drawn by the sound of music. We made our way toward the music, which we found issuing from a house with a large swinging sign of "Ten Pin Alley," by Mr. Williams. On entering, I found a number of Americans and senoritas footing it down in true Spanish style. I stopped here, and had an excellent supper, when I came aboard ship and have spent the evening writing this. By half past eight all who intend being aboard are. Talcuhuano, as far as I can judge by so short a ramble, has a people extremely hospitable On passing through the street we have been hailed a hundred times by "California, you come in;" "Entre Americano." If you chose to obey, on entering you are requested to "Sentado, Ustad Sentado, signor" (sit down.) You then squat down by a large earthen dish of red hot coals. Sometimes you are offered a cup of some kind of herb, which they make after the fashion of our tea. If you ask for a drink, you are offered "El Vino," the native sweet wine.

(To be continued.)

Main doorway to Palace of Varied Industries, south facade, copy of entrance to Santa Cruz Hospice, Toledo, Spain.

Progress of America's Great Panama Canal Celebration

By Guy Richard Kingsley

(*Photographs copyrighted by the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company.*)

THE European war will not harm the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It cannot harm the construction, which was 90 per cent completed the day the war began. It will not decrease the attendance, because it will divert hundreds of thousands of Americans away from Europe to the wonderland at San Francisco.

The three largest nations now involved, Great Britain, Germany and Russia, have not officially been in the Exposition fold and are not counted in as a part of the forty foreign nations. France cabled a few weeks after the opening of hostilities that her appropriation of $400,000 would stand and that she will participate in 1915.

German and British participation by individuals gives every sign of continuing with the original plans. South American countries have cabled additional requests for exhibit space, and they are quick to realize the advantages to be gained in the new alignment of trade and commerce following the war.

A hint of the wonders that are to be shown when the last piece of work is done may be gained from the daily attendance seven months before the opening, February 20, 1915. The admission price before the opening is one-half the price during the exposition period, but more than 40,000 persons were paying twenty-five cents to enter the wonderland more than half a year before the opening day. On Sunday, August 2d, there were 7,050 who paid to see the 635 acres that are spread out between San Francisco, the bay, and the great United States forts that guard the Golden Gate.

Fine Arts.

The Fine Arts display is housed in a beautiful Graeco-Roman palace, admirably adapted both in architecture and lighting for its purposes, and in this will be installed the most comprehensive and catholic exhibit of art ever seen in this or any other country. A section will be devoted to historical American art, showing the principal epochal events in the United States during the last one hundred and fifty years, and introducing the student to artists who were well known in their time, but who have been lost sight of in the stress of modern life. The American section of contemporaneous art will be particularly brilliant. The "Loan Collection" will be remarkable, separate galleries having been given to Sargent, Whistler, Gari Melchers, and other distinguished artists. Provision has been made for monumental statuary, and the exhibit of Japanese and Chinese art will be the finest ever displayed at an exposition.

Education.

The Department of Education has provided for a unified exhibit in which States, cities, institutes and other educational agencies will participate. As those displays will be limited to the line in which each excels, duplication of the exhibits in other palaces will be avoided and the exhibit will be of unique value to all visitors. With this fundamental plan in mind, it has been arranged that one State shall show kindergarten work; another, centralized control; and others, training and certification of teachers, school clubs, and special classes, medical inspection and sanitation, and so on, until the various activities have been comprehensively covered. A special and elaborate classification has been made for Social Economy, which includes hygiene, labor problems, charities and correction, public utilities and their regulation, town and city plan-

ning, housing, etc., this comprehensive exhibit is now ensured and its success certain.

Liberal Arts.

In the Department of Liberal Arts there will be a remarkable showing of graphic arts, such as typography, various printing processes, books and publications, book-binding, manufacture of paper, photography, instruments of precision, medicine and surgery, chemical and pharmacal arts, architecture and models, and plans of public works. This department will be highly international in character, and will be of the greatest interest.

Manufactures.

"Manufactures" has a distinctly commercial, competitive note, and it is installed in two buildings, one called the Palace of Manufactures, and the other the Palace of Varied Industries. The former contains the less artistic side of the industries, while the latter will house the artistic creations, such as jewelry, silverware, textiles, etc. Together they will present the most elaborate installation ever made at an exposition.

Machinery and Electrical Exhibits.

Machinery and electrical exhibits are housed in the same building, "the Palace of Machinery," that is, the part of electrical exhibits which might be properly classified as machinery. This includes all kinds of power plant electrical apparatus, as well as that for other uses along more domestic lines, and the machinery features include a great variety of the latest types of gas engines, pumps, all kinds of metal shaping machines, and much general equipment for machine shop and even domestic uses.

Transportation.

Transportation is naturally divided into three sections: railways, vehicles, aerial navigation and vessels. In all of these the United States is predominant, and the bulk of the exhibits will be from this country. That part of electricity that has entered into the agencies of transportation will be comprehensively displayed with these exhibits.

Agriculture.

The Department of Agriculture for the first time in the history of expositions, will have two buildings, the Palaces of Agriculture and Food Products. In the Palace of Agriculture will be shown all of the modern ideas of intensive agriculture, with farm machinery equipment and the agricultural activities not only of all the Union, but of all agricultural countries in the world. In the Palace of Food Products will be displayed processes of reducing agricultural primary products into edible food products.

Almost every exhibit in these two handsome palaces will be shown, by machinery and utilities, in motion, bringing out to the utmost degree the educational features necessary to portray in a comprehensive manner to visitors the activities of the agricultural, food-producing countries of the world.

Horticulture.

Under the great dome of the Palace of Horticulture, which is the largest and most beautiful ever erected, will be planted a tropical garden from Cuba, which will contain the finest specimens ever shown by any country at any exposition. Royal and Creole palms from sixty-five to seventy-five feet high, together with many kinds of native trees and unusual shrubs and flowers, are now being boxed and made ready for shipment. They will be loaded on special ships, sent through the Panama Canal, and landed on the Exposition grounds.

In economical horticulture there will be a fruit cannery operated according to the latest improved scientific and sanitary methods; a seed packing establishment, orange packing and apple sorting and boxing houses, an olive exhibit demonstrating every phase of the industry, from the planting of the

Pegasus Panel above the entablature outside the base of the dome of the rotunda, Palace of Fine Arts.

tree to the packing factory, operating orchard sprayers and fruit-box making machines. These exhibits will be complete in all details and have great educational value.

In the Horticultural Gardens there will be many unique displays by well known originators of plant life, which will illustrate the Mendelian theory of segregation, and show the results and beneficial effects to be obtained by plant hybridization.

Live Stock.

The Department of Live Stock is unique in several respects. The exhibits will be shown in two grand divisions. The ordinary competition for premiums such as has always been a feature of expositions will be amplified at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition by having more classes and a more up to date classification than ever before, and this will be held between September 23d and December 4th—the closing day of the Exposition.

In order that every visitor to the Exposition may have an opportunity to see and study the various breeds of domestic animals, there will be held a continuous exhibit of specimens of the more important breeds of domestic animals on the grounds throughout the entire period of the Exposition. In addition the activities of the department of Live Stock will include a large number of special events of more than passing interest. Among these are the bench shows, field dog trials, military tournament, polo matches, dairy demonstrations, wool grading, sheep shearing contests, sheep dog trials, society horse shows, saddle horse futurity, international egg laying contests, pigeon and pet stock shows, and an exhibit of children's pets. A large number of conventions and congresses directly interested in live stock, will hold their meetings in the convention hall now being erected on the grounds of the live stock department.

In the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, which has a net exhibit area of 170,000 square feet, will be shown the various phases of the mining industry from natural resources to manufactured articles. The Bureau of Mines is co-operating with this department, and among other things will show a model mine under the floor of the building. In connection with this exhibit will be shown the various mining methods and practices peculiar to the various mining communities. There will also be demonstrated the mine rescue work and the mine sanitation.

The Exhibit Palaces.

In former expositions, great distances often divided the exhibit palaces, making study of exhibits a laborious process. In the 1915 exposition this disadvantage has been overcome by the construction of "The Walled City." The eleven palaces that are to house the displays from every part of the world are built as a part of one attractive architectural scheme, and the areas between the individual palaces have been made into distinctive courts of rare beauty.

The central and most important court, which connects the Palaces of Agriculture, Liberal Arts, Transportation and Manufactures, is the "Court of the Universe," and its dimensions are 900 by 500 feet. Here will be gardens, sculpture, mural paintings and every detail that will give it charm and offer ease and convenience for the tired visitor. This will also be an amphitheatre for concerts. Accommodations are being installed to seat ten thousand persons.

Other of the courts are "Court of the Four Seasons," "Court of Abundance," "Court of Flowers," and "Court of Palms."

On the north of the Walled City is San Francisco Bay. Between the bay and the high walls is the yacht harbor, one of the prettiest spots on the 635 acres, and also to be the scene of some of the most attractive events of the Exposition. The marina is a captivating stretch of green sward and flower beds.

On the south side of the "Walled

Northern entrance to Palace of Education.

City" are the Palace of Horticulture, with its saracenic spires, and Festival Hall, displaying towering arches. Between these buildings and the great wall of plants that shut out the City of San Francisco are the gardens that are to astonish the world. Never has there been an exposition that could approach the horticultural wonders of the 1915 Exposition. For months the trees and plants have been given careful attention on the Exposition ground, and during the entire ten months of the Exposition there will not be a day too cold for the tenderest flower.

In this south garden there will be acres of flowers in constant bloom; and at regular intervals the color scheme will be completely changed. In the center will be the Fountain of Energy, one of the largest sculptural groups to be seen on the grounds. At each corner will be an equestrian figure, all representing men who have been great factors in the early history of California.

Back of this great fountain is the "Tower of Jewels," rising 435 feet. It is now being covered with the 125,000 "jewels" just received from Austria. This great tower, with its thousands of flashing, quivering jewels, will be one of the most beautiful features ever seen when the giant searchlight projectors turn hundreds of beams of light upon it.

The 1915 Exposition is to be the first real exposition of color, and every building and every roof, as well as the drives and gardens, strike a note in the color scheme designed by Jules Guerin, director of color. The domes of the palaces are copper green, the domes of the Court of the Universe are burnt orange, and the roofs of the buildings are Pompeiian red. All the buildings are covered with Imitation Travertine marble of an ochre tint, and give the impression of great age.

Forty-two States and territories and forty nations have been built, are building or are preparing to build representative structures in the area devoted to them.

President Woodrow Wilson will make his headquarters in the New Jersey building, which will be a duplicate of the Trenton Barracks used by General George Washington before crossing the Delaware. The Virginia building is a reproduction of Mount Vernon and the furniture inside will be the furniture of the first president.

Chinese artisans are building the Chinese pavilion, which is a copy of one of the palaces of the Forbidden City. Japan has a structure surrounded by a Japanese garden; Denmark's pavilion is the castle of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; Turkey is erecting a structure decorated with minarets, spires and crescents; the Philippines, Hawaiian Islands and Cuba have gardens and structures which display the wonders of the tropics in an attractive manner and every state and nation is weaving a distinctive and characteristic note into the architecture.

The host building will be the California building, which is the second largest building on the ground, and is the largest ever built by a state at a world exposition. The California building is mission throughout and when completed and furnished will represent an outlay of $2,000,000.

Argentina leads the nations in the amount of its appropriation, as the original appropriation of $1,300,000 has been raised to $1,700,000 since the start of the European war. New York state leads the states and territories with an appropriation of $700,000, which does not include the $100,000 appropriated by New York City.

The Zone.

Since Chicago's great exposition in 1893, there has been no title that expressed rollicking fun and entertainment more tersely than "The Midway Plaisance," "The Pike," "The Paystreak," and others have come bringing exposition fun, but the first real rival to the Midway is to be "The Zone."

"The Zone" of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will repre-

Auditorium built by the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company in the Civic Center, San Francisco. The main audience hall has a seating capacity of twelve thousand. There are twelve smaller halls, which by a series of sliding doors may readily be transformed into twenty-six halls. These halls will be largely used by members of the two hundred and eighty congresses which will meet in San Francisco during the Exposition year.

Model of mountain showing hydraulic mining operations, to be exhibited in Palace of Mines and Metallurgy.

sent $10,000,000 in entertainment. The area covers sixty-five acres and at this time there are more than a score big concessions either completed or in course of construction.

The main street which is twice the width of an ordinary city street, and smoothly surfaced with asphalt, is more than three thousand feet long. From this many short side streets run to the north and south tapping more fun spots.

The scenic railway, the "Red Mill" and the Carrouselle are completed, and have been receiving patronage for many weeks. "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," the $350,000 offering of the Santa Fe, soon will be ready to take the visitors over the thirty minute trip in standard gauge Pullman cars and show in miniature the great beauty spot.

"Toyland Grown Up," which will cost $1,000,000 and cover fourteen acres is the scene of attractive industry. "The '49 Camp," "The Evolution of the Dreadnaught," "The Submarines," "The Panama Canal," "Creation," "Yellowstone National Park," "The Aeroscope," "Mahomet's Mountain," "Old Nuremburg" and "The Dayton Flood" are a few whose great bulk now give promise of the most entertaining wonders.

The Northwest Mounted Police

The Men Who Do Not Fail, Whether Bringing Relief to Isolated Settlers or Carrying Mail to Remote Trading Posts

By Max McD

PROTESTS from the fur companies of western Canada, and petitions from the missionaries of the west, called the attention of the government of Canada to an outrageous state of affairs existing at the foot of the Rockies. Whiskey smugglers were plying an illicit trade with the Indians, and something must be done to stop the demoralization of the Red Men of the Western plains. Hence, in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the Commons authorizing the establishment of a force of three hundred mounted police in the West.

The spice of danger, deviltry and adventure in the duties of the new force appealed to the popular mind. Men of all ranks tumbled over each other in their eagerness to enlist. Sons of lords, generals and famous novelists enrolled shoulder to shoulder with cashiered "Tommies" and Indian scouts; and curiously enough the Mounted Police retain the same heterogenerous elements to-day as when the first enlistment took place. Immediately upon organization they started from Toronto to Fargo by railway, and made a march to Dufferin, the beginning of their famous trek through eight hundred miles of prairie westward toward the Rocky Mountains, relying solely upon their own transport train for supplies.

On October 10th, in the very heart of the Blackfeet country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first Mounted Police fort in the West, was completed. Another force was sent north to Edmonton among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelley, and thence to Dufferin. In four months the force had traveled 1,960 miles, and had accomplished, without loss of life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—taking possession of the Great Lone Land.

Early Demonstration on Old Man River.

Fort Macleod on the Old Man River was a smugglers' stronghold, and here Colonel Macleod, after whom the place was named, marked off the square for a fort on an island in the river. Cottonwood logs were daubed with mud, whitewashed outside, and lined with cotton inside. Then the British flag was hoisted in opposition to the smugglers' regime.

Here, then, was a mere handful of men surrounded by a confederacy of Indians noted for their aggressive ferocity. Not a day's ride distant was Fort Whoop Up, much stronger than that of the Mounted Police, with cannon, abundance of ammunition and provisions, and four times as many outlaws as there were police. Inside the smugglers' stockades was whiskey enough to win the whole Blackfeet confederacy as allies of the traders. The first thing the police had to do was to win the friendship of the Indians. Col. Macleod invited the chiefs to the new fort. They were feted by the police, given exhibitions of military skill, and shown the cannon. Pointing out a tree more than a mile away, the Colonel bade the chiefs watch it. The next in-

stant a cannon ball tore it up by the roots. That was a better shot than the old mortar over at the smugglers' fort could make. The Blackfeet were greatly impressed, and their visit marked the beginning of a friendship between the Mounted Police and the Indians that has lasted to the present day.

Boundaries Always Required Constant Patrol.

The end of open whiskey traffic did not mean that smuggling had entirely ceased. In those days, liquor was not only forbidden to the Indians, but prohibited to white men throughout the entire territories, except by special government permit for small quantities. The duty of watching all incoming freight, whether by pack train, oxcart, or railway, fell to the police. The most likely avenue of illicit trade was, of course, along the international boundary, an imaginary line 1,800 miles long, with absolutely no settlement at its western end. The deep valleys and rolling hills offered countless hiding places for smugglers, and only the most vigilant patroling could check the traffic. In summer time, with a good horse under him and frequent relays, this was pleasant work for the scout, but when winter came with blinding blizzards on fenceless prairies and a temperature that froze the mercury at forty below zero, there was work to test the mettle of heroes.

Not long after Fort Macleod was established, urgent occasion arose to send a despatch to a distant post in the south, warning an officer to be on the lookout for an incoming desperado. The thermometer stood at thirty-five below. It was night, and the north wind was humming with that peculiar half growl, half croon, which every Westerner knows foretells a blizzard. To delay until the storm was past would let a criminal slip through the patrols. The question was: who was the best man to send. A scout of Indian blood would be the most likely to get through the storm without losing his way, for the "red rider" travels by the wind—that is, when darkness covers the trail, the Indian, like the moist nosed moose, gets the feel of the wind on his face, and so gains the points of the compass. But on no condition can a scout of Indian blood be tempted to set out when a storm is brewing.

The choice fell on a young man from a home of luxury in an Eastern city. He was a good pathfinder, and one of the most trusted scouts. There was not yet much snow, so he set out on horseback with snow shoes strapped to his knapsack. The storm did not break for some hours, and it was hoped that he had reached the police post. A week passed, but he did not return. Another messenger was sent, and he found that the first had never reached his destination. When spring came, by chance a detachment set out for the north, and on their journey the bones of a saddle horse were found on the lee side of a cliff. Then it was remembered that, on the night of the scout's ride, the wind had veered to the southeast, and the rider, traveling by the wind, knew that it should be on his back and turned north. The body was found on the bank of the river, where the horse had evidently given out. The brave fellow had pressed on till the river bank told him that he was off the trail. Then the long frost sleep had claimed him.

Faithful Mount Saves Life of Trooper.

Almost as unfortunate was another scout sent with a despatch to one of the smaller outposts. It was towards spring, when the midday sun thaws the surface of the snow and the night frosts harden the melted crusts to a glare of ice as dazzling bright as the blinding flash of sunlight from polished steel. The thaw had crusted over the trail, and the scout had to keep a sharp eye on the way not to lose the path altogether. Suddenly the mid-day sun developed extraordinary hues. Magenta, purple and black patches began to dance on the snow,

alternately with wheels and rockets of cheese colored fire. Then the light went black altogether, though the man knew that it was broad day. He had become snow-blind.

The only thing to do was to give his horse the bit. The horse stood stock still, and by that he knew that he had lost the trail altogether, for the broncho would have followed any visible path. He wheeled the horse about. It still refused to go on; and then the man inferred that the crust of ice had been so hard that the horse could not follow back the way it had come. That night the trooper slept under saddle blankets, with the faithful horse standing sentry. For five days the policeman wandered blindly over the prairie, losing all count of time, eating snow to quench his thirst, and sleeping in the holes that the bronco had pawed through the ice crust to the undergrass. The trooper was now too weak to mount and keep the saddle. As a last hope the thought struck him that if he unsaddled his horse and turned it loose, it might find its way back to the fort and so notify his friends that he was lost. He did this, but the faithful creature refused to leave the man lying on the snow, but stood over him in spite of all his efforts to drive it off. The pathetic scene enacted between these two, the blind and half-dead man and the affectionate horse, well able to look after itself, can better be imagined than described. On the sixth day the mail carrier found the pair. The trooper was severely frozen, but the rider and horse lived to see many another day's service.

Dealing With Indian Criminals.

In the early days of the Mounted Police the prison where criminals from the territories were confined was at Winnipeg, 2,000 miles by pack trail from the outermost police post. To have kept a horse thief at the scene of his action in a reserve of several hundred Indians, with only a defense of twenty or thirty policemen, would have invited disaster. In one case, scouts discovered that the Blackfeet were planning to rescue their brave, as he was being driven across the plains. A detachment of police rode away east without the prisoner. Quietly another detachment left at night and also rode away to the east. Finally a third detachment, with the prisoner, slipped out from Fort Macleod at midnight. The first two companies had spread themselves out in a patrol with relays of fresh horses for the entire distance between Fort Macleod and Fort Walsh, which was the next eastern fort. Only stopping long enough to hitch fresh teams to the wagons, the escort had dashed across two hundred miles to Fort Walsh before the Blackfeet knew that their warrior had been carried off.

The Police in War.

By 1882 the Mounted Police had become responsible for the lives of the people of the entire West, and for property scattered over 375,000 square miles. Trading posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing large herds into the country. At this time it became necessary to increase the force to 500 men. Permanent headquarters were established at Regina, substantial barracks instead of the log cabins and stockades which had existed at other posts, being erected. In 1885, the Riel rebellion gave the police plenty of work, twelve men being killed and an equal number wounded in the first engagement with the rebels at Duck Lake. A few years after the rebellion, the force was increased to 1,100 men, the maximum strength to which it has ever attained.

One of the greatest achievements of the force was their persuading Sitting Bull and his six thousand Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities, after the massacre of General Custer and his troops, even when commissioners from the United States had failed in accomplishing this.

Police Duties are Being Extended.

The duties of the police are being extended farther and farther. Forts are established in the farthest north, some

isolated, such as Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, which is seven hundred miles from any other trading post. Others are closer together, as on the trail from White Horse to Dawson, where they are only twenty miles apart. A Police report recently received at Ottawa from Herschell Island, in the Artic Ocean, was conveyed one thousand miles by dog sleigh, a thousand miles by water, and three thousand miles by rail. It took over three months to make the journey.

As soon as the rush began to the Klondyke gold fields, a troop of police was sent up to the Yukon to maintain order. The cosmopolitan population of the mining towns marvelled at the adequacy of the force, as new settlers in Western Canada do yet.

Boundary patrols are still maintained to intercept the horse thief who drives a ranch band across the line to be quickly sold. On the Boundary patrol, the police travel annually more than a million miles. The "rustler" who appropriates unbranded animals for his own herds, must also be watched, traced and punished. Prairie fires that might sweep away the year's feed for the cattle and horses, must be guarded and checked. Foreign settlers who know not the laws nor the climate of the country, must be advised and frequently helped. All these duties distribute the seventy-nine detachments of Royal North West Mounted Police from the International Boundary to the very gates of the Artic in the Yukon.

Bravery Still Shown by Redcoats.

Even now there is opportunity for the display of those qualities of fortitude and bravery which has made the name "Mounted Police," famous throughout the world. One notable instance is the ride of Sergeant Tucker for sixty miles at a temperature away below zero to capture the murderer of Tucker Peach. The "Riders of the Plains," in their midwinter patrols, frequently have to face the blizzards and Arctic colds that sometimes sweep upon Alberta from the north. Their reward is in the welcome assistance they often are able to render the lonely homesteader who by accident and sickness has been left in a precarious condition.

Of Indian troubles there are none. The police have always maintained a tradition of stern vigilance and swift retribution towards the Indians, so that besides there being no lynchings or train robberies in the Canadian West, there have been no Indian wars. The arrest of some aborigine who has been unable to distinguish between meum and tuum in the matter of horseflesh, or the bringing to justice of some white man who has found the profits in peddling whiskey among the dwellers of the reserves to outweigh the risks, comprise the chief items in the crime sheet. Not since Sergeant Wilde, who was shot by a renegade in 1897, has there been serious trouble. The Indian, whose name was Charcoal, a member of the Blood band, paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows in Macleod.

Listening to the conversation of the men of the police as one encounters them everywhere in the West, it is distinctly evident that they are men of a different stripe from the Tommy Atkins of the British regulars. The Mounted Police is a head, not an atomaton nor a flunkey. This was curiously illustrated during the visit of the Duke of York to the west a few years ago. Arriving at a station where a stop was to be made, the liveried servants of the Duke asked the troopers where was the royal carriage, and the answer made was to the effect that the servants of royalty should get the horses hitched themselves.

Imminence of Christ's Kingdom

Pastor Russell's Answer to Those Who Doubt the Possibility of the Early Establishment of Christ's Millennial Kingdom—to Those Who Say that First Elijah, the Prophet, or Teacher, shall be Sent of God and Recognized in the World.

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Behold, I will send you Elijah, the Prophet, before the coming of the great and notable day of the Lord; and He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."—Malachi 4:5, 6.

KNOWING that we are teaching the imminence of the establishment of Christ's Millennial Kingdom, some are inclined to doubt the possibility of its establishment until first Elijah, the prophet, or teacher, shall be sent of God and recognized in the world. We are queried on the subject, What do you believe respecting Elijah? In what direction should we look for the promised Elijah? We reply that *no human being fills the picture,* the demands, the requirements of the prophecy. The fulfillment must be looked for on a much larger scale, a much grander scale.

John the Forerunner of Jesus.

In order to gain a comprehensive view of the matter, we look back to the Lord's First Advent, and there see John the Baptist doing a work in the Jewish Church, introducing to it Jesus in the flesh. Jesus said of John the Baptist, "This is the Elias, *if we can receive it.*" (Matthew 11.14.) That is to say, John the Baptist was acting among the Jewish household of faith in the power and spirit of Elijah, who was to follow. His relationship to the future Elijah, the greater Elijah, was very similar to the relationship of our Lord Jesus to the *greater Christ.* By this, we mean that our Lord Jesus at His first advent presented Himself to the Jews as the Messiah, knowing in advance that He would be rejected by them; knowing that He would be crucified; knowing that He would be raised from the dead on the third day, and forty days later would ascend up on high to appear in the presence of God on our behalf; knowing that He would be absent from the world for more than eighteen centuries; knowing that in this interim the Holy Spirit would select from both Jews and Gentiles a "little flock" to constitute His associates in the Kingdom—a little flock as the Bride of Christ, or otherwise known as the members of His Body, of which He is head; knowing that when the full number of members had been selected the second advent would take place, accompanied by the glorification of The Christ, Jesus and His members, and followed by the establishment of the "Kingdom of God under the whole heavens," blessing all the families of the earth.

Our understanding is that the work of John the Baptist at our Lord's first advent was merely a foreshadowing, or illustration, of the greater work of the

greater Elijah, whose ministry is to introduce the second advent of Christ and the church in glory.

We have seen that John the Baptist served the purpose of Elijah to as many of the Jews as were "Israelites indeed"—so many of them as could and did receive Jesus as the Messiah; but the work of John was far from accomplishing the great things predicted of "Elijah, the Prophet," mentioned in our text. Nevertheless, in every particular there was some measure of likeness between John and the true antitypical Elijah. For instance, he failed to establish unity and harmony in Israel as respects the relationship of the people to their God; he failed to do a mediatorial work except for a few. The masses were not prepared by his message, and as a consequence there came upon that typical nation a judgment of the Lord, a time of trouble such as they had never previously had. This foreshadows also the fact that the antitypical Elijah will similarly fail to establish peace and harmony and righteousness and relationship between God and man in the earth, and that consequently this Age will end, as did the Jewish Age, with a Time of Trouble.

The Church in the Flesh is Elijah.

We wish to lay before your minds a word-picture of the great Elijah mentioned in the text. It is the *Church in the flesh* this side the veil—even as the church in glory the other side of the veil—is The Christ. We make the statement first and give the demonstration of its truthfulness afterward. Christ in the flesh, the Apostles in the flesh and all the faithful of the Lord's people throughout the Gospel Age during their earthly career and their living representatives now in the world are fulfilling the work ascribed to Elijah. They have been endeavoring to bring about harmony, reconciliation and fellowship between God and His people. God Himself has laid the foundation of the reconciliation in the sacrifice of His Son, and the Apostle declares that He has made us "able ministers" of His Word, as though God did beseech men by us to be reconciled to Him. Our Lord Jesus began this work while in the flesh, and He personally was the Head of this great Elijah, His Church in the flesh, which during nearly nineteen centuries now has been laboring together under His supervision to bless the world, to reconcile the world for so many as were willing to hear and to heed.

It was not prophecied that Elijah would have success. On the contrary, the mere statement that if his labors were not successful in bringing about reconciliation this "curse" would follow, implies the probability of the latter. Other Scriptures, other prophecies, show us most distinctly that the Lord had foreknown and foretold through the prophets that the great Time of Trouble would surely come. Note, for instance, the words of Zephaniah, the prophet: "Wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord, until I rise up to the prey, for My determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, to pour upon them Mine indignation, even all My fierce anger; for all the earth shall be devoured with the fire of my jealousy"—the fire of Divine anger, the just punishment for the wrong course taken by those who had been so highly favored of the Lord in respect to knowledge of the divine character and plan. This figurative declaration of the intensity of the trouble with which this present age will terminate, and which will inaugurate the new dispensation, fully agrees with the statement of our text, that if Elijah's message went unheeded, did not succeed in converting mankind, then a curse, a great trouble, would be sent upon them by the Lord, with the view to teaching them the necessary lesson which they would not learn otherwise.

That the curse, the trouble, the fire of that day, will be effective and will yield blessed results is distinctly shown by the same prophet, Zephaniah, for through him the Lord immediately adds: "Then will I turn unto

the people a pure language (a pure message), that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent." (Zephaniah 3:8, 9.) The scourging, the curse, the time of trouble, the symbolic fire, will accomplish for mankind in short time what the message of Elijah failed to accomplish.

A Time of Trouble.

Daniel the prophet (12:1) also refers to this "curse," or time of trouble with which this Gospel Age will end. He speaks of it as "a time of trouble such as was not since there was a nation," and tells us that it will occur at the second coming of Christ, when He shall "stand up," assume authority in the beginning of His reign. The same thought is given us in Revelation, where we are distinctly told that our Lord will take unto Himself His great power and reign, and at that time the nations will be angry and God's wrath will come upon them, and that they shall be broken in pieces as a potter's vessel under the rule of Messiah's "iron rod" of inflexible justice. (Rev. 11:15-18.) The Apostle Paul also notes the coming of this "curse" as a sure thing, and declares that our Lord, at His second advent, shall be revealed "in flaming fire, taking vengeance"—symbolic fire, it is true—a symbol of the destructive force which will be exercised against everything that shall oppose the laws of Messiah's Kingdom. Again he tells us: "The fire of that day shall try every man's work of what sort it is."—2 Thessalonians 1:8; 1 Corinthians, 3:13.

The Apostle James, also guided by the Holy Spirit, foreknew that the Elijah class would not be successful in its endeavor to bring about a reconciliation, and that the result would be a "time of trouble." The Apostle Peter also tells us of this great curse which shall come upon the world in the end of this Gospel Age because of the failure of the mission of "Elijah"—because the antitypical Elijah, the Church in the flesh, fails to establish righteousness and love on the earth, fails to bring about reconciliation.

As we look out into the world we are surprised how little has been accomplished by the Lord's faithful followers. Their work has merely gathered the Elijah class and witnessed to the remainder of the world. And this, indeed, was all the Lord intended for this age, as various Scriptures show us. He foreknew the meagreness of results that would follow all our efforts.

"Every Man's Hand Against His Neighbor."

We do, indeed, see a spread of the humanitarian sentiment throughout the world. We are glad to note that a larger number of people than ever before possess some measure of sympathy for one another, evidenced by the hospitals and public homes and public schools and infirmaries, etc. Nevertheless, if we were to credit all these to purely Christian sentiment we should probably err. On the contrary, we are bound to assume from the knowledge we have on the subject that a measure of selfishness runs through all these various benevolences.

As for the hospitals, there is more or less pride on the part of medical men in connection with their establishment; and as for their support, it comes largely through the public purse —through the appropriations of the State Treasury; and as for the benevolent sentiments which lie back of such appropriations for buildings, maintenance, etc., we are not to forget that the politicians who vote the moneys pay comparatively little of the taxes, and that they are influenced in large measure by a desire to curry favor among a majority of their constituents, and to some extent by architects and builders, who hope to make some profit out of the contracts, and by some who hope to obtain for themselves positions of influence or advantage in connection with the administration of benevolences.

Thus, while wishing to give all proper credit for the benevolent spirit of our times, which is very great, we see that it would be a mistake not to notice that selfishness also has a hand in the benevolences. Besides, we live in a day when many wealthy people have more money than they know what to do with, in a day when some who profess Buddhism and not Christianity, are giving millions for the endowment of schools, the building of libraries and supplying church organs. We must remember that the mental organization of the natural man contains the organ of benevolence and also the organ of approbativeness, and to such it would be but the natural thing to use money in such a manner as would bring comfort or advantage to others and honor to himself.

But as we look out over the world, we not only see that it is not converted after nearly nineteen centuries of the preaching of the Gospel, with more or less admixture of error, but we see what is still more discouraging as respects the conversion of the world, namely, that the one-fourth of the human family, accredited with being of Christian faith, furnishes probably nine-tenths of all the murders, suicides and crimes of every character committed in the world.

Is the World's Conversion Hopeless?

We are not claiming that this is the *result* of Christianity; we are not claiming that the false teachings of the sects favor any of these misdoings. What we do claim is that these facts prove that the knowledge of the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, affects favorably only a small proportion who come in contact with it, and that among that favorably affected portion a comparatively few are saints, who in their earthly life are members of the great antitypical Elijah, whose lives are devoted to the promulgation of the Gospel, and doing all in their power to turn men from sin to righteousness, to harmony with the Lord.

Those who tell us that the world is rapidly being converted and that soon the Lord's Prayer will be fulfilled, which says, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven"—these dear friends are surely closing their eyes to the plain facts of the case. Can they not see that if God's will were done as fully in all parts of the earth as in the most moral and law-abiding cities in the world—the condition would still be far from that described in the Lord's prayer? Is God's will done in any city as it is done in Heaven? Surely not! If the Elijah-class, the Church in the flesh, could accomplish such a conversion of the whole world as would bring all to the condition of the citizens of any community, the world would still be in the very condition which would call forth the great curse, the Time of Trouble, as necessary to the ushering in of the Kingdom of God's dear Son.

But not only so: Cast your mind backward to where the Gospel first was preached. Look at Jerusalem; look at Antioch; look at the cities of Asia Minor, at Corinth, at Rome, where the Gospel was first successfully planted, and what do we see? We see that almost every spark of true religion, true Christianity, has died out in all these places. What, then, could we kope for in respect to the world in general? If we could establish Christianity in every quarter of the globe, in every city and town and village and hamlet, not only would they still be far from the condition mentioned in Our Lord's prayer, but we have no assurance of their remaining even in that moderate condition for any length of time.

No; what we need is the Second Coming of our Master and the establishment of His Kingdom, not only in great Glory, but also in great power—the forcible establishment of righteousness in the earth. The world will need what the Lord has promised for that glorious Millennial Reign, namely, that full assistance will be granted to all who will then desire it—full Restitution power to lift up again out of

sin and degradation, mental, moral and physical, and to bring back to original perfection all who will.

Elijah in Prophecy.

Not directly, but indirectly, Elijah is shown in the New Testament to have been a type of the Gospel Church, his experiences typifying our experiences. For instance, he was persecuted because of his fidelity to the Truth. The Church also experiences such persecution.

Elijah's principal persecutor was Jezebel, the wicked Queen of Israel, who is mentioned by name as the type of the enemy of the saints. (Revelation 2:20.) As Jezebel's persecuting power was exercised through her husband, the king, so Papacy's persecuting power was exercised through the Roman Empire to which she was joined. As Elijah fled from Jezebel into the wilderness, where he was miraculously nourished by the Lord, so the true Church was led symbolically into the wilderness of isolation, but was miraculously sustained by God and her life was not permitted to be utterly destroyed. As Elijah was three and one-half years in the wilderness—and during that time there was no rain and a great famine prevailed—so the Church was three and one-half symbolic days, or 1,260 literal years, in the wilderness condition, during which time there was a spiritual famine and thirst because of lack of Truth, the Living Water, the Bread of Life.

As Elijah, at the close of the three and a half years, returned from the wilderness and manifested the errors of Jezebel's priests, so the true Church at the close of the 1,260 years again came into prominence, since which time a great blessing of refreshment has come to the world, and Bibles at the rate of millions of copies every year are spread broadcast.

King Ahab and his people at first rejoiced that Elijah and his God were honored, but the spirit of Jezebel remained unchanged; she again sought Elijah's life, and he again was compelled to flee into the wilderness. So with the corresponding blessings here: the world in general does not recognize the Lord's hand in them. The Jezebel principle and spirit, not only in Papacy, but also in Protestantism, will doubtless, as soon as the Federation now proposed shall be effected, persecute the Lord's true followers, the Elijah-class, and cause them again to flee into the wilderness, as did Elijah their type.

As Elijah's career ended by his being taken from the earth, so when the saints shall all have been changed from earthly to heavenly conditions, this will be the end of the Elijah-class. Its work will have been accomplished in its own development and in the witnessing it has done before the world. How it has witnessed, and what its Message in the world has been, and what its work as the Christ on the other side of the veil will be, we leave for consideration at a later time.

"The Price of Love," by Arnold Bennett.

The arresting situation developed in the first few chapters keeps suspense alive throughout the whole story and serves admirably as a means of displaying character in action. Louis Fores and his cousin Julian Maldon have been invited to dinner at the house of their great-aunt. Earlier in the evening Thomas Batchgrew had perversely placed in the old lady's hands, to keep overnight, a package of bank notes representing a large share of her fortune. These Mrs. Maldon has divided into two smaller bundles, one of which with characteristic forgetfulness, she leaves lying under a chair on the stair landing, where Louis finds it. He places the notes in his pocket, questionably intending to return them. That night Mrs. Malden is taken ill, and Louis, holding the money in his hand, is surprised by Rachel Fleckring, who has come to send him for the doctor. Hastily crumpling the notes in his fingers, he drops them into the fireplace behind him, and later, Rachel, lighting the fire, burns up a fortune. Louis's theft was not quite consummated; he is able to justify himself. But when Rachel, after her marriage to him, learns the truth, she finds his conduct too contemptible to be forgiven. Even the unexpected connection of Julian with the second bundle of notes, which has also disappeared, serves but to make Louis seem more despicable. Yet, in spite of all this, Rachel learns to pay the price of love—to take the good with the bad, to be reconciled to the worst and fight cheerfully for the best. "The Price of Love" seems to be characterized by the strength and lightness, the vigor and assured skill, of a genius in its prime. No story from Mr. Bennett's pen has more of the stuff of life in it, and none is more exquisitely and pleasurably written.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"My Autobiography," by Bismarck, an English translation.

This volume is intensely interesting just now on account of what the famous Iron Chancellor has to say on how he brought about the Austrian alliance.

"The treaty which we concluded with Austria for common defense against a Russian attack is *publici juris*. An analogous treaty between the two powers for defense against France has not been published. The German-Austrian alliance does not afford the same protection against a French war, by which Germany is primarily threatened, as against a Russian war, which is to be apprehended rather by Austria than by Germany. Germany and Russia have no divergencies of interest pregnant with such disputes as lead to unavoidable ruptures. On the other hand, coincident aims in regard to Poland, and in a secondary degree the ancient solidarity which unites their destinies in opposition to subversive efforts, afford both cabinets the bases for a common policy. They have been impaired by the false bias given now for ten years past to public opinion by the Russian Press. This has assiduously planted

and fostered in the mind of the reading part of the population an antipathy to everything German, with which the dynasty will have to reckon, even though the Czar may wish to cultivate German friendship.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Reducing the Cost of Living," by Scott Nearing, Ph. D., Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania; author of "Wages in the United States," "Woman and Social Progress," etc.

According to the author the questions involved in the high cost of living are menacing in some aspects. The obstacles which they present are not insuperable, however. The outlook is hopeful, yet the time has come when both hope and optimism must culminate in decisive action. Action without thought is as bootless as thought without action. If the problem of the increasing cost of living is to be dealt with intelligently, it must first yield itself to careful examination. The facts in the case must be analyzed and stated, and this the author proceeds to do in some 300 pages covering everything in the Democratic planks on the high cost of living to a critical survey of such topics as the changing form of American life, increasing demands for services, increasing population, increasing gold supply, industrial combinations, monopolies, etc. After presenting all the data, the author then asks, Can private industry furnish the goods and services which the world requires at a reasonable price? Has individualism proved a success? Would co-operative social activity be of more social service? The author does not venture to answer the questions or suggest remedies. The greatest states of the world are burning midnight oil seeking a solution of the problem. The author marshalls his facts before the reader, and offers him a lighter opportunity to draw his own conclusions regarding the causes of the high cost of living.

$1.25 net. Published by George W. Jacobs, 208 West Washington Square, Philadelphia.

"The Book of Life, the Spiritual, Civil and Physical Life of Man," by Alesha Sivartha.

The design of this book is to describe the constitution of man in such a way as to show that its twelve great laws form the living framework of a perfect system of Human life. They purport to solve all the great problems which concern the present happiness and the future destiny of man. And they bring all this within the range of such scientific proof as can be understood alike by all persons.

All through the historic ages, and among all civilized nations, we may find fragments of the truths which are united under the light of these twelve laws into one clear System of Life. They have been elaborated by the work of many hands. But they were only fragments until the uniting laws were discovered.

The Author of this book occupied fifty-six years of close and careful labor in working out the details and demonstrations of these laws, and in comparing the immense mass of facts upon which they rest. The reader may be assured that at no point has the author neglected to use any knowledge which was accessible to historical research or to scientific experiment.

Large Octavo, gold stamps, regal cloth, 388 pages, 80 pages illustrated, price $2.00. Published by Holmes W. Merton, New York.

"The Question of Alcohol," by Edward Huntington Williams, M. D., formerly associate professor of Pathology, State University of Iowa and assistant physician in New York State Hospital, author of the "Walled city," etc.

The text of this book is a result of an ivestigation undertaken by the Medical Record and results published

in The Survey. The author covers the drug habit in the South and shows that it is increasing and becoming a greater menace than the alcohol habit, which has been suppressed in a large measure by prohibition in most of the Southern States. The author argues that the temperance instruction campaigns by the W. C. T. U. have not failed to ameliorate conditions as have various kinds of legislation in the different sections of the country. "The simple fact is that legislation covering such a topic as this has no significance except as it is supported by the opinion of an intelligent majority of the community. And this principle in itself explains the failure of state wide prohibition wherever it has been tried."

He suggests that the saloon remain under private control with licenses graded on the Scandinavian plan and a far higher license exacted from those handling distilled liquors; strict regulations regarding drunkards and minors; the revenue derived by the municipality to be utilized exclusively for public utilities designed to serve as counter attraction to the saloon.

Price 75 cents. Published by The Goodhue Company, New York.

"The Flame," by Margaret Steele Anderson.

Most of these poems are contributions made by the author to leading magazines of this country. Their value to the national authology is therefore known and their spirituality appreciated by many readers. Her views of life are sustained by a lofty and noble expression and her sympathies with mankind and nature are fresh and full of feeling.

Behind the Veil at the Russian Court. Count Paul Vassili. With frontispiece and twenty-two photogravure plates. Graphic revelations of social, political and imperial life, recorded with unsparing frankness from secret and official documents and an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the Czar's circle. John Lane Company; $4.50 net.

Across Siberia Alone. An American Woman's Adventures. Mrs. John Clarence Lee. Mrs. Lee traveled last year to China to accompany her daughter to her wedding, and had unusual experiences returning through Siberia and Russia. She is now living in a chateau in northeastern France. John Lane Company; $1.35 net.

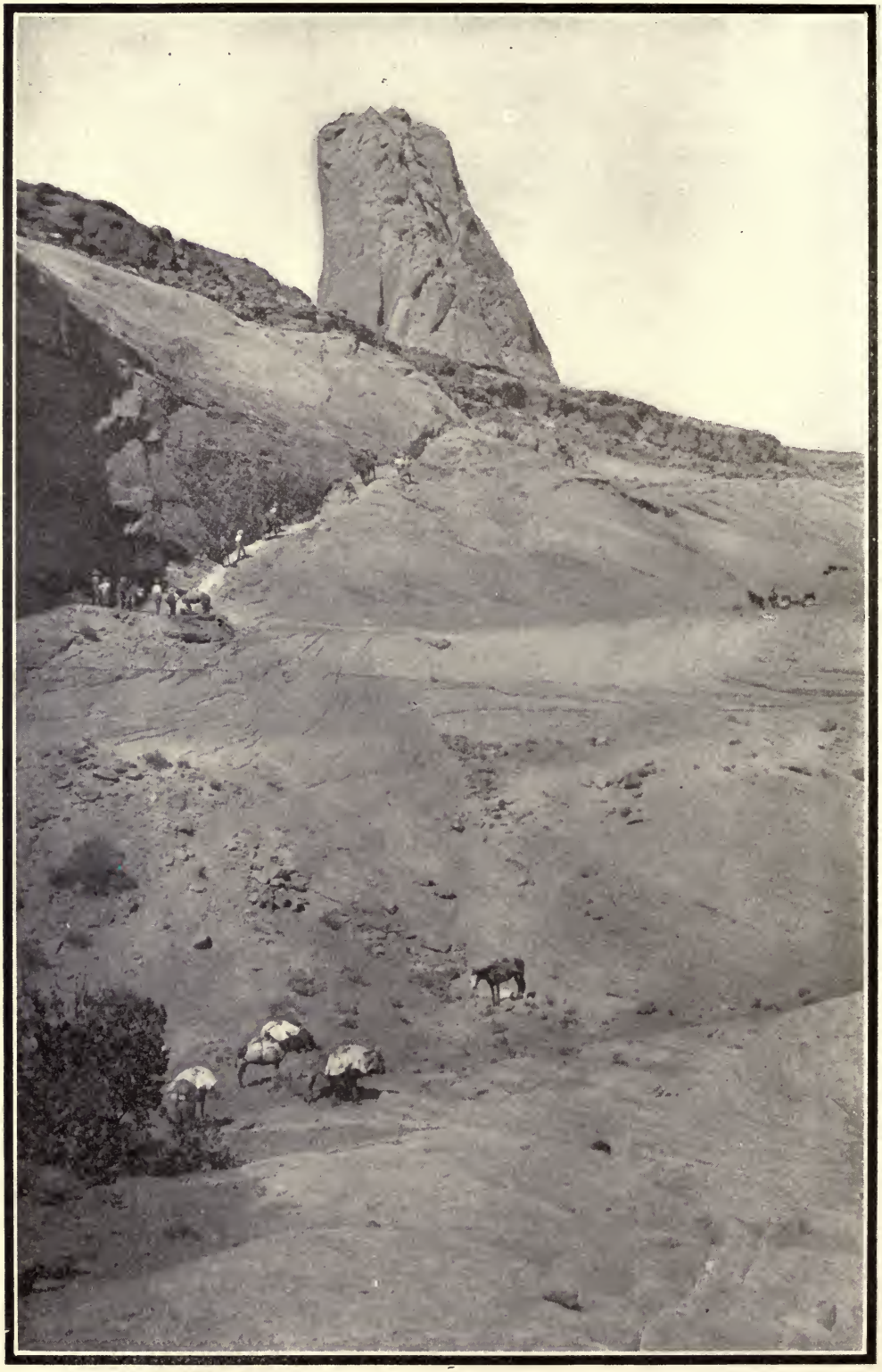
To The Century Company's Definative Edition of the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's works will be added at once "John Sherwood, Ironmaster," "Westways," and the new volume of Dr. Mitchell's Complete Poems.

NIGHT ON SHASTA

How very close to heaven it seems up here,
When noiseless night her velvet curtain drops!
I dare not raise my head above the copse
Lest I should bump some star, they are so near.
How dark below; above, how dazzling clear!
The moon, just risen, sails the sky and stops
Resplendent, in the dark firs' stunted tops—
But where the goddess of the silver spear?

Sweet heathen! She has not the hardihood
To hunt so close the very throne of God;
Her beauty cannot charm this sacred wood;
She dares not tread upon such hallowed sod;
In some Ionian vale she conquers still,
But not upon this vast sidereal hill.

RALPH BACON.



In the heart of the Pueblo country.

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Procession bringing out the saint.

"Mucha Fiesta" in the Southwest

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are essentially an agricultural people, and very many of their ceremonial dances are significant of the field and the harvest. Through the spring and summer they labor pretty steadily—they being among the American Indians who do really work, both male and female; and they take their relaxations mainly in fall and winter.

These celebrations begin, as a rule, in the late summer, as a tribal ceremony, or else as a propitiation to the god of the approaching harvest. After that occur the harvest programs and the programs of plenty or of famine, with occasional hunting programs thrown in.

The "Delight Makers" receive residents of the county.

The Pueblos seem to have more of a passion for dancing and sacred rites than do the northern Indians. According to the authorities in folk lore and ethnology, this fact is due to the naturally sterile environments which have caused the native population to be more dependent than ordinary upon the favors of the seasons and the elements. As a later and a modifying element there should be added their close association with the Roman Catholic Church and with the fun-loving Mexicans. Under such modifications, a number of the ancient ceremonials have become "fiestas"—those holidays (corrupted from holy-days) of the Latins in both hemispheres. They present a program of mass, dances and sports, and like a fair attract a

The Dance of Triumph after the race. The two Indians, face view, on the extreme right of the picture are Apaches.

gathering of vendors, guests and visitors from far and near.

Thus more or less adulterated from the original, the greatest celebration of the Conchiti pueblo occurs upon July 14th; of the Santo Domingo, upon August 4th; of the Sia, August 15th; of San Juan, June 24th (early, this); of great Taos, on September 30th.

Being given at the most easterly, most northerly and most typical and isolated of all the pueblos existing, the Taos festival, termed San Geronimo Day, has excited the keenest attention not only from the general public that knows, but also from trained investigators. Like a number of its rival festivals in other pueblos, this of September 30th is presumably held in honor of the pueblo's patron saint, Jerome (Geronimo.) But modernized as to title and as to certain of its features, the Taos annual festival of San Geronimo Day, September 30th of each

Reaching the top of the pole.

year, possesses antiquity not to be questioned.

It is the old, old harvest celebration of the pueblo; the yearly thanksgiving to those forces which have made possible that the arid earth bring forth its increase. It is a form of sun worship. It must long antedate the arrival of the first padre and of San Geronimo; and the Roman Church, with that readiness of adaptation which has been its success among its Indian proselytes, probably applied to the ancient festival the name of the assigned patron saint.

Thus the festival is a queer combination of Christian ritual and pagan rite. The Mexican population of the countryside gladly doff all cares and duties, and throng to attend. Come Apaches, San Juans, Navajos and Utes. And from St. Louis, Denver, Kansas City, New York itself, flock in the curious whites.

Early, and by the wagonload, the happy Mexicans enter the little town of Fernandez de Taos, three miles from the pueblo, where for a Mexican fiesta booths have been set up in the plaza, and crooked, adobe-walled streets. The whistle of the Taos historic merry-go-round (from whose wooden horses riotous vaqueros, in a year agone, shot off the tails), whistles incessantly, and the popular baile, announced by placard and violin and peering crowd, is instituted to continue afternoon and all night.

Under the strain, the bronze Pueblos are calmer; but it is only necessary, when one encounters them pursuing their daily routine ere the great day dawns, to accost them with the universal password:

"Bueno, amigos."

"Bueno, bueno," they respond, instantly.

"Mucha fiesta, en poco tiempo—eh?"

The smiles flash into each countenance.

"Si, si; mucha fiesta."

From a distance of thirty, forty and fifty miles arrive the visitor Indians—easily, even by the stranger, differentiated the one tribe from the other. The San Juans, in their wagons, and with pottery for sale; the Apaches on horseback, bucks and squaws, with baskets and bows-and-arrows; the Navajos likewise on horseback, with silverware and a blanket or two.

Occasionally is observed the greeting between friends—an inquiring pause when Apache meets Pueblo, a few steps impulsively taken, and a mutual embrace, almost affecting in its heartiness and simplicity.

At the pueblo, dances are being rehearsed; some of the young men re-

The relay race at Taos

quire instruction, and some of the elders need a limbering up. These rehearsals are held in private. And no doubt there are other preliminaries of a secret nature, according to ancient laws and unmodified by the church, in the estufas and like secret chambers.

The pueblo has its clans and its own religious orders; and in the opinion of the writer, fasting is enforced upon certain individuals who are to take part in the program of the day.

During the afternoon preceding the festival, preparations at the pueblo become plainly visible. A bower of quaking aspen leaves is built against the north casa grande, about an elevated platform whence, at the head of the track, the saint shall overlook the race.

A hole is dug before the casa grande in what may be termed the pueblo plaza, and with much labor a great pole, fifty feet long, is set up therein. Although year after year the Indians erect this pole, nevertheless upon each occasion the hubbub is the same. It is a job which seems to require just so much wrangling and scurrying and perspiration—and grunting.

The omnipresent church intercedes, to remind; and about five o'clock the bell of the little chapel summons to mass. Having doffed its working costumes (in themselves most picturesque) of ordinary blanket and shawl, now proudly arrayed in cotton and silk of colors still more vivid—yellows, greens, reds, blues, plain and figured, a veritable kaleidoscope—the pueblo goes to mass, bearing the offertory candles.

The mass lasts an hour; its conclusion is signified by the discharge. beside the church door, of a rickety smooth-bore gun in the hands of an appointed Indian.

Notified by this signal, while the worshippers are pouring from the church, the selected dancers who have been waiting, to the rear of each casa grande, advance waving their sprays

of yellowed aspen foliage and chanting.

This is the Sun Dance. Shoulder to shoulder, in two long lines facing inward, the dancers, shuffling and chanting in perfect accord, traverse the plaza and enter the churchyard. All wear white blankets. At the church door they reverse, recross the plaza, and having danced before each of the casa grandes, they disperse.

This ends the preliminaries, in public. What transpires during the night no outsider knows. The writer spent the night in the pueblo; but aside from the constant singing here and there, until dawn itself, of the sun dance song, nothing was in evidence (to him) that would break the ordinary routine.

Nothing, save the soft patter of feet, through the plaza, upon errand bent; and the late arrival of his host, from some mysterious retreat.

Chronicles of San Geronimo Bay declare that at sunrise the Governor of the pueblo, standing high upon the roof of the principal casa grande, addresses in the Taos tongue his people, assembled below. But along with other public observances, this custom is, alas, through Indian aversion to notoriety, being omitted. In late years no address from the house-top has been given.

The first of the day's events, therefore, is the elevation, to the cross-bar upon the apex of the pole before mentioned, of the festal offerings. Formerly the sheep which formed a part of these offerings was employed alive, and was permitted to bleat out its life while suspended high above the careless throng of merry-makers. Civilization has stepped in and altered this detail—the sheep now used has had its throat cut.

In addition to the sheep, there is the bunch of melons, and the sack of bread and corn—thus making an offering representative of the pueblo's food supply: meat and grain. The display, fastened aloft by a half-naked Indian, constitutes the pueblo's thank-tribute to the sun; for so largely does the sun figure in the Taos Indian's thoughts with reference to the celbration, that this harvest festival—this pseudo Saint's Day—is dominated by the still adored creative orb.

Ever since sunrise, spectators have been pouring into the pueblo ground. Many are mere spectators; others, like the Mexican peddlers, are spectators upon business bent also. About eight o'clock another mass is called, in the chapel; and thither, again, went their way the pueblo people.

By the time it is over, the grounds have become a fair: the wagons of the Mexican vendors, having for sale melons, pinon nuts, and articles of handicraft, are massed before the casa grande; horsemen gallop hither and thither; pedestrians, brown and white, saunter and stare, and the camera, in the operation by professional and by tourist, is ever to be noted.

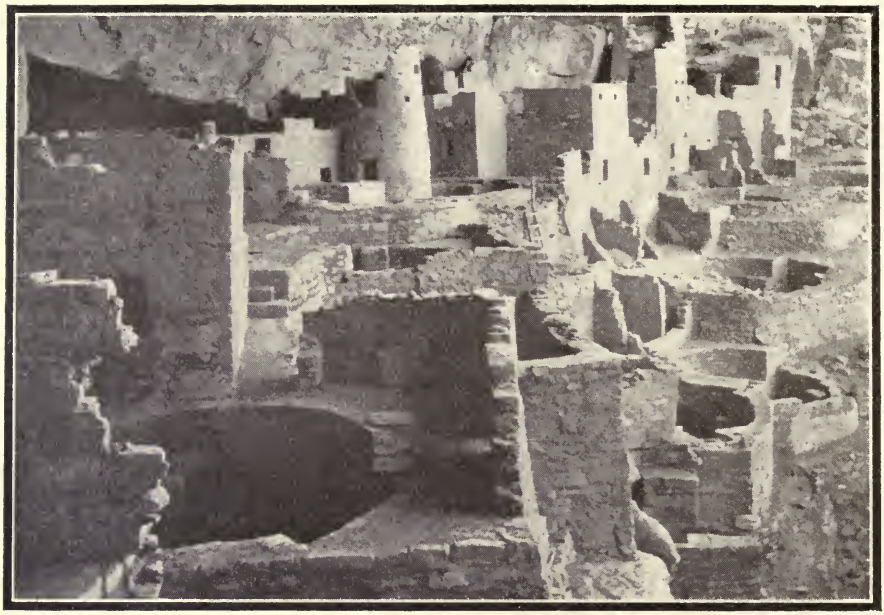
At the close of the mass, a procession issues from the church, bearing under canopy the saint himself—a rudely carved, venerable wooden figure endowed, for the occasion, with sentient attributes.

Carefully escorted, he is transferred to the bower, and there, by respectful hands, is installed, together with certain other sacred articles, such as a crucifix and draped shrine.

Immediately, upon the track along which the saint may gaze, line up the racers. They are chosen, a band from each of the casa grandes, and are stationed, in opposing divisions, at either end of the track. They are variously adorned—or, one might better say, decorated—being naked save as to breech-clout and lavishly patterned with paint, while, to give them speed, upon the ankles are tied eagle feathers. Patches of down are scattered, also, over the limbs and body.

Until the last year or two, the runners have been marked with white imprints as of hands—referring, in some mysterious occult manner, to the sun. Therefore, it must be inferred that this race, ostensibly under the eyes of Saint Geronimo, is in honor of the sun; and it likewise must be inferred

A typical village.



An excavated home of the ancient Pueblos.

that the saint is only a substitution, by the church, to satisfy conscience.

The course is four hundred yards. The runners start, one from each of the casa grandes, race to the farther end, and there are replaced by two other runners. This is a relay race.

Back and forth speed the painted figures, amidst exhortations from the Indian guards and from the closely pressing spectators. The race continues for an hour or more, until victory is decided to belong to the one party or the other. Then, at once, the runners and their kin unite in another dance, which may be called the dance of triumph. It is significant that in this dance, join the Apaches and the Utes and the visiting Indians generally, and are not repulsed. Therefore, the dance has lost a certain quality.

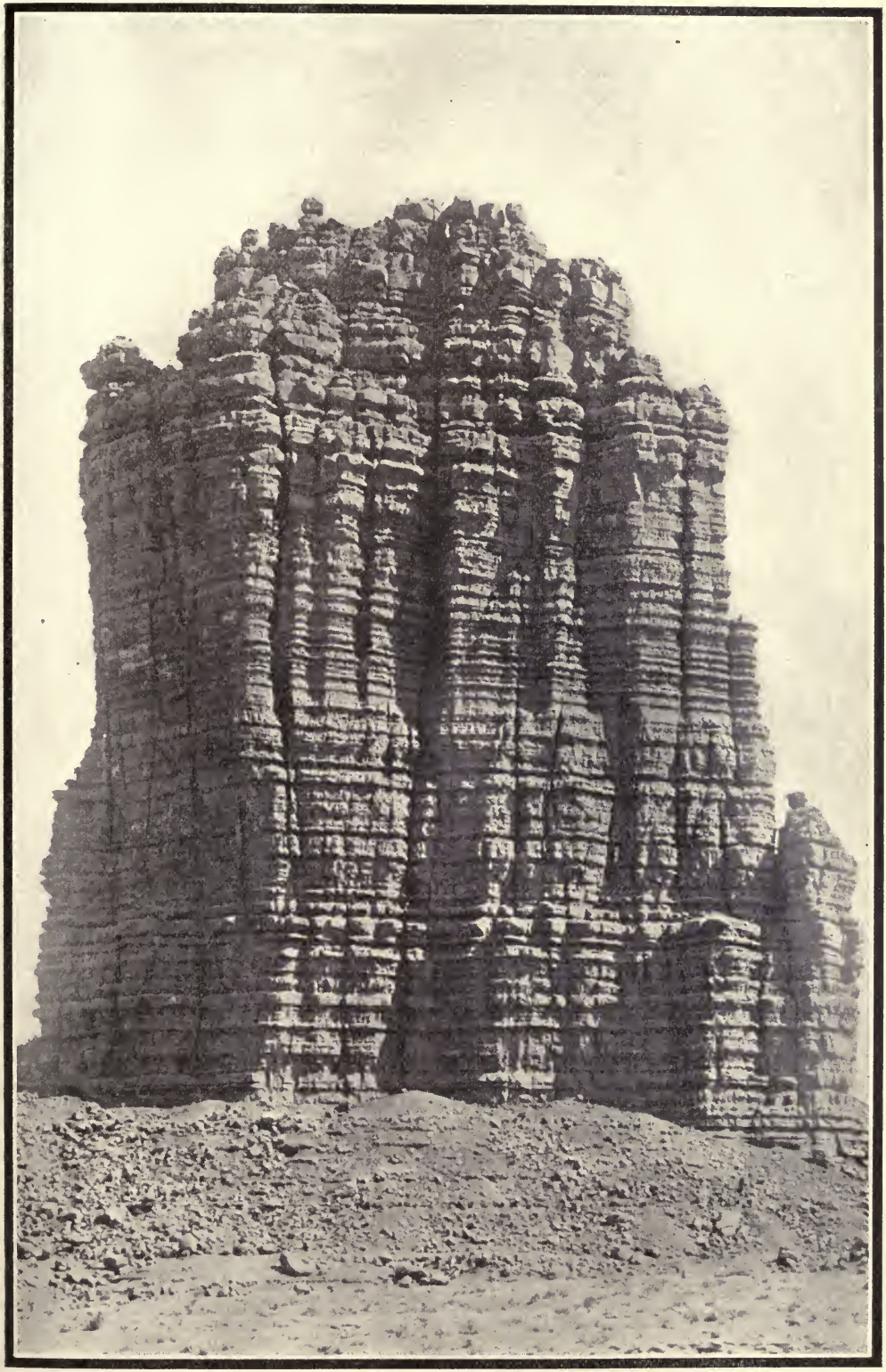
The dancers proceed, chanting and shuffling, and waving their yellowed aspen branches to the victorious casa grande, where they are pelted with bread by the women, from the housetops: again a token of the sun, being, may we conjecture, not alone the reward of the women, but of the sun's bounty, also, for the spectacle.

The assertion that the losing pueblo pays the priest's dues of the entire tribe for the ensuing year, and that the winning side elects the Governor, is denied by the Indians themselves.

After this dance, the pueblo gives itself over to trading and feasting. Fruit and pinon nuts are bought liberally. At noon, every pueblo family has a dinner, to which visitors, white and red, are generously invited.

In the afternoon, the great event is the appearance of the clowns, or the chivonetti. These are representations of those mythical Delight Makers, who according to tradition and to Bandelier's great story, in the ancient times came to the rescue of the Pueblos and saved them from extinction by famine and pestilence. The clan of the chivonetti is of high repute.

These clowns, usually seven in number, are striped around the naked body with alternate bands of white, and black—indicative of the dark days which were broken by the bright days, through their ministering efforts. They wear stuck through their hair



A citadel of the desert.

sprays of ripened grain, indicative of the harvest and of the plenty which was the result of their visit. No restrictions are placed upon their actions; and not only do they much amuse the crowd by their extravagant gambols and grimaces, but they pry where they please and seize what they wish. They are sacred from resistance.

Finally, pretending to be following goat tracks, they espy the sheep at the top of the pole. They fail to reach this by climbing the smooth column; with miniature bows and arrows—mere reeds—they cluster about the butt and shoot upward. Laughter prevails. After some considerable time devoted to utter nonsense, a champion climber from among the other Indians scales the pole and lowers the sheep, and the bread, and the fruit, with their attached streamers of red and yellow, to the clowns below.

The offerings are borne away by them, and now the festival is over with, for the public.

During the fiesta the pueblo grounds are policed by the Indian constables, who lock up in the pueblo jail or eject from the grounds anybody objectionable. The arrests are usually confined to a Mexican or two, who has indulged far too freely in aguardiente.

Owing to the publicity which has been given, and the intrusion of the rude camera respecting naught, Taos has been inclined to curtail its open observance of prized San Geronimo Day. In fact, several items, known to former celebrations, already have been omitted, and probably are reserved for only the Indians.

By white authorities, a determined effort has been made to enforce the use of the camera, regardless, upon payment of a fee; and to enforce admission to all ceremonies. But strictly speaking, the right of the Pueblos at Taos or elsewhere to do as they please so long as they keep the law, cannot be denied. They are American citizens; their pueblo grounds are not reservations, but are owned by themselves; and outsiders are trespassers.

Fate of the Old Independence

The historical old United States frigate, built for the war of 1912, and now lying in the Mare Island Navy yard, San Francisco Bay, is threatened with demolishment and being thrown into the junk pile. Protests against such action has been raised from all quarters on the Navy Department; the Navy answers that such action is planned because the government can find no purchasers. The authorities at Washington recently advertised for bids on the vessel, but not a single order was received. The cost of the upkeep of the famous old war craft prevented the city of Vallejo, near where she lies, from taking her over; this matter of upkeep has deterred others from assuming the responsibility. The Navy Department will willingly turn her over to any responsible organization that will assume the charge. Lying as she does in the Bay of San Francisco, and with the remainder of her historical attachments about her, it seems right and patriotic that the Federal government and the State of California should unite to pay for her upkeep and preserve her as a national relic to bind the interest and the loyalty of future generations with the material handiwork and patriotism of the men who laid the foundation of the nation.

The old frigate Independence, which was fought through the war of 1812, now lying at Mare Island, San Francisco Bay, and threatened with demolition unless some patriotic organization assumes the responsibility of her preservation.

All Honor to the Pioneer Mothers of California

HONORS, finding expression in history and in art, have been accorded "The Pioneers" of California, with but little that was specific said about the magnificent Motherhood of those trying, as well as soul-stirring days.

Perhaps this was because it has not been the habit of other years, and in all the world, to let the generic hero tributes include womankind, their loving and consecrated sacrifices being taken for granted. Perhaps this was because the people of the West have been so concerned with the making of their homes and the upbuilding of their State, that they did not find time for the well-due gracious acknowledgment to the Pioneer Women. But, whatever the causes, that acknowledgment is just at hand, and its expression is both beautiful and enduring. It comes from the sons and daughters and the grandchildren of the women who took half, and often more, of the responsibilities of '49, and the years directly preceding and following that epoch year. The pioneer men still living are doing their part toward this tribute—a Motherhood Monument of heroic size, dedicated to the Pioneer Women of California.

The actual work incident to this undertaking is being handled by the Pioneer Mother Monument Association of California, which came into existence on May 22, 1913, at a meeting held in the offices of the Woman's Board of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, at which there were present representatives from the Pioneer Societies of San Francisco, of the Native Daughters, and many kindred organizations. At this meeting it was stated, as appears in the minutes of the meeting, that the "original idea of the monument to the Pioneer Mother belongs to Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, and that the Exposition offered an opportunity for a crystallization of this idea that would not be possible at any other time."

The Department of Fine Arts of the Exposition was represented at this meeting, and pledged itself to the reservation of the most important site in the exhibit of sculpture for the Pioneer Mother Monument, if the Monument Association would undertake the work of having such a work completed be-

fore the opening of the Exposition.

The unanimous opinion of this meeting was, that it would not be worth while to undertake so important a work for purely ephemeral purposes, but that a monument such as it was proposed to erect ought to be the property finally, of the City of San Francisco, and to remain an enduring memorial to those brave, loyal and self-sacrificing women who had made the American civilization of the State of California possible; and an inspiration to those of to-day who are reaping the benefit of their accomplishment, and to the generations yet to come.

The Association then imposed upon itself the duty of having erected and shown in the Exposition a suitable memorial to the Pioneer Mother, and at the close of the Exposition of tendering this monument as a gift to the city of San Francisco, to be erected, if possible, within the Civic Center. As a step toward accomplishing this purpose, the Art Committee, duly appointed by the Association, under took the work of selecting a sculptor to whom the commission for the monument might be given, with the strongest expectation of securing a memorial which should be beyond all question the best which could be secured.

In considering the project before them, the Art Committee unanimously reached certain conclusions: that the time at command prohibited the possibility of a general competition; that the services of the most able American sculptor who would undertake the commission should be secured; that the principal figures in the memorial should be heroic in size; that the sculptor selected should be able to complete and deliver the monument by the first of January, 1915, and that its cost should not exceed the amount which the Monument Association felt it would be able to raise—which amount the Association, itself, had fixed at about $25,000.

With these thoughts in mind, after careful consideration, the Art Committee entered into correspondence with nine American sculptors: Herbert Adams, Paul Bartlett, Daniel C. French, Charles Grafly, Frederick MacMonnies, Ralph Stackpole, Douglas Tilden, Edgar Walter and Adolph A. Weinman. Three of these sculptors are Californians. Each sculptor was asked whether he would be willing to accept the commission, and what his charge would be for the work. It was stated that it was the desire of the Monument Association to secure the best possible sculptural expression of the character and accomplishment of the Pioneer Mother; to secure it in such time as would enable it to be a feature of the 1915 Exposition, and to secure it from the hand of one whose professional accomplishment should leave no doubt as to his ability; and to leave the artist as nearly as possible untrammeled in his expression.

It was suggested that it was the general feeling in the minds of the members of the Association that the memorial would take the form of a group, but that it was the desire of the Association to secure from each of the sculptors his idea of the form of the memorial which he would think it proper to execute.

Several of the sculptors addressed found it entirely impossible to undertake the work in the time at command and other offered projects which would exceed in cost the abilities of the Monument Association.

The Art Committee found that, all things considered, the most favorable proposal was that received from Mr. Charles Grafly, of Philadelphia. They ascertained that Mr. Grafly was a sculptor of high ability; that his work had, on many occasions, received high honors from international authorities; that he had received a gold medal in the Paris Exposition in 1900, a gold medal at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, in 1904; that he had been elected, in recognition of his professional standing, a member of the International Jury of Awards at the St. Louis Exposition; that he had been selected at St. Louis to execute one of the few prominent sculptural works;

that he had received at the International Exposition, held in Buenos Ayres in 1910, a grand prize, there being but one other such award made in the entire Exposition for sculpture, and that to Rodin, the great French master, and that he was strongly recommended for the present commission by Mr. Paul Bartlett, who had, himself, been invited to submit a sketch for the Monument. To fortify themselves against any possible error of judgment, the Committee consulted with Mr. Lorado Taft, author of the history of American sculpture, and one of the foremost authorities on this subject, who replied to them: "There is no better sculptor living than Chas. Grafly."

With these facts before them, the Art Committee, on August 11, 1913, reported to the Monument Association recommending entering into a contract with Mr. Grafly for the making of the Pioneer Mother Monument.

At a meeting of the Monument Association held on August 14, 1913, on motion of Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, seconded by Mrs. G. W. Baker, this recommendation was accepted, and the chairman was instructed to enter into a contract with Mr. Grafly for the making of the Monument, at a cost not exceeding $22,000, exclusive of the cost of the pedestal; with the proviso that the contract, before being executed, should be passed upon by Judge John F. Davis, whom, it was stated, might be considered a representative of the Native Sons and Native Daughters.

Such a contract was entered into in September, 1913, and, since that time, the sculptor selected has been constantly at work upon the monument. In March, 1914, Mr. Grafly came to San Francisco with a sketch model showing his general plan for the monument, in order that he might consult with the Monument Association, with its members, and with other authorities in California, as to the details of the monument, so that the finished work should adequately express the charactetr and spirit of the Pioneer Mother, and should properly suggest both the means and magnitude of her accomplishment. Numerous suggestions for alterations in his general sketch were made by the Monument Association to the sculptor, which he adopted, and, since his visit to San Francisco, he has, at his studio near Gloucester, Mass., carried the work of the Monument nearly to completion. In August, he was visited by representatives of the Monument Association, who, having seen it, shared the view recently expressed by a brother sculptor, who wrote of it: "His composition of the subject is charming and poetic, a happy combination of realism and symbolism. His grouping is most attractive, and his execution is, as usual, beyond criticism. His use of the costume is very sculptural in effect, and I feel sure that he is going to produce a real, genuine example of American sculpture; American sculpture as it should be, American in subject and execution, and fraught with real human feeling. All this will be a relief from our imitations of Greek, Roman and Italian sculpture, not to speak of French sculpture, and of the sentimentalism which, with us, often takes the place of sentiment."

In its finished form, the main feature of the monument will be the surrounding group of the Pioneer Mother, herself, strong, virile and beautiful, accompanied by two children, whom, with a fearlessness which is above bravery, she presents to that future in the making of which she, herself, played so important a part.

This group surmounts a pedestal, rich in sculptural design, and bearing upon its face an inscription. This pedestal is embellished with a large pictorial bas-relief suggestive of the journey across the plains with another panel in relief showing the California and Oregon overland trails, and with other suggestions of those pioneers who reached California by sea. There are two smaller panels in relief, one of a bark under full sail, in the making of which the sculptor has followed the details of one of the vessels which,

having arrived here in the early days, never left the harbor of San Francisco, and the other, a beautiful sculptural presentation of the Golden Gate. In the decorative arrangement of the pedestal, the sculptor has used formalized ozens' skulls suggestive of the journey across the plains, and fruits and flowers of California, suggestive of the happy ending of that journey.

The Pioneer Mother Monument Association of California looks forward with confidence to the happy and successful completion of the purpose for which it was formed. It believes that, as a result of its labors, visitors from all over the world to the Exposition in 1915 will learn and appreciate from this monument the character of those noble and self-sacrificing women to whom, more than to any other people, are due the present-day conditions in California which, through the Exposition, will be, as never before, made patent to the world.

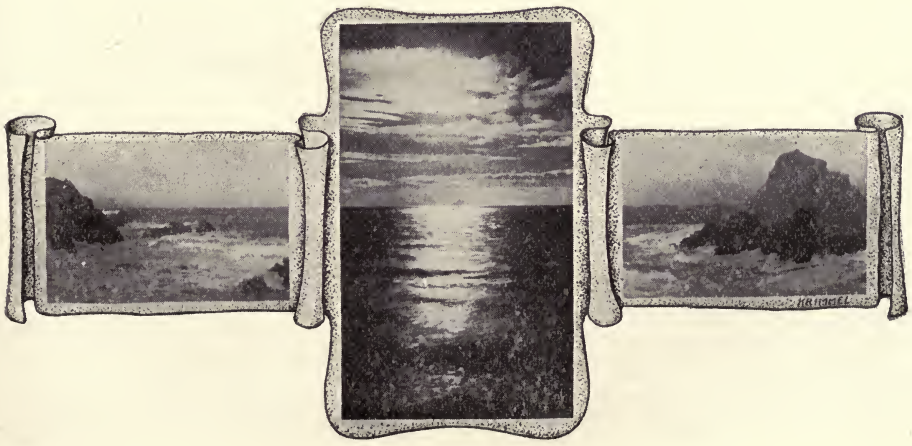
In the consummation of its plans, the Monument Association asks the co-operation of all those who are interested, and the interest of every one, that honor may be done to those, the enduring lesson of whose service can never, without danger to the State, be forgotten.

What that service was appears upon the face of the pedestal of the Monument, in the language of Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, in the following words:

"Over rude paths beset with hunger and risk, she pressed on toward the vision of a better country; to an assemblage of men busied with the perishable rewards of the day, she brought the three-fold leaven of enduring society: faith, gentleness and home, with the nuture of children."

The art committee entrusted by the Association with this important service, was composed of Mrs. George J. Bucknall, chairman; Dr. Mariana Bertola, Earl M. Cumming, Mrs. George Goodloe, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mr. John Galen Howard, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Mr. George B. Kelham, Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, Mrs. F. B. Sanborn, Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. William Tevis, Mr. J. E. D. Trask, Mrs. E. C. Wright, Hon. John F. Davis, Miss Caroline A. Snook.

The work was undertaken with a loving appreciation of the tremendous contribution made by the Pioneer Women to the history-making days of the West, and with the most sincere desire to have the monument a fitting expression of the devotion and appreciation of the second and third generations to the heritage from the splendid women of the "early days."



At Anchor

By Ina Coolbrith

In Memory of Charles Warren Stoddard, Author of "South Sea Idyls."

Swing to the harbor from the deep of sea,
O sail of mine, but hold the sea in sight!
These are my fronded palms, my cocoa tree,
And these the islands of my heart's delight!

My lift of emerald hills against the blue
From blue; the feathery mists of waterfalls;
The wingèd gems that flash the foliage through,
Filling the air with fluted madrigals.

The wash of waves upon the coral reef,—
O song familiar of the long ago!—
The lap of waves, where blade and lance and leaf,
Fringing the water's rim are glassed below.

And here my tawny comrades laugh, and reach
Warm hands to mine,—the dear brown hands I knew—
With glad, glad greetings in soft-voweled speech,
From hearts that have remembered and been true.

Long have I wandered, tossed by stormy tides,
Benumbed in calms,—but here, how sure the sea!
Furl the worn sails,—the ship at anchor rides,—
Leave me with these! Leave me to these and *Thee!*

Under the Royal Palms, Honolulu

From their cabin they could look out over the broad sweep of the mountain valley.

Tales of the Golden Trail

VI.—The Awakening

By Harry Golden

SOPHIE LA VERE and Sully were leaving the Snow-Shoe. They rode across the little clearing, side by side, with two pack mules bringing up the rear. Neither looked back till they came to the edge of the wood. Here they paused, and in silence allowed their gaze to travel back and linger for a moment upon the little log cabin, which, during the past few months, they had learned to call home. Then again they passed on, traveling in single file along the narrow trail, through the timber and down the mountain side.

Arrived in Mohawk, they awaited the coming of Old Sky, who had left by moonlight that morning for Quincy. Soon they caught sight of him swinging along toward them on the lank old mule. His weather beaten old face was wreathed in smiles, and as soon as he came within earshot, he shouted welcome news:

"Got my filing on that forty. Everything O. K.; and now the big stampede for Sierra Valley."

Sky took charge of the pack animals and started in advance of the others, kicking up a great cloud of dust in his

impatience to reach the valley of his dreams.

Sophie la Vere and Sully followed just beyond the range of the dust cloud. The woman seemed to be in a light hearted mood; she talked and laughed in her inimitable, delightful way. But her companion rode for the most part in silence. Twice he took a letter from his pocket. Each time he read it furtively, and returned it to his pocket, without allowing the woman to detect his actions. At last she took particular note of his preoccupied manner and spoke regarding it:

"There is something troubling you this morning, Sully."

He shook his head in denial; then after watching his companion through a moment of indecision, he remarked:

"There is something troubling me. I got a letter at Mohawk this morning and—well, it isn't full of good news. I thought that I wouldn't tell you of it, at first, but after thinking it over, I have changed my mind."

He handed her the letter, and without the slightest tremor of apprehension, in her clear, low voice she read aloud:

Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Sullivan:

Upon my return to this office, I gave sickness as the cause for having abandoned my search for Miss la Vere. A man by the name of Clancy, from this agency, has been detailed on the case. He expects to leave here the day after to-morrow, and will probably go direct to Quincy. I tried to forestall this movement, and am sorry that I was unsuccessful in the attempt. I hope that Miss la Vere will be able to foil this new man with as little difficulty as she foiled me. If I get any more information of value to you regarding this matter, I shall let you know.

Yours truly,
J. B.

Sophie la Vere looked up from the letter smilingly.

"I am glad," she said, "that you let me see this. Preparation means advantage. But, Sully, for goodness sake cheer up. Let us not miss any of the pleasures of this delightful ride. It appears that I have a few days the start of this Mr. Clancy, and before it comes to a show-down I shall have discovered some way by which to elude him."

Under the rapid fire of his companion's delightful conversation, Sully was soon drawn from his pensive mood. He began to take an interest in the woman and the wonderful surroundings as she pointed them out to him. He marveled that she could appear so care-free—that she could so wholly ignore her impending danger.

The day quickly passed into late afternoon. The sinking sun hovered perilously near the jagged peaks which bounded the western sky, as Sophie la Vere and Sully passed beyond the long, slim shadows of the scattering pines, which mark the boundary of the Sierra Valley. From a slightly elevated vantage point, the two riders gazed out upon the vast, level sage-covered floor of the valley. A narrow strip of gray ran straight away before them to a quaint old village squatting at the foot of gray old hills, three or four miles distant. Midway between the watchers and the village, a cloud of dust moved lazily along the road, and in close pursuit of the dust cloud rode Old Sky.

As the man and the woman rode into town and dismounted before the livery stable, an eight animal freight team drew up, and, with the screeching of brakes, came to a halt near by. The freighter, a sun tanned, dust covered man, sprang down from the back of one of the wheelers. He ran to where Sully was standing and caught him by the hand.

"Heard of your good luck," he greeted cheerily. "Glad to hear you made a stake, old boy."

Sophie la Vere was standing a short distance away. The freighter glanced up at her, and then, somewhat abashed he returned to his team and began the task of unhitching. Then as Sully and his companion started toward the

hotel, the freighter called:

"Don't start the show till I get up there, Sully, old hoss! I want to get in on the first act."

"All right; I'll wait for you," Sully laughed back.

The woman looked up at her partner, a puzzled smile playing upon her lips.

"Show?" she asked.

Sully flushed slightly. "I'm pretty well acquainted here in Beckwith," he answered. "Buck and I, with some more of the boys, have gone out on some pretty good times—that is, we—er——"

The other voice returned: "There's always plenty doing when Sully hits town. I didn't see all the performance the last time he was here; some one put me to bed before it was over. Let's go down and get in before we miss something."

The woman heard the door of the next room open and close, and footsteps pass along the hall and down the stairs. Up from the bar-room, directly below her, came the sound of profuse greetings and revelry. The little woman's lower lip quivered, and the big blue eyes began to glisten with tears. Slowly she moved across the room to the bed, and sank down limply upon it. A feeling of utter loneliness—of despair—crept over her.

She flung herself in tears upon the pillow.

Here Old Sky, meeting them as they approached the hotel, came to Sully's rescue.

"I spoke for your rooms," he said. "I'll show you up to yours, Miss Sophie. I guess you'll want to fix up a bit. Them roads is all-fired dusty."

Soon Sophie la Vere stood before the mirror in her room. Suddenly she paused in the act of arranging her hair and listened intently to voices coming to her from an adjoining room.

"Hello!" she heard one of the voices say. "Sully's back. I heard he sold his claim. There'll be plenty doing in town to-night."

During her short acquaintance with Sully, a great love for him had sprung up within her, and that love had grown till it seemed, now, that her aching heart could no longer contain it. It seemed that the big, good-natured Sully had remained blind to this love. He had, it was true, been kind to her and solicitous for her comfort. But Sully was kind and thoughtful toward all. And now the thought that he was down there in the bar-room drinking with those others seemed more than

she could bear. In her mind's eye she glimpsed a picture of the big fellow. She saw him staggering drunkenly along the saloon walled main street of the town; she heard him bickering with his riotous companions in a maudlin voice; she heard him laugh immoderately, insanely, at some crude jest; she saw him at last stumble and fall, then lie inert in a drunken stupor. The vision was too vivid, too horrible. She threw her hands before her face and sobbed.

In the bar-room below, the crowd surged noisily up to the long counter. Sully stood at one end. He slid a twenty dollar gold piece toward the bar-tender.

"Never mind the change; let 'er ride," he said. "I don't hit town often."

Whisky bottles passed from man to man, and whisky flowed into each man's glass. Sully raised his half-filled glass from the bar; then he stayed the movement of his hand, and for a moment gazed fixedly upon what it held.

A strange thing happened to Sully in that moment; he realized that he did not want the drink. He marveled at this, for although he had never been a slave to whisky, he had often found a sort of subtle solace in the stuff. Always before, whenever he had come into the town, he had welcomed the drinks awaiting him there, and the sociability they afforded. And now he remembered that since he first met the woman, his partner, not once had he witnessed the old longing for the town, the boys, and what he used to call the good times. He harked back to the evenings spent at the Snow-Shoe—wonderful evenings—now that he came to think of them. Then it dawned upon him that he wanted the woman—that he wanted her more than any other thing in the whole world. All else seemed cheap and undesirable.

He knew that never again would the carousals of his old acquaintances lure him beyond the light of this great new desire, which had come over him—the desire for the woman—his woman.

Slowly he returned the glass to the bar, its liquor still untasted.

As Sully looked around, he found Sky watching him intently. The old fellow winked slyly. "I know what it is," he whispered. "I thought you'd wake up after awhile. Why, that little thoroughbred is plumb crazy over you, Sully."

"Make mine a cigar this time," said Sully to the bartender.

"A cigar for mine, too," put in Sky.

The crowd looked upon the two in astonishment.

Sky explained: "Sully's got some important business to talk over with his partner, and he can't stay with us any longer. And me—well, one drink afore supper is all I care for."

Sully hurried up the stairs and knocked upon the door of Sophie la Vere's room. He heard the woman moving about for a moment before the door opened and revealed her standing before him. She smiled a pretty welcome; but Sully noted as he entered the room that her eyelashes were moist with recent tears.

"I am so glad you came, Sully," began the woman simply. "I—I was uneasy. I overheard——"

"I know what you heard," interrupted Sully. "You heard that I would get drunk to-night. But I'm through with that sort of thing. I've just found out something, little girl," he went on in lower tones. "I want you—want you all for my own, and forever."

Slowly, silently, the woman moved forward. The great outstretched arms folded gently about her and drew her close to the bounding heart of the man.

A few moments later, a man rode a tired, sweat-stained horse into town. He hurriedly dismounted, entered the hotel office, and wrote on the register: "A. B. Clancy, Chicago, Ill."

He glanced up at the clerk. "Two men and a woman came in here together this afternoon?"

The clerk nodded.

"Where can I find the woman?"

"Dunno," returned the clerk. "Might look in her room—number fifteen."

A moment later the detective stood knocking upon the door of number fifteen."

Sully opened the door, and the detective stepped into the room.

"I am detective Clancy, of the Mulroy Agency, Chicago," he said to the woman, "and I believe that I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Sophie la Vere. Yes, it is a pleasure," he went on, as the woman made as if to interrupt him; "for I have just received word from the office that you are no longer wanted. The firm of Garvic & Company has gone out of business, and the officers of the firm have left the country, because they feared an investigation of their business by the government. I assure you, Miss la Vere, that you will not be bothered by any of our men again. The whole affair was a scheme perpetrated by Garvic & Company to frighten you into returning the one hundred thousand dollars which, it was alleged, you stole from that company."

Sophie la Vere laughed good-naturedly, as she took the detective's hand. "There would be little chance for them ever recovering that hundred thousand dollars," she said, "for I have returned nearly all of it to the rightful owners—Garvic & Co.'s clients—poor people who were buncoed by that company. I made a list of the names of the most needy victims, before I left the company's office. The balance of that one hundred thousand dollars will be returned during the coming week."

"Let us all go down to supper," said Sully. "Miss la Vere and I are leaving for San Francisco and the southern part of the State to-night. We haven't long to wait for our train."

"Not leaving this country for good, are you?" asked the detective, as the three left the room together.

"Well, I should say not!" laughed Sully. "Just going for a short honeymoon—not for good."

THE END.

WHAT WILL THE VINTAGE BE?

The vintage, the vintage, what shall the vintage be;
Read, read the awful answer in Europe's naked sword;
Read the prophetic utt'rance in Jehovah's sacred word.
The trampling of the wine-press where the grapes of wrath are stor'd.

The nations assembled, the kingdoms gathered all;
We've waited long, Jehovah, for the bursting of thine ire,
The shaking earth and heavens, the portents grim and dire,
The pouring out, the fierceness of all thy jealous fire.

The mighty, the haughty, shall on the ground be trod;
Shall feel, as worthless stubble, the fierceness of that fire,
Fann'd by the four winds' fervor, mounting and mounting higher—
Which of the present cosmos will make a funeral pyre.

Adonay, Adonay, thy purpose ripens fast;
The "Gentile times" are closing, for their kings have had their sway;
Tear down the crumbling ruins, prepare, prepare the way,
Messiah comes to usher in the promised Golden Day.

R. D. WORK.

Four Hundred and Seventy Dollars

By Adelle Hollingsworth

PETER Krog was evicing unusual signs of perturbation as he harnessed his team this misty morning: his small hard mouth was button-holed into a rasping whistle; his shrewd, close-set eyes were almost animated; and—he wore a red necktie! Presently the big farm wagon was lumbering along the road to Fresno, Peter perched high on the swaying seat like a blue overalled slouch-hatted gnome. It is sixteen long miles from the Harlow colony to the Raisin Hub, so we will not attempt to poke along all the way with Peter. Rather we will consider ourselves arrived at the live little city in time to anticipate his appearance at the Santa Fe station; for Peter, you know, is coming to Fresno upon a marvelous errand connected with the arrival of the eleven-forty train.

Sure enough when the huge locomotive with its long tail of cars came to a grinding stop before the red-tiled, Spanish-arched depot, there stood Peter among the crowd. He had tied his train shy team a block or two away, and mastering his own diffidence, plunged into the general rush and scurry. His rural inadequacy to the situation being more than patent, a kind providence must needs have directed his bewildered gaze, for ach, ja—she was there, a comely madchen coming gingerly down the train steps, a gay colored bundle clutched in one strong hand, a cloud of perplexity shadowing her amiable countenance.

Peter shambled forward, his Adam's apple working uncomfortably; he proffered a clumsy hand, and in his native tongue greeted the girl from overseas. With equal constraint she returned his greeting, while her pink cheeks flamed to red. There ensued an awkward, fragmentary conversation in guttural German, which trailed off into conscious silence as the two made their way down the street toward the county court house.

In the court house square, the stately elms swayed their bare branches against a sky now turquoise blue; a sparse scattering of humanity draped itself upon the park benches to woo the winter sunshine. Right drearily splashed the public fountain, its waters emanating for some unknown reason from the toe of a gilded boot held in air by a gilt bootblack standing stanchly in the center of a fish pool. And over there next the street a throng of people eddied about a group of outdoor booths; screened stalls where fresh meat was vended, wagons full of crisp green vegetables, fresh fruits, dried fruits, olives—all manner of country produce lavishly displayed for free marketing. The hitching racks around the park were crowded to their utmost; and out in the asphalt street, cars clanged deliberately on their way, automobiles scuttled past, and pedestrians moved in the shadow of tall new structures of recent achievement. But these details of her surroundings were only vaguely sensed by the agitated young foreigner as she and Peter Krog approached the white pillared, white domed court house.

It was an odd looking duo that entered the county clerk's office, but that personage's blase eye gave never a bat of surprise, being perfectly immune to mere astonishment at any manner of peoples upon matrimony bent. Peter Krog, with much blundering of speech and embarrassed shuffling of his feet, made known the fact

that he, aged thirty-five, native of Germany, wished to obtain a license to wed Katrina Baumgarten, aged eighteen, etc. The prospective bride stood before the magistrate in utter dejection: her fingers picked nervously at her stout woolen skirt, and her sky-blue eyes were heavy with tears. When finally her bundle slipped to the floor with a thud, and she broke into vigorous sobs, even the preoccupied clerk realized something was askew in this comedy of love—the heroine was flunking for some reason other than simple stage fright. Every time her gaze fell upon the little man at her side, fresh tears were forthcoming, and wails of "Nein, Nein, Nein!" in rising crescendo. And Peter, poor Peter looked at her in absolute dismay, his brown nut of a face puckered in laborious thought. An interpreter being summoned, the harrowing facts of Katrina's grief were made intelligible: the would-be bridegroom was a dreadful disappointment, he was so ugly; and oh, crowning tragedy, the size of him was ridiculous; why—she was head and shoulders taller than he; she didn't want to marry him—no, indeed!

Peter explained: he had wished a wife, a wife from the old country, so through mutual relatives their betrothal had been negotiated. He had sent the money to defray the expense of her journey, four hundred and seventy dollars and sixty cents of his hard-earned savings—his lips twisted painfully at the recollection—and now she was come, she actually objected to marrying him!

"Well," announced the clerk, "I guess you lose your money, Krog. "There's no law here to make her marry you if she doesn't choose to. Hasn't the girl got any relatives to look after her?"

The interpreter gleaned information of a solitary uncle residing in New York City.

The clerk scratched his head—Uncle Hans might almost as well have been in Deutchland with the rest of the family. What the dickens—well, of course, there was some way out of it; and the upshot of the whole affair was that Katrina was piloted to an employment agency and there engaged for domestic service in the household of a well to do vineyardist. Of course she could not speak a word of English, and was absolutely untrained, but then, Mr. Dawson was desperate. Earlier in the day he had vowed not to return to the ranch without some manner of servant. For two solid weeks Mrs. Dawson had cooked and scrubbed while the dearth in the servant market remained unbroken; while little Billie was cutting his eyeteeth, and Janet was having the chickenpox. So when the fresh-cheeked German girl appeared at the agency, Mr. Dawson ceased pawing the air and hired her immediately.

"At least," he declared, "she looks clean and good-natured—which is more than can be said of the rest of the bunch."

Thus it occurred that Katrina Baumgarten in round-eyed amazement was soon whirling down a country road, thrilled to the depths of her placid soul by her initial ride in an automobile. En route the machine passed a big farm wagon clattering slowly westward; upon the high, swaying seat perched a figure in blue overalls and slouch hat, a gloomy little Dutchman without a bride and without—oh, bitter thought—$470.60.

* * * *

"What delicious cakes!" exclaimed one of Mrs. Dawson's guests; "where did you get them?"

"They're some of Katrina's German effects—we all dote upon them. Let me pour you more tea."

Mrs. Walters stirred in a goodly portion of country cream. "Is she the maid you were telling me about?"

"Yes, the one and only Katrina—'since using we will have none other.' And thank goodness, she likes being in the country. You know how impossible it is to keep a girl out here on the vineyard—we've always had either a Jap or a Chinaman—and Katrina is such a comfort with the children. When we went over to Santa Cruz this sum-

mer she managed the cottage and took care of the youngsters, and Phil and I had a beautiful time. Of course, at first I had to teach her almost everything: she couldn't speak English, and she was dreadfully homesick, and—"

Meanwhile, out on the rear porch the subject of their conversation was ironing snowy garments and humming cheerily.

Katrina loved to work out of doors: she ironed on the back porch, she sat on the back porch to pare vegetables, she darned stockings on the back porch, and—well, she entertained Peter on the back porch. Yes, Peter! Of course, he was very plain to look at, and he was rather small, and she had not liked him very much, but still he came regularly to call on Saturday evening; and oh, well, perhaps Katrina was becoming accustomed to his style of beauty, and did not object to his sitting on her back porch of an evening or occupying a chair in the snug little kitchen while she sat knitting in the lamplight. Occupying a chair was really about all Peter's calling consisted of; that and a mute worshiping of Katrina's pink and white prettiness. Yes, Peter might not scintillate, but there was about him a certain honest durability—he had good wearing qualities, had Peter. Clumsily silent, but not lacking in resource and persistence, the little German was destined to make a plodding success of life. Likewise his method of wooing, of being eternally on hand and eternally of one purpose, was bound to make itself definitely felt—if not musically heard.

The back porch was really a very nice place. Here one could see the broad, green acres of vineyard smiling in the sunshine, the wide drooping fig trees on the distant border; and right there, fairly touching the screen, glowed a wonderful oleander, whose crimson radiance had cheered many a homesick hour. Just now the thread of Katrina's song was snipped off by the clattering arrival of the country butcher boy, who always dashed in and off the scene with as much speed and noise as possible. A long-legged young Dane by the name of Jacobson, fairly catapulted out of the covered wagon and onto the back steps, calling easily:

"Hello, Katy."

Katrina grinned.

Oscar Jacobson cocked his hat at a rakish angle, and shifted his quill toothpick to the other side of his mouth. Katrina smoothed her flaxen hair with a tidy gesture, and continued her amiable display of even white teeth.

"Some hot, ain't it?" observed Oscar, swaggering up the steps. Oscar was blonde and had wavy hair, and considered himself a fancy dresser. Upon this occasion the magnificence of his flowing green tie and natty, humptoed shoes of tan was in no wise lost upon the impressionable Katrina.

"It's a hundred and one this afternoon," continued Beau Brummel. "Now what d'ye know about that?"

"Ja," said Katrina blandly. Accompanied by her beaming smile, the affirmative seemed always a safe response. She deftly ironed a crease down the exact center of a dinner napkin.

"Say, the ice company's quit delivering out our way; wouldn't that jar you?"

"Ja." The napkin was placed upon the top of an even pile at the end of the board. "Now vill I to the wagon go. You got chops to-day, so?"

"Betcher life, kiddo; I saved some for *you!*"

* * * *

At half-past seven that evening, Peter Krog knocked deliberately at the back door. Katrina knew his step.

"Komm," she called, without leaving her dishwashing.

"Wie gehts?" said the newcomer, pausing in the doorway, hat in hand.

Katrina confessed to good health and good spirits, adding, with innate hospitality, "Setzen sie sich."

Peter sat.

Katrina emptied the dishwater, washed her hands and began drying the glasses. Peter placed his hat on the floor; it was an old affair but neatly

brushed. A work roughened, but carefully scrubbed hand rested on either knee of his faded overalls. His shrewd eyes, wrinkled prolifically at the corners from long squinting in the open field, followed the deft movement of Katrina's plump arm from dripboard to shelf and back again.

"How is thine hay?" asked Katrina in German.

The alfalfa was good. He would begin another cutting to-morrow.

The dishes were dried and put away. The lamp was lighted. Katrina brought out her knitting. The dining room door, propelled by little Billie Dawson, swung open.

"Night, Kwena," said he. The maid of all work had long been little Billie's idol and the apple of his eye.

"Ach, you nice, goot boy," said Katrina, with more feeling than eloquence.

"Come here, Beel," called Peter, slyly exhibiting a peppermint lozenge from his pocket.

Now, Billie liked candy and he also liked Peter, so the combination was irresistible. Inside of five minutes he was riding Peter all over the kitchen floor. In fact, the little man was still down on all-fours with Billie guiding him joyfully by the hair and shouting "Whoa, horse, whoa," when Mrs. Dawson came in search of her son.

Poor Peter was sadly discomfited at this discovered plight, though kindly Mrs. Dawson did her best to relieve his embarrassment. Billie was borne off to bed. Peter sat down again beside his hat, and watched Katrina knit.

At quarter to nine he rose and donned his faithful headgear.

"Gute nacht," said he.

"Gute nacht," said she. They shook hands with awkward ceremony, and Peter, closing the door carefully behind him, went out into the summer night.

Well, a year had transpired, as years have a way of doing—when Mrs. Dawson met Mrs. Walters on the street. The two ladies greeted each other effusively, though Mrs. Dawson had to shift bundles adroitly to accomplish this.

"Why, when did you get back from the East?" she demanded.

"Just last Thursday. My old California certainly looks good. Do come in and spend a day with me; it's been such a long time——"

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Dawson, "there's no telling when I'll get in town again. I'm chief cook and maid of all work."

"Why, my dear, where is your jewel of a Dutch girl, the one you had when I was out there last year. I thought—"

"Well, so did I. But Katrina got married."

"That's the trouble," Mrs. Walters spoke with conviction, "the nice ones always do."

"Yes, she left me a year ago, and I've done nothing but change servants ever since. When I was in the store just now I bought such a cunning little cap for her baby; Phil and I are going to stop by her home this afternoon. Now you and Mr. Walters come out and see us soon. I want to hear all about your trip."

"We're coming. Harry can't get away except some Sunday, but we'll be sure to. Now I must run; there's the North Park car," and Mrs. Walters made as speedy a dash as her modish skirt would allow.

In less than an hour the Dawsons' machine drew up before a thrifty little ranch. Mrs. Dawson unwound her veil and stepped out. She glanced up the clean-swept walk to the one building on the premises, an unpainted, solidly built barn set well back from the road. The eastern lean-to was evidently given over to stock, the center of the barn probably to hay and implements, and from the western side arose a terra cotta chimney with a wreath of cheery smoke—that with the windows, screen door and steps proclaimed this portion to be the family dwelling quarters.

"Now look at that, Nan," chuckled Mr. Dawson. "It takes these foreigners to get ahead!"

"See," she said, "they've left a place out front to put up a house later on. Look at the little trees."

"Yes, and by Jove, they'll be building that house before you know it, too. Ask Katrina what they named the boy."

Meanwhile a man who was cutting alfalfa in the distant field, stopped his team and came on foot across the plowed ground.

"Goot day, Meester Dawson."

"Why, hello, Peter." Mr. Dawson dropped his paper. "They tell me you have got a boy at your house."

The little German's face wrinkled up in a smile of delight. "Sure, sure ting."

"Well, now, that's great. Say, Peter," he teased, "I always wondered why Katrina didn't marry that Oscar fellow. Guess you couldn't afford to lose that four hundred dollars, could you?"

"Four hundert seventy dollar und sixty cents," corrected the new parent.

"Oh, yes, to be exact, four hundred and seventy dollars and sixty cents." Mr. Dawson's glance rested upon the white squares flapping on the clothesline, and added: "Plus interest, up to date."

Peter Krog's eyes twinkled.

THE ROOM OF LIFE

My life is like a little room,
  Wherein I dwell contentedly.
And from its walls, through glint and gloom,
  Dear pictured faces smile on me.
Yet most would scorn its confines small,
  And hail the World's Wind as it brings
Echoes of endless carnival,
  And wild souls' wilder venturings.

But not for me the crowded ways,
  The blatant laughter of the clown,
The quest of quickly-withering bays,
  The Conqueror's tread on necks bowed down.
Nor baleful lure of otherwhere
  That draws men on through farthest space,
Nor greed of gold. I shall not fare
  Forth from my still abiding-place.

For all I love will come to me,
  And all who need will seek me here.
My little Room of Life may be
  Goal of sad souls' for help and cheer.
And so I keep it shining fair
  Nor dream of change, nor seek release
From this dear, sheltered haven, where
  I dwell content with Love and Peace.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

The Heart of the Naked-Lands

By Chart Pitt

JOE PROVO always sang an old French lullaby, when his canoe rounded the bend above Wilson's Portage. It was a meaningless little song, to those who did not understand—but it meant that the big riverman had not forgotten.

Somehow that cradle-song, so little and meaningless, yet so sweet, seemed to Joe to be a part of Vera Wilson. She too was small and sweet, and to the big riverman, was somewhat of a mystery.

As he breasted the long miles of the river, the Voyager caught the glint of butterfly-wings, hovering over the wild-flowers along the bank, that summer had sent to cover the unlovely breast of the naked-lands.

When he rounded the bend above the Portage, he watched for the flash of a calico gown. If he was rewarded by the flutter of a handkerchief, his heart raced swifter than his leaping canoe. And that picture went with him, down the many miles of the river.

They had played together at the Portage, in the care-free days of childhood. She was his then, to gather flowers and birds' nests for—and to fight for, if needed.

Then as the years slipped by, the French-Canadian boy grew tired of playing the brotherly role. He began to have visions of a little cottage close down by the river, where Vera would watch him, as he battled with the stubborn current.

But the girl, saucy and careless, did not see that things must change with Joe. He was still her big brother—big and strong, and the best-looking boy she had ever met—but yet her brother.

So Joe came less and less to the Portage, and the river came to know him better. His voyage-song sounded over the deadly currents of Shotgun Rapids, while other voyagers, brave as they need must be, toted their canoes across the miles of the portage, and lost hours of valuable time in the river trip.

The river people predicted that Joe would shoot the rapids once too often. But Joe only smiled, sang his voyage-song, and continued to take his chances in the Shotgun.

His voyage-song was known along the miles of the river. His lusty tenor came drifting across the water, to break the dreams of those who had built their cabins close on the banks of the stream.

When the moon hung high above the northern wilderness, he shoved his canoe out into the gripping waters of the stream. Long hours in his canoe had earned its golden harvest. But the gold those night-trips brought was nothing compared to the beautiful dreams the voyager found, when he was out there in the silence of the velvet dark.

Those dreams always had their beginning and their ending at the Portage. Before he had hardly entered the portals of manhood, he had become a silent-mouthed, watchful voyager whom the people of the wilderness did not understand—but a man devoid of fear.

Nor was the river the only thing that tested the iron of his heart. At the Settlement there was always drinking when he met his fellow-voyagers—and then fighting.

Like everything else, he took his fighting silent-mouthed. No one ever

heard him make a boast, and no man could say that Joe Provo ever made a promise that he did not fulfill. Good or bad, his word once spoken, was as changeless as the sullen currents of the great river.

The silence and iron will of the giant riverman was a thing the people could not understand. Even the liquor at the settlement failed to loosen his tongue. Just the river that he loved could loosen the fetters of silence—then he sang.

If one heard his voyage-song ringing through the night, or the dreamy French lullaby, that marked the rounding of the bend above the Portage; and a few hours later, saw the singer in the hot smother of the fight, giving and receiving, close-mouthed and determined, they probably would place the responsibility of the change upon the whisky he had found at the end of the voyage.

Now that the sunshine had gone out of Joe's life, nothing but the river remained. That would never change. Out there in the deadly rapids he found his dreams—and for the hour was a changed man.

Under his disappointment there always lurked the unvoiced gleam of hope—that wonderful, crystal light that had fallen upon his soul—surely even little Vera must catch a glimpse of its glory in time.

So the riverman sang, because he had not forgotten, and hope still burned within him.

Then Vera's cousin Clare, from the Upper Athabaska country, came to Wilson't Portage. She was all that Vera was not. Silent, thoughtful and dark, yet beautiful beyond belief. If one was the golden glory of the midsummer day, the other was the purple splendor of the northern night.

The sombre cousin was the proper setting to display the frailer grace of the Girl of the Portage. So Joe Provo, the riverman, sang louder, paddled farther into the night, and fought with added savagery at the Settlement.

But the glimmer of hope went out of Joe's heart, when Charley Fraser, the new fur-buyer, came upon the river. Before a month had passed, he had established headquarters at The Portage, and the big riverman always chose the far bank of the stream in passing.

Sometimes he saw the girls upon the shore together, and usually the furman was with them. Now the little French lullaby always began, just as the canoe began to round the bend, but it died in a painful silence when the white cabin came into view.

The hopeless miles of the naked-lands called out to the heart of the lonely man—it, too, was naked and wasted, in the mad smother of a hopeless love.

If there were butterflies flitting above the blossoms of the waste-land, the big riverman never caught the glint of their delicate beauty now.

In the glory of the midsummer, the hillsides were just waiting for the snows of winter to cover their naked, shameless bodies—that was all.

Soon the north wind would color the birches along the bank. There would be a season of golden glory, where his canoe would make a passage through the flood of yellow leaves, drifting with the current, to the distant Slave.

Then the river would freeze over, and he would go to the trapping ground of a land more bleak and naked than ever. Where the wolf packs sang their dismal death song above the game-trail, hunting in the lifeless light of the winter moon.

One evening the canoe rounded the bend above The Portage, and headed for the shore, through the gathering dusk. It had been long since that canoe had pushed its nose into the soft bank of that landing.

But there was little choice now. Joe had spent a hard day upon the river, and a storm was gathering rapidly in the west. The sullen mutterings of the thunder grew nearer and louder, and the forked flame of the lightning cut fiery trails across the inky clouds.

Vera met him at the river bank. There were tears upon her face. Joe would have gladly set his canoe adrift once more. But he was weather-wise,

and it was miles to the next cabin. He had no desire to tempt the Rapids, in the face of the gathering storm.

"Go for the doctor, Joe," she pleaded, "he is dying—Charley Fraser is dying, and you are the only man who can ride the river to-night."

The riverman looked up at the gathering storm. Then as if to show the woman the folly of her request, the thunder growled threateningly out of the gloom, and the river bank trembled beneath their feet.

There was a hush in the air that told of the coming wind. The grasses along the banks rustled with a hollow sound, as if an unseen hand had passed over them. The old, familiar buildings looked strange and unreal, in the smothered light.

"For my sake," pleaded the girl. The man did not look in her direction, as he slipped the canoe back into the gripping current of the river and was whirled away.

The dark of the gathering night and the storm blended into a pale green light, through which the flooded river eddied and sobbed.

The blackness of night came down, broken only by the blue fires of the lightning—a leaping, blinding glare, that came and went, showing the white spume, that marked the spot where the ragged rocks breasted the mad wash of the flooded river.

The raindrops began to splash the canoe, scattered and undecided, like the bullets of a rifleman "getting his range."

Then, as if having marked the leaping canoe and its bare-headed voyager, the rain came down in blinding sheets, and the winds rushed across the naked-lands, in all the mad fury of the mid-summer storm.

Out of this mad hell the canoe shot into the madder hell of the dreaded rapids. Never had a canoe entered its deadly miles with less chance of reaching the quiet water below.

A flooded stream, swirling through the greedy mantrap, under the cover of the night, with the rain blinding the eyes of the voyager, the thunder rasping upon his nerves, and the shifting wind clutching at the leaping canoe—this was the rough road of love that found an iron-hearted man to breast its sinister miles.

But the big riverman came out of the rapids, silent-mouthed and grim, as he had come out of other battles, down at the Settlements, when the red fires of the liquor were leaping in his veins.

The storm was over before the town was reached. The doctor and the riverman breasted the current, with two paddles, under the soft star-shine. They portaged the canoe at the Shotgun, and finished their journey to Wilson's. Then Joe Provo went down through the white foam of the Rapids once more. His voyage song sounded through the hush of the early dawn, and woke a sleepy song-bird from her dreams.

Once more the big riverman rounded the bend above The Portage. His canoe cut through the yellow leaves that were drifting down to the distant lake. The haze of autumn hung above the blue hills, like the gauzy drapery of a wedding veil.

Once more the meaningless little French lullaby was begun. Then it ended suddenly, as a canoe shot out from the river bank. Vera Wilson brought her canoe alongside, and as the two frail crafts drifted quietly side by side, headed for the Rapids, the girl set him out upon another important voyage.

Charley Fraser was to be married, and he was to bring the priest. "For my sake," the girl whispered, as she headed in for the shore. The man nodded, and went down through the Shotgun again.

The riverman paddled away into the gathering night—a man officiating at his own funeral—acting his own boatman across the Styx of Love.

When he landed the priest at The Portage, he was turning back to the canoe, when Vera laid a detaining hand upon his arm, and nodded toward the house.

The girl walked close at his side,

as in olden days, while the fat priest ambled up the slippery path. The girl was more silent than usual, but there was a light in her eyes that cut into the aching heart of the big riverman.

As they passed the window, Vera pointed. The man looked through the pane. There was the fur man and Cousin Clare, waiting hand in hand, before a flower strewn table.

Then the big riverman began to croon the little, meaningless cradle-song—because he understood.

THANKFUL GUESTS

I always give a dinner to friends Thanksgiving day;
My guests accept with pleasure, and none are kept away;
They come because they like me, and like my simple fare—
It matters not to them if I have plated silverware!
They never say: "I can't eat this," or "That upsets digestion"—
(They quite obey the scriptures here in eating without question!)
And when they go away from me, they never criticise
The things I do or say or have, for always in their eyes
I do the thing for love of them, and that's what counts the most
With guests who first respecting self, likewise respect their host.
They show respect by being prompt and wearing their best clothes—
Their things are always latest style, designed by one who knows—
Two wear black satin tunics and one a yellow gown,
One has a stunning scarlet vest and one comes all in brown.
They're chatty and they're cheerful, and they're thankfuller than men—
Two blackbirds, a canary, a robin and a wren!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

The Wake of the Wolves

By Fred A. Hunt

IT IS QUITE probable that, as the years pass, the people will be just as zealous for the protection and preservation of our wild animals as they now are, and have been, for their extinction. Wolves, coyotes, gophers, ground squirrels (despite their alleged bubonic diathesis) and such "varmints," may be subject to careful conservation, and even the Ishmaelite catamount be the object of anxious solicitude; for rarity induces value. Now, however, they are mercilessly destroyed, bounties being paid for their extermination. Thus the inherent liking for slaughter that humans possess has an added incentive in the gratification of their greed.

This prologue has its motive in the reflection anent the disappearance of the wolves from their accustomed habitat and the following story will comment on one method pursued for their extinction. As to the slinking coyotes, every Westerner knows of the "drives" that are periodically indulged in for their extirpation. (In the perusal of this narration it must be remembered that "prairie" and not "timber" wolves are spoken of; the species is entirely distinct.)

Throughout the magnificent State of Montana, "Jim the Wolfer" is a well known character, and he is accredited with a comfortable fortune that he has acquired by shooting, trapping or poisoning the huge, gaunt animals that devastate the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. It is no soft job, that of a wolfer, for it is estimated that a wolf is about the smartest of all the wild things of the plains and mountains, and the hunter must match his cunning against that of the wolf, because the bounty, to be earned, must be paid on some non-duplicatable part of the wolf; therefore, if the hunter shoots the wolf, he must be a dead shot, or the wounded animal will scurry away into some cave or hole, and so his hide be lost, and with it the State bounty.

Trapping is a favorite method of capture, provided the capture is not rendered worthless by the wolf gnawing his leg off after the jaws have snapped on him—a mutilation they do not hesitate to take to liberate themselves. But even in trapping there is ample of difficulty, just as there is in poisoning the nimal, for he will refuse to touch a piece of meat that has been handled carelessly, and there is an indefinable something about the odor of steel which arouses his suspicion of guile and harm to his regal self. Hence it is only by smearing the trap with a secret compound that this steely odor can be nullified and the wolf trapped, and there are but few wolfers that know for a certainty what will kill the steely smell to the wolf. Jim does, however, and as a consequence his catch of wolves in his traps is the envy of his fellow-wolfers, who have tried all sorts of wiles to secure the secret, but in vain. It is also a peculiar fact that some disinfactant odors will be effectual in some cases and be deterrent in others, defeating the object that it is desired to achieve; the extraordinary "sixth" sense of the animals at present is engaging the exploration of scientists, but without much definite result. Speaking of the poison route for the wolves, Jim said: "I have thrown away a fortune right on this Indian reservation (the Crow—Absaraka—reservation in Southern Montana, which is his

hunting ground) because for ten years I operated with poison before I found the secret of killing the smell of steel. In those days I used the most rapid poison I could get, but there is nothing fast enough to stop a wolf from running away and dying where his body can't be found, and fifteen or twenty thousand dollars wouldn't repay me for all the wolves I have lost in this way. Now I just treat my traps with my own dope, cover them slightly near a fresh carcass, and, by hokey, if there is any wolf in the neighborhood, I'll get him."

That may sound like bragging, but Jim has reason to be aware of his prowess, for he has successfully hunted grizzlies (the most dreaded of determined fighters among the wild animals) with no other weapon than his Colt's .45 and his hunter's knife.

His outfit for the pursuit of wolves comprises four horses, one of which—a gray—is his especial pride, and that knows just as well as his master when a wolf is sighted, and will stand perfectly still while the hunter drops from the saddle and fires under his belly at the wolf. Besides his horses, he has a stout canvas covered wagon, wherein are packed his sheet-iron stove, mess kit, traps and edibles, and, thus provided, Jim can live for weeks in the virgin wilderness with no neighbors save an occasional sheepherder or other Nimrod. When he selects a camp, the horses are hobbled and turned out to graze, the tent is firmly pitched and staked, the mess kit and tarpaulin bed are arranged in the tent, the rifle swung under the wagon-bed ready for instant service, and the stove rigged up. In the stove a brisk fire is soon burning, and fortunate is the wayfarer who runs across the hospitable wolfer, who cordially invites the traveler to take potluck with him. Bed is sought early for an early start, before sunrise, must be made by the hunter.

To quote the man himself: "One must get up when the wolves do, and they are early risers, and the time to catch them is when they have been out foraging and are going back to their dens; but if the dam sees you she will try and lead you away from the home, when your dog must take up the scent and follow her; when you follow her into the den, you tie a rope around her leg and pull her out, snapping and snarling like sixty, to be shot. Sometimes two or three she-wolves will bunk in together in one place, like one place I struck where I got three she-wolves and a pup out of it, killing two wolves outside and losing twenty pups by my hard luck. I wounded the third dam, and she vamoosed into the cave, out of which came a perfect roar from the pups. As it was rocky, I couldn't crawl in, so I camped outside to starve 'em out, and while I was trying it, she ate up all the little ones but one, and that one strayed out and got snapped up in a trap, which, after a while the old one did, too. But twenty pups, at ten dollars per, was a pretty hard piece of a miss, and that old she-wolf had a regular Waldorf-Astoria feed at my expense.

"There's nothing to be afraid of about wolves," continued Jim, "when once you know their peculiar way of acting. Of course, they are bad actors if you let 'em get hold of you, for their jaws and teeth are as strong and stout as a pair of sheep shears; wherefore, they are powerful biters, but a wolf won't fight a man as long as he can hide his head. Generally at the bottom of their den, or hole, they have a little private apartment, a sort of *boudoir,* where they raise their pups, and at one side of this room they will have a little hole dug. When the hunter crawls in, the big wolf will hide her head in this little hole and think she is safe—just like you read about an ostrich hiding its head in the sand, but all you've got to do is to crawl in, tie a rope around its hind leg, crawl back again and yank the critter out and shoot it."

"But," said the interviewer, "suppose the wolf should make a dash for you in the den. Wouldn't you shoot it?"

"No," said Jim, "because you don't dare to even pack your gun into the den, for, if it went off in such a small place, the explosion would be mighty apt to hurt you. Leave the gun outside, and only carry a hatchet and a little steel rod about three feet long; then, if the passage way gets narrow, just chop it out with the hatchet, and if it should happen that the wolf ain't hiding and make any kind of a tussle, just jab the steel rod down its throat when it comes snarling at you. Sometimes I forget the steel rod and jam the hatchet down its jaws, but, if you ain't used to the game, the steel rod's the safest."

In setting his traps, of which he uses about twenty at one "seining," he cunningly buries them from sight in the localities that his long experience teaches him are likely to prove beneficial. Each one of these powerful traps carries an improvement of his own invention, and which, he asserts, makes them vastly superior to any other steel trap in existence, and which improvement he contemplates putting on the market or permitting its use on a royalty. Of course, he uses on his traps his preparation to kill the smell of steel. During "pupping" time his aim is to find the wolf dens, rather than to trap the wolves on their runs; because a capture of six or seven pups will net Jim more than the usual monthly salary of a city clerk. Montana pays a heavy wolf bounty, and the cattlemen and sheepmen, whose herds are around Jim's district, also financially encourage his successful killing of their dangerous enemies. One able-bodied wolf will kill fifteen or twenty steers in a season, and will slaughter sheep by the score.

After setting his traps, Jim and his collie hunt for the wolf dens; the collie hot on the trail. Soon the lair is approached, and if the wind is blowing from the quarry to the wolfer he may find the whole family playing about the entrance; the mother turning over rocks to enable the young ones to find the crickets under them, which are their main infant food; the young wolves are fairly well grown when they begin to gnaw the bones that are brought home to them, a la Mother Hubbard. Jim fires his rifle and the old wolf is potted; the litter scampering into the den, which the wolfer enters, armed with his steel rod and hatchet, and shortly comes out with the outfit. The skins are taken to camp when that location is sought, and the pelts are stretched out in the sun to dry and salt-cure. Possibly the review of the traps will disclose Mr. Wolf fastened there; thus the whole family will have been exterminated in one day's work, to the immense benefit of the stockmen and sheep-owners, and incidentally, to the wolfer's pocketbook. For, it must be remembered that at pairing time the wolf is like all other predatory animals; the instinct to kill is strong in him, and at that time many a steer is killed and many a sheep slaughtered just to gratify the wolf's ferocity. Any steer that is "cut out" from the main herd is easy prey for the wolf, against whose powerful, snapping, razor-like jaws the steer's defensive horns and hoofs avail nothing. Relics of this fact are strewn all over the grazing ground of the cattle-herds, some of the carcasses having a leg missing which was gnawed off and dragged to the den for the growing pups.

Coyotes also are a source of revenue to the wolfer, although the bounty on them is only about one-third that on a wolf. But they are easier to get, as they wander closer to the hunter's rifle, and, living in burrows, their families are more accessible to the killer.

Although this occupation has so much of solitude and "getting close to Nature" about it, a wolfer is neither a recluse nor a misanthrope. When he has his stock of wolf and coyote hides ready for submission to the State Inspector at Billings, Montana, he takes it there, has it "punched" and gets the bounty. He may linger around town for a day or two renewing old acquaintances, and then he and his horses and dog once again seek the wilds that he has frequented for so

long a time, and there he re-enters upon his remunerative business, ready at all times to share his "bahroosh" (Crow Indian for "grub") with any who may straggle into his camp with the true open-hearted and considerate method of genial Western hospitality.

Of the value of a dead coyote, apportioned to its depredations while alive, the following item will give a valid idea:

Frank Gurnsey, of Tehama County, California, was paid $21 for killing one coyote that had killed sixty turkeys belonging to Mrs. John Gurnsey, seventeen out of the flock of Mrs. George Hughes, and twenty-five lambs that were the property of various sheepmen in the neighborhood of Red Bluff. The animal seemed to have a charmed life and to be immune to traps or bullets, until it met its fate at Gurnsey's hands. Tehama County paid him the customary bounty of $5; three sheepmen paid him $5 each, and Mrs. Gurnsey contributed $1. Gurnsey is rather sorry that the crop of coyotes in that locality is limited, but persistent application has made them wave their bushy tails on the prairies and in the woods of the hereafter, with none to mourn their loss.

THANKSGIVING

I pray Thee, accept thanks, dear Lord:
Not for riches great, nor festive board—
These are not mine;
Of silver or gold, splendor fine,
My life is bare;
But, Father Divine,
I offer pray'r
For gifts of love;
The sunshine bright,
The stars that beam on me by night
And guide my thoughts to Thee above!

For these gifts, dear Lord, I thank Thee:
The flowers that bloom to greet me,
The birds' sweet song
That cheers my weary steps along
Life's darksome way,
And leads me on
To brighter day;
A simple heart
That feels and knows
And responds to Thy works of art—
A heart with thankfulness that o'erflows!

ALICE PHILLIPS.

The Spook of the Montreal

By Arthur N. Chadwick

THE OUTBURST of tuneful bass melody that had startled the echoes in lonely Jackrabbit Canyon was cut short abruptly as Don Wakeley, perpetrator of this outrage against the silences of the hills, reined in his pinto and stared blankly up the slope into the velvety blackness of a moonless desert night.

"I'll swear," he observed to the surprised calico pony, "that I saw a light up there."

The pinto cocked a split ear backward, but made no reply. He was used to being the silent end of a one-sided conversation, and never talked back. He did not even deign to glance in the direction whither his rider's eyes were trying to pierce the curtain of the night, vaguely designated as "up there."

Wakeley himself knew that "up there" lay the old Montreal mine—in the halcyon days of the Silver State one of its sure-fire producers of bullion, but for over twenty years only a deserted hole in the ground, to which none gave even a casual thought. He knew also that the point in the canyon where he had pulled up was the only one in its length whence could be seen the old workings of the Montreal; the grey dump, more than a mile up a tributary canyon, being plainly visible by day.

Inasmuch as, with the exception of the Montreal, no other workings nor prospects of any description lay in that direction, the assumption was a plausible one that the light, if he had seen one, was at or near the old mine. So Wakeley rolled a cigarette and waited, his steady eyes on the spot in the blackness where he had seen, or thought he had seen, a flash.

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed. The cigarette had burned out, and Wakeley was about to resume his lonely trek toward camp, when he saw the glimmer again—this time plainly and for several seconds.

"Now, what the devil's up—who is it?" he inquired of his disinterested bearer. It was clearly out of the question to investigate in that Stygian darkness, for the old trail had become well-nigh impassable even by daylight. With a perplexed shrug, he finally gave the fidgeting animal the cue it had been awaiting, and soon was far down the canyon towards the open desert.

Ere long he could see, off to the westward, a glimmer of lights where sleepy old Hawthorne lay beside the great lake. Not far up from the foot of the Excelsior range, across the desert five miles to the south, flickered one faint light towards which he headed the pinto. This was at his camp, and he knew that Dillon, his assistant and boon companion, was buried in a book in its immediate vicinity.

The pony required little guidance—Wakeley knew better, in that trackless waste of sand and sagebrush at night, than to pit his judgment against that of an Indian cayuse—and within the hour Dillon heard his chief's booming bass roaring the rollicking measures of a familiar stein song. As horse and rider paused in the streak of light from the open door of the shanty, the lean, brown face of the younger man was thrust out belligerently.

"Nice time to be getting home—and you without a chaperon," was Dillon's greeting. "Say——" he chaffed in afterthought, "can't I make you a

bowl of toddy and put your horse away, sir?"

Wakeley's reply ran to action. In thirty seconds the saddle was on the ground and the bridle flung athwart it, while the pinto, with a relieved shake, nosed the cover off the water barrel and lowered the level of its contents several inches. Then Wakeley condescended to thank Dillon graciously, by means of a vise-like grip on his throat and a bland grin, for his offer.

"Where in——" began Dillon when he had squirmed himself free.

"Oh——I stopped at Jim Redman's camp for supper," anticipated Wakeley. "Had a square meal for a change. Don't you wish you'd been there?" At which taunt Dillon's mouth watered indeed, for Redman's buxom daughter shared his fortunes in camp and was a rare culinary artist.

The Redman camp lay but two miles up Jackrabbitt Canyon from whence Don had seen the light, and he wondered if Redman knew aught of any activity at the old mine. He finally concluded that their neighbors knew nothing, else some remark surely would have been dropped at supper. He decided to say nothing to Dillon, yet, about what he had seen, but to investigate alone the next morning. Shortly the two young men sought their respective pine bunks, and were soon deep in slumber.

Ere the next day's sun was a half hour high, Wakeley was far on his way towards the northernmost group of claims of those over which he had charge. He had planned the trip several days before, hence his early departure elicited no comment. He laid his course in the general direction of these claims, which lay in a canyon east of Jackrabbit, until he reached the foothills of the north range. Skirting these, he rode rapidly westward, and shortly reached the mouth of Jackrabbit Canyon. It was not long until, from where he had been the night before, he could see the dump at the mouth of what once was the Montreal's main adit.

Riding cautiously up the dangerous trail, Wakeley dismounted some distance below the old workings, and left the pinto. He swung briskly on up the defile, seeing no sign of life about the ruined shanties, but supposing the men were inside the tunnel. A deep halloo as he reached the level of the dump brought no response, so he nosed curiously about the place.

So far as he could discover, the condition of things—the location of scattered articles and rubbish—was in no wise different from what it had been when he visited the spot over a year before. That any one had been there during the preceding night seemed impossible.

Wakeley turned to the mouth of the tunnel. Its rocky sides bore, on their ledges, tiny drifts of fine, impalpable sand blown clear from Walker Lake Flat, and the same dust appeared on the surfaces of the iron-topped wooden rails.

He cupped his hands and yo-hoed into the blackness beyond the portal. From the size of the dump it was obviously a long tunnel, but a bass voice carries far underground. No answer. He tried again—a booming roar that shook the spits of dust from the walls. All that came back was a mocking echo.

Peering into the semi-darkness of the first fifty feet, Wakeley dimly discerned a rude, wooden dump car. With a tiny electric flash light, he explored the tunnel as far as the car. When he discovered that it stood quite athwart the rails, instead of on them, he shook his head sadly.

"Too bad, Don!" he muttered. "When they begin seeing things at your age—good-night!" Whereupon he made tracks for the pinto, climbed disgustedly aboard, and, as soon as he was in the road like bottom of Jackrabbit Canyon, proceeded to place behind him as expeditiously as possible the seven miles separating him from camp.

Dillon, looking up from a beaker of acid in which he was testing some samples, saw signs of internal disturbance in his chief's pre-occupation. In

response to his blunt query, Wakeley related to him fully the circumstances that had begun when the light flashed in the canyon.

"I guess it's the heat, Larry—hallucinations, you know," Don concluded with a grim smile.

"Wait till to-night, and we'll see," said Dillon. "I've an idea."

"Go over again?"

"No—wait.' And that was all the satisfaction Don received.

At sunset, as he was brewing coffee and preparing their primitive "chow," he heard Dillon fussing about at the opposite end of the shanty. Investigating, he made more remarks on the debilitating effect of desert heat on the human brain; for the resourceful Larry had their transit set up, and was in the act of training its powerful telescope on the distant grey speck that indicated the location of the Montreal.

"Have a look, Donnie," remarked Dillon, finally. Wakeley peered through the instrument, and discovered that its field amply covered the entire vicinity of the deserted mine, besides bringing the black mouth of the tunnel up to an apparent nearness that enabled easy observation.

"Right, oh—now we'll eat," quoth the satisfied Larry; and the two healthy young athletes made havoc of the bacon and biscuits.

They smoked luxuriously over their black coffee. From their manner one might have imagined them at Sherry's or Tait's. Slowly the desert night came down, and far up on Crater Peak a lone coyote yapped definance at the powers of darkness.

Dillon presently rose, slid the window back and applied his eye to the transit. Hastily he motioned to Wakeley, who knocked over two chairs in eagerness to get to the instrument. Yes—the light was there! He turned from the telescope.

"Not dotty after all, Larry—what?"

"Guess not. Look again."

Once more Wakeley peered into the bronze tube. The speck of light appeared to dance along for a moment; then it vanished—evidently within the tunnel—and no more that night, although they looked at intervals for two hours, did it reappear.

At a painfully early hour the next morning the twain sallied northward to vindicate the joint testimony of their four keen eyes. As Wakeley had done on the previous morning, they dropped their bridles a short distance down the rocky canyon and proceeded afoot to the mine.

They swung up the steep trail and rounded the tumble-down blacksmith shanty, expecting to see some sign of activity. A horned toad scuttled across the worn threshold and into the rocks, but not an object moved nor a track left in the dust bespoke a human presence other than their own.

Nonplussed, they turned to the tunnel. At is mouth were no traces of feet, either in the dust or in the curled mud crust between the rails, save where Wakeley's own familiar hobnails were delineated here and there. They flashed the electric eye into the darkness. The car was there, still standing athwart the rails, and as they reached it and peered over and beyond it they saw a miner's candlestick, rusted and empty, lying with its spiked point across one rail. Clearly no living being had been in that tunnel.

The two clear-headed young men, both accustomed to the grim realities of that advance scouting of desert and forest that precedes real mining, faced a situation that frankly gave the lie to their senses. Neither being willing to admit to himself or to the other a suspicion that the occurrences at the Montreal savored of the fourth dimension, they tacitly agreed to solve the mystery—and not to rest until they did so.

Not caring to encounter the talkative Mr. Redman in the lower canyon, they led the horses over a steep ridge and into the canyon lying to the west. This slash in the range opened directly towards Hawthorne, and in the center of the vista between its steep walls they saw Esmeralda's one-time bustling country seat drowsing in the broiling heat, ten miles away.

"Larry," said Wakeley suddenly, "let's hunt up the oldest inhabitant and get a line on this thing—history, you know. Eh?"

"Hawthorne?"

"Sure—it's only ten o'clock."

"Hawthorne it is, then—w-what the devils that?" Dillon was pointing almost directly ahead at what seemed to be a miniature corral, formed by a bleached picket fence, scarcely outside the mouth of the canyon.

The enclosure appeared to be about as large as the sort used for lively babies on the front lawn, and so it proved on reaching it; but death, not birth, was its keynote. It surrounded a solitary grave. Dismounting, the young engineers read the barely legible inscription on the simple pine headboard:

"Here lie the remains of Andrew McLeod, a native of Scotland. Died October 23, 1883."

"Funny I've never stumbled on this before," said Wakeley. "I chased the pinto clear over here once when we first got him."

"Ugh!" shuddered Larry. "Think of one's bones broiling here for twenty-five years—coyotes at night, too! Let's beat it."

Wakeley swung into the saddle in acquiescence, and soon they were watching the deceptive distance to Hawthorne steadily diminish. Noon was yet a half hour away when they reached the plaza of the little town.

" 'Low, Scotty," Larry called to a white-aproned individual leaning against the dingy front of the Crystal Fountain. "Where's everybody?"

"Dead," was the laconic reply.

"Knew that—long ago; where are the remains? Where's Bill Brennan? Where's Cox—Purcell—not all buried?"

"Cock-eyed Bill's in Rawhide—been there ten days. Old Cox is asleep, I guess, and Purcell's over at Dutch Creek. Dry?"

The engineers needed the last hint but once. Having duly flushed the alkali dust from their throats, they set out to interrupt the old stage driver's siesta. Their hob-nailed boots on the bare floor of Cox's one room mansion readily accomplished the purpose.

" 'Smatter—fire?" yawned Cox, blinking at his visitors. "Why—hello, Don! Hello, Larry—what the——"

"There, there, George, don't get excited now," soothed Dillon. "We only want a little of your valuable time."

"Cox," interrupted Wakeley, "what do you know about the old Montreal?"

"Darned little, Don—why?" and the old fellow shot a curious glance at his questioner. "Goin' to buy it?"

"Nix—no buy in sight. Don't even want to know who owns it. Just tell us, though, what you remember about its book of Genesis."

Cox scratched his grizzled head. He was, in truth, not yet fully awake.

" 'Bout all I recall's what ol' Jim Swezy told me—an' he's dead. She sure was a mine in the seventies, though—made her owners a pile o' money. Near 's I rec'lect, she petered out sudden—they lost the lead, an' spent a hundred thousan' lookin' fer it. No use—they never picked it up. Some said as 'twas a hoodoo mine—that 'twas ha'nted. Shucks!"

"Haunted?" interjected Dillon, sharply.

"Yep—that a spook queered the game. A mucker was killed one night up there, an' they lost the ledge next day. He went over the dump—night shift, an' the wind blowed his candle out—an' the car rolled clean over him. That settled Andy——"

"Andy who?" came from Wakeley, like the crack of a whip.

"Andy McLeod," said Cox, busy biting off a fresh chew. The young men exchanged glances. Larry looked at his watch.

"Let's eat and go home," he said. They repaired to Ah Wing's palatial hashery to attend to their inner wants, and there they switched the talk to the copper strike on Cat Creek and other more timely topics.

By three o'clock the sun had fallen to an angle whence its rays were not so pitiless, so they weighed anchor for the fifteen mile "hike" to their camp.

Loafing along, stopping here and there to sample croppings and discuss things geological, they did not reach their lonely shacks until past six, and by the time they had eaten, it was dark.

The transit stood where Dillon had left it the night before. Wakeley absently squinted through the telescope. With an exclamation and a vigorous rub at his eyes, he looked again.

"Larry—Lar-ry!" he roared. "That infernal light's there again!"

Dillon tore in and looked, long and carefully. Then he sat down and commenced hauling on his high boots, a grim smile on his handsome Celtic features. Wakeley stared at him.

"What the——" he began.

"Donnie, there's no time like the present. Our spook works the night shift—so'll we. I'm going over there; are you game?"

Wakeley's answer was to take a long-barreled revolver grimly from the wall, buckle it about his hips and reach for his boots. Dillon strapped on his own gun and stalked out after the horses. Soon those two disgusted animals were carrying the engineers into the night, across the still burning alkali flats and sand hummocks.

Reaching within an hour the confluence of the two canyons, they decided to leave the horses there. Climbing briskly, but making as little noise as possible, they paused a quarter of a mile below the tunnel and sat on a huge basalt boulder, whence they had a clear view up the defile.

Hardly had they been there a minute, when a faint flash seemed to illuminate the wall of the old blacksmith shop nearest the tunnel, and for the barest fraction of a second a direct ray from some illuminant smote their eyes fairly.

It was enough. They pulled their guns around in front and stalked grimly, silently, on to their task.

Cautiously they tiptoed up the steep slope of the old dump, and peered across its level surface. The deathlike silence of the place made their flesh positively crawl. Fully five minutes they stood motionless at the edge of the dump, their heads just level with the floor of the tunnel, waiting for—what?

"Got your flashlight, Don?" whispered Dillon. Wakely nodded.

"Let's take a slant at the shop," Larry suggested. A step at a time they moved across the hundred feet between them and the shanty. Despite their heavy, hob-nailed boots, they scarcely made a sound.

Pausing on either side of the open door, they drew their revolvers. Wakeley suddenly threw a flood of white light into the place, and they swung simultaneously into the doorway, side by side. Utter desertion confronted them. Save for the weird shadows flung by the brilliant electric ray, the place looked precisely as it had when they visited it in the morning.

They faced each other an instant, dubious emotions written on their countenances; then Wakeley snapped off the light. The darkness was infinitely more intense as he did so. Larry plucked Don's sleeve and bade him follow, then cautiously and noiselessly led the way to the slope above the mouth of the tunnel, from which vantage point they had the drop on whatever might materialize. There they crouched and waited.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes, a half hour—a century passed. In a turmoil of mingled disgust and doubt, Wakeley was in the act of rising on his stiffened legs when a slight rumble shook the ground under them. Dillon's elbow fairly dented his ribs, and he abruptly sank to his seat again. They could not see each other's faces, but each heard the other's quickened breathing. Tensely they peered into the blackness.

A sudden scraping sound as of metal tightened their grips on their weapons, and an instant later the side of the blacksmith shanty reflected a flickering glow from within the tunnel.

Celtic superstition asserted itself in Larry's soul, and he sternly suppressed a wild desire to strike out in the least obstructed direction. Even as he conquered himself, a crunch beneath their

very feet was followed by the appearance of a gaunt, bent figure bearing a guttering candle and lurching from right to left as it picked its way along by stepping only on the rails of the rude track.

"Throw 'em up!" barked Wakeley, flooding the figure with white light as both covered it with their revolvers.

The apparition whirled, hurling the candle twenty feet in its haste to comply, and faced them with a blinking stare and a mouth as wide as that of the tunnel from which it had emerged.

"Cock-eyed Bill!" roared Wakeley's basso in the instant, as the unmistakable, mismated orbs of that worthy son of the desert vainly fought to concentrate their focus on the glaring searchlight.

"Don't shoot," began the familiar, cracked voice of their friend.

"Who in thunder's going to shoot, you old coyote?" bellowed Larry, scrambling down and seizing Bill's hands, still elevated above his head. Wakeley was beside them two seconds later.

"Dern you fellows, anyhow," observed Mr. Brennan. "What d'ye mean by scarin' a honest man stiff this way?"

"Tell us first what you mean—moleing around at night like a burglar, in a mine dead these twenty years." Dillon punctuated his words with pokes in Bill's ribs. "Thought you'd been over at Rawhide the last two weeks," he added, whereat Cock-eyed Bill grinned.

"So'd everybody else," he chortled, "an' I was blamed careful to keep 'em thinkin' so. My camp's in there—in the fust crosscut," he added, jerking a thumb towards the tunnel.

"But what's it all about, William?" put in Wakeley. "Hang it—you had us thinking it was Andy McLeod's ghost! Why all the dime novel effects—nighthawk stunts, covering your tracks and all that?"

"Well, ye see, I didn't want our friend Redman to git too curious—him bein' nearest to me, and a purty good news bureau. Didn't figger on you fellers gittin' next, though, bein' plum over in the other range. Guess I'll have ye sent up, anyhow, for assault with deadly weapons."

"Never mind that, Bill—it was justifiable. But the car—across the tunnel, you know—and the dust on the rails. Come on, now," persisted Larry.

"That car was easy," chuckled the old fellow. "You sleuths didn't study the end o' the dump, either, or ye'd have saw fresh dirt there the fust time ye come over——"

"You knew we'd tumbled?"

"Knew ye'd been bothered some. But—he! he!—I heered ye talkin' to yerself, Don, the fust mornin' ye come over, 'bout bein' nutty. I warn't ten feet from ye in the tunnel.' And Bill rocked with inward glee. Don and Larry glared at him in the gloom.

"What in the—what about the dust on these rails?" Wakeley asked sternly. Bill's mirth threatened to choke him.

"It only took me ten minutes to fix that every morning," he finally gasped. Don threw his spotlight on the gnarled face, and he and Larry finally joined in with a duet of whoops and guffaws that echoed up and down the canyon, and made sundry coyotes shudder.

"Say, Bill," Larry asked, suddenly, when quiet again reigned, "you have not told us what put you up to all this gumshoe business."

Mr. Brennan stroked the grizzled stubble on his chin and gazed into the circumambient blackness for the space of a minute.

"Look a-here, boys," he observed, finally, "I ain't got two better friends nowhere in Nevada than I got right on this here dump. If ye'll keep this under yer hats, an' leave the muckin'—an' the gumshoe work—to me, I'll make ye the richest men in the State, an' then ye c'n go to the United States Senate!"

THE MYSTERIOUS WALL

By Louise E. Taber

MISS WALKER halted before a low, two-story house on Russian Hill, and glancing from the bright silver numbers on the dull door to the clipping from the "Want Ad" column of a newspaper, saw with surprise that in this strange place lived an elderly woman who was advertising for a refined, educated girl to act as companion and housekeeper. The age and the queer architecture of the house, its irregular roof, with little V-shaped peaks, the small, square turret from which could be seen a great sweep of the San Francisco Bay, the wood shutters covering every window, the gray paint blistered by time, and the vacant, dilapidated aspect of the whole place, made it evident that it was one of the few old homes linking the early city life with the new. The house and grounds covered half a block. Around the garden, lining the high, rickety fence, that was almost bare of whitewash, were tall, shaggy trees, bending under the force of the west wind.

Miss Walker hesitated before pulling the bell, and as she touched the iron knob, a curious apprehension stole over her. The door was opened by a man, perhaps thirty, well dressed, pleasant, bright and good looking—an occupant in strange contrast to the house.

"I have come in answer to the advertisement," she said, struggling to hide her surprise.

"Come in, please." He gave her a welcoming smile, and stepped aside to let her go through the narrow entry into the parlor.

Had it not been for his frank, congenial face, Miss Walker would have fled without waiting to see the elderly woman, so oppressive was the close and somewhat musty air in the dimly lighted room. A curious atmosphere pervaded the place.

"Mother will be glad to see you," he said, turning a chair for Miss Walker. "Will you wait here a moment?"

"Yes. Thank you!" It was almost a gasp.

When alone, she carefully examined the room. The carpet, with its immense, variegated patterns, was worn by age and not from use; the velvet furniture was, without a doubt, half a century old. Against the wall, opposite the white marble fire place, was an ebony piano, the keys of which were yellow with age.

The creaking stair warned her of the man's return.

"Mother is in her room," he said. "Will you go up? She hasn't been well of late. That's why I insisted that she have a companion, especially as I will be away a month, perhaps longer." His voice betrayed a loving solicitude that made Miss Walker forget the strangely unpleasant feeling of the house.

She followed him up the narrow stairs and into his mother's room. Near the window sat a little old lady, wearing a lace cap, and earnestly engaged in crocheting a shawl. Her face was deeply yet gently wrinkled, but her eyes had not lost the keenness of youth.

"Here is the young lady, mother."

"Come and sit down, my dear!" She pointed to a chair near her, and gave the girl a shrewd, satisfied glance.

The son left them alone.

"I'm not as spry as I used to be," the old lady began, smoothing the white

hair that was rolling back from her high forehead. "But, really, a housekeeper is unnecessary," she added with a touch of resentment. "Walter insisted that he wouldn't leave until I had found a companion. I never have been afraid to stay here alone."

Miss Walker's eyes softened with admiration.

"It doesn't seem quite safe," she ventured.

The old lady shook her head in mild protest.

"When one has lived in a home for fifty years—well, one loves it so much that one *can't* be afraid. Mr. Kenneth, my husband, came here in '49, and some years later he built this place. Since I moved in, I never have stayed a night outside this room. I have watched this district grow from the few scattered houses and jagged trails to the wealth of beautiful homes that are here now. Every evening for fifty years I have seen the last lights of day fall on Alcatraz Island. Of what should I be afraid? There is no finery to attract a thief, and the exterior announces that, as I haven't had it painted since my husband died, twenty years ago. The way he left it, it must remain."

"Wouldn't you be lonesome while your son is away?"

"Yes, but I have so many memories!" The shadow of a tender smile lighted her placid face. "But tell me something of yourself, my child!" She glanced again into Miss Walker's brown eyes, and noted the harmony of color in her close-fitting gown, her simple, becoming hat, and the tinge of gold that added a luster to her Titian hair.

Presently the girl found herself confiding to Mrs. Kenneth the harships and disappointments through which she had passed since the small fortune her father had left had been lost in a failing bank.

"Never trust a bank!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenneth, suddenly sitting erect. "My husband had no faith in them."

"I was afraid of investments," Miss Walker explained, surprised.

"Well, never mind! The money is gone!" the elderly woman interrupted, and began discussing other matters, leaving Miss Walker with a curious feeling of wonder.

It was decided that the girl should move her belongings at once to the house, and that she should remain indefinitely, so pleased was Mrs. Kenneth with her. When Miss Walker left the room, she had forgotten the feeling of mystery, but going downstairs alone, and glancing again into the unused parlor, the consciousness of the almost uncanny atmosphere returned, and she abruptly paused, wondering if she could live here comfortably. There was nothing about Mrs. Kenneth and her son to distrust, but the house itself created the feeling that malicious spirits were keeping constant vigil. She knew that a "haunted" house would have this same atmosphere.

* * * *

During the first two weeks, Miss Walker made many improvements in the home. All the shutters were thrown open, and the flood of sunlight gave a cheer to the quaint old rooms, and gradually the unpleasantness was dispelled. Mrs. Kenneth frowned on these changes, but her son rejoiced in them.

"Mother has odd notions," he admitted one morning when he and Miss Walker were in the ruins of the once beautiful grounds. "Just turn a gardner loose in this jungle," he added, "and have him make something of it. When I was a youngster, those terraces were works of art, but now," he laughed, "the place looks like a brigand's retreat."

"*You* must get permission to work this 'havoc,'" said Miss Walker, suddenly conscious that his eyes were bright with admiration as they rested on her hair, sparkling in the sunlight.

An immediate comradeship had sprung up between the two young people, and with childlike glee, they planned together in secret to give Mrs. Kenneth more comforts. After the fourth day of Miss Walker's coming, Mr. Kenneth began to bring home

flowers every evening. They were for his mother, he said, but he would give them to the girl. He had postponed his trip two weeks and his mother grew suspicious, but then, he would marry some day, and of this girl she could be proud.

"I want you to call me Walter," he said, as they went indoors. "You are one of the family now."

"That's good of you." A little tremor of grateful pleasure was in her voice "My name is Rita."

"By Jove, that's pretty!"

Mrs. Kenneth joined them in the prim, old-fashioned dinning-room, and with a gentle smile listened to their gaiety. In these few days, Walter had found a new joy in life and his mother reproached herself that she had not surrounded him with friends his own age, instead of permitting him to sacrifice his leisure hours with her.

"When are you going away?" she presently asked.

"To-morrow night." He drew a deep breath and glanced at Rita. "I wish I could bring my civil engineering nearer home."

* * * *

A great loneliness stole over Rita during the first three weeks of his absence and she plunged into all manner of work to keep occupied. She had given her room every possible modern touch and now was absorbed in a new diversion. Mrs. Kenneth's room, adjoining hers, was the only one in the house that was paneled to the ceiling and the bareness of the walls was unpleasant.

"Won't you let me put up some pictures?" she asked. "I found several framed views in one of the unused rooms."

Mrs. Kenneth hesitated. "You may hang one or two, if you wish." Her keen glance flew from Rita to the wall at the end of the room, then she continued knitting with more rapidity.

When Rita returned with half a dozen views of San Francisco in early days, they selected three of the most attractive.

"This frame blends beautifully with the paneling," she said, holding the picture against the wall that Mrs. Kenneth had so quickly scanned.

"Don't hang anything *there*!" A startling imperativeness was in the gentle voice.

Rita turned, astonished. Mrs. Kenneth was bending over her work. Something in the elder woman's voice and manner brought back the disagreeable mystery of the house.

"Put the other pictures away, my dear." An added sweetness was in the tone, and Mrs. Kenneth looked up and smiled, as if to dispel any impression she may have made.

The girl went out with the discarded views and when she returned, Mrs. Kenneth gave her a furtive glance. Rita endeavored to hide her agitation.

"You are pale this morning, my child. Go into the garden and enjoy the sunshine."

Rita gladly went away. If only Walter would return!

The girl strayed through the ruined grounds and went down on the terraces. Looking back, she noticed an iron door on the first terrace, near the fence. It was half hidden by the tall shrubbery and some straggly vines were hanging over it. Evidently it was a door long unused. With awe, she went up to it and found that it was fastened with a heavy padlock. Glancing up to Mrs. Kenneth's window, she saw that she was watched.

"Is the padlock still in good order?" the old lady asked, with a reassuring smile, as she quickly raised the window. "My husband used that for a wine cellar. I haven't been there for years."

"The lock is secure," Rita falteringly answered.

Mrs. Kenneth nodded and closed the window.

Rita sat on a rickety bench and vainly tried to solve what suggested a mystery, and yet many commonplace explanations could be given of Mrs. Kenneth's actions. A cellar in the rocky hillside was a plausible place to store wine, and Mrs. Kenneth reason-

ably could object to having pictures hung at the end of her room, but Rita's sensitive nature divined a hidden *something* that Mrs. Kenneth had no intention of explaining, and it was of sufficient importance to make the woman act unnaturally. Walter apparently did not know the secret and Rita remembered that it had taken insistant coaxing to gain the consent to have the garden restored to its former beauty. Walter had laughed over his mother's obstinacy and then vaguely had wondered at it.

During luncheon Mrs Kenneth was unusually talkative.

That night Rita could not sleep. Her first impressions of a haunted hause returned, and she found herself almost expecting a ghostly revel; then she became impatient with herself and her overwrought nerves. The door between the two bedrooms was always open, and as she was falling into a slight slumber, a noise in Mrs. Kenneth's room awakened her. It was repeated and sounded like a stealthy, muffled step. Rita was about to call, but an impulse stopped her. she lighted her candle—there was no gas in the house—and slipping out of bed, stole into the next room. Mrs. Kenneth was sleeping soundly. The floor creaked under Rita and she abruptly halted and listened. The silence was not broken again. She quickly shot the bolt on the door leading into the hall, and hurrying back into her room, locked her own door. Trembling, she sat on the bed and waited, but the stillness was not disturbed. She was certain that the noise had been near the wall where Mrs. Kenneth would not have the picture hung.

Rita was tempted to awaken the elder woman, but she feared to alarm her. If a thief had broken into the house, he could find nothing of value. Before dawn the girl slipped into the next room and unbolted the door. When Mrs. Kenneth awoke, her manner convinced Rita that she had heard nothing.

An examination of the house made it unquestionably certain that no one had entered. Every door and window was locked, as Rita had left it the night before. She tried to convince herself that rats had been gnawing the partition; but that afternoon she went out, and when she returned, a revolver was in her velvet bag. Walter would be home during the week, he had written; then her fears would be over. While Mrs. Kenneth was absent from her room, Rita tapped the mysterious wall, but it sounded no different from the others.

Remembering that the gardner was at work, she went out to superintend the clearing away of the rubbish. The man was on the second terrace and Rita went down to him. Glancing up to the iron door, she saw with a start that some of the vines trailing over it had been torn away.

"Have you been working over there?" she asked, pointing to the door.

"No. The old lady told me to leave it alone."

Pale and agitated, Rita turned away. Some time passed before she found courage to approach the entrance. She knew that some one had been there, and she dreaded to find the undeniable proof. When she found it, a paralyzing fear crept over her. The padlock had been filed through, then carefully replaced. In the hard earth were faint traces of a man's foot-prints, and several straggling vines were crushed.

Rita hurried into the house, determined to confide her discovery and fears to Mrs. Kenneth, but the gentle old lady was knitting with placid composure, and the smile with which she greeted Rita made it impossible for the girl to frighten her. Again she tried to calm herself with the thought that Walter would soon return.

Before dark, she loaded the revolver —and the protection of it helped to soothe her fears.

After Mrs. Kenneth had gone to bed, Rita sat by the window in her room, watching the street and listening. She felt the approach of danger, and occasionally touched the weapon that lay on the chair beside her. The hours

slowly dragged by. Near midnight the noise she had been dreading came suddenly from behind the wall in Mrs. Kenneth's room. Rita stole in, and stood trembling at the foot of the sleeping woman's bed. In her left hand she held a flickering candle; in the right was clutched the revolver. She wanted to call softly to Mrs. Kenneth, but fear robbed her of her voice.

The stealthy noise drew nearer, and suddenly the wall was struck lightly, as if by accident. The next moment, one of the panels moved. A hand appeared and silently pushed open the sliding roor.

As Rita sprang forward, holding up her candle, she was confronted by a man with disheveled hair and dissipated eyes, who bore a startling resemblance to Walter.

A low cry broke from her. The man caught a sharp breath. They gazed at each other in alarm, then he took a quick backward step.

"Come in, or I'll fire!" Rita commanded.

The man faltered. Giving her a searching look, he saw that her threat was meant.

Mrs. Kenneth stirred.

"My child!" she gasped, springing up, and seeing the man, cried: "Phillip!" then repeated Rita's command, but in a firmer tone: "Come in!"

The man, trembling and half-intoxicated, looked from the revolver to Mrs. Kenneth, whom he could see, dimly, in the faint light.

Rita, agitated over the recognition of the intruder, moved aside to let him enter. He hesitatingly stepped in, and even as he did so, made a sudden motion to retreat, but the weapon flashed before his face.

Mrs. Kenneth threw a shawl about her shoulders and quickly lighted the lamp beside her bed. The man drew back before the light, but Rita gave the panel a thrust that closed it and locked the spring.

The three looked from one to the other in throbbing silence. A lifetime of emotions and memories were sweeping across Mrs. Kenneth's face, and her eyes rested keenly on the man who forced himself to return her gaze with dogged defiance.

The front door closed, and Walter, running up the stairs, called out a greeting:

"Still up! My train was three hours late. May I come in?" He heard Rita's joyous cry, and was on the threshold before she could reach the door. Surprise and anger flared in his eyes when he saw the man, who shrank back in fear. "What are you doing here!" Walter burst out, taking a threatening step towards him. "Have I not been *paying* you to keep away?" He turned to his mother. "Why did you let him in?"

"He came by way of the secret panel," Rita quickly explained, determined that Walter should know and straighten whatever might be wrong.

Mrs. Kenneth gave her a displeased glance, then her eyes softened as they turned to her son, and a little breath escaped her, as though a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. A tender smile played on her lips as she looked back to Rita.

"Secret panel!" Walter echoed, after a moment of silent surprise.

"I'll explain later," she said. "Give Phillip some money—*that* is all he can want of me." A tearful sadness was in her voice.

"I've been giving him money for the last four years to prevent this meeting," her son confessed. "Now I'm done with the dissipated vagabond!" Walter sprang forward, about to force him from the room.

"Don't, my boy! He is your cousin, and your father loved him."

Walter mastered his contemptuous anger with effort, and taking a bank note from his pocket, held it towards him.

The man looked into Walter's eyes and saw the unspeakable disgust. Momentary pride and the memory of what he had been shot through him, and he abruptly drew back; then degradation conquered him and he seized the paper.

"Go!" Walter commanded, "and if

you return, I'll put you where you ought to be!"

Phillip hurried out, tortured by fear, desperation, rage. Walter followed. Rita, running to the head of the stairs, heard excited words between the men; then Walter locked the door. Rita was awaiting his return. He threw a protecting arm about her, and clinging to him, she no longer was afraid.

Re-entering Mrs. Kenneth's room, they found her sitting on the side of the bed, slowly fastening her wrapper.

"I didn't tell you in all these years, because it was your father's wish that you shouldn't know," she said in a gentle tone that asked forgiveness.

"You needn't tell me now, mother, if you think I should't know."

His faith brought a blush of shame to Rita's pale face. She turned to go, for the secret did not belong to her.

"Don't go," Mrs. Kenneth said. "I want you to hear. You are one of us now," and she smiled to Walter.

He gratefully pressed her hand and drew up a chair for Rita.

"You know, my boy, that your father came here in '49, and made a strike in the mines. He accumulated a fortune, and then we built this home. He had no faith in banks and speculations because in the early days there was so much excitement and adventure. We planned this house together to make it a home for ourselves and our fortune. We lived quietly, and no one suspected our wealth. Just before your father died, he told me not to confide our secret to you until the time should come that you would be well established in whatever profession you might choose. You have been successful and have cared for me so long that perhaps I should have told you before. "Come! I want you to see it now."

"Wait till morning, mother. It is dark and cold."

"Daylight and warmth never reach this secret vault." She took up the lamp, and going to the wall, pressed a hidden spring and the panel flew back.

Walter motioned for Rita to follow. Mrs. Kenneth, holding up her lamp, led the way down the flight of stairs. Rita was trembling with excitement and shuddered in the cold, musty air. At the foot of the stair was a landing. Before them was an iron door; at the left, the door of a large safe. Mrs. Kenneth gave the lamp to Walter, and quickly finding the combination, swung open the safe door. Some sacks were within, and she opened one and showed them the bright gold nuggets.

"Why, mother, is this—is this real?" gasped Walter.

"Yes!" Her eyes were lighted with happiness. "There is a great fortune here. In this large sack is some of the uncrushed ore, just as it came from the richest vein in the mine. Your father wanted you to have it like this —the pure pioneer's gold. It was his wish that you keep this rock in its natural state and hand it down through the coming generations as a memento of the daring prospectors—the spirit of '49."

The glow of youth was in her eyes, kindled by the memory of those early days, and the spirit of the adventurous gold seekers was alive in her once more. Walter caught her in his arms, as the vision came to him of what it had meant—the toil, the hardships, to wrest from the earth the fortune that lay before him now.

"I'm glad you didn't tell me sooner. Perhaps I wouldn't have understood."

Rita was speechlessly awake to the romance and the wonder of it.

"This door opens into the wine cellar," Mrs. Kenneth presently explained. "Should anything unforeseen happen, we wanted two ways by which to reach this safe."

"How did Phillip know?" Walter asked.

"One day your father came here by way of the wine cellar. He didn't know that Phillip was in the garden, and the boy followed him, curious to see the 'cell,' as he called the storeroom. This door was open and he found your father absorbed in loving admiration of his treasure. The bright child always had been dear to him,

and he couldn't foresee the danger of the discovery, especially as the boy had no conception of the wealth that is here."

"Could he have gone to your room by this passage in the hope of finding gold, or just to see you secretly?" Walter slowly said.

"Let us have the kinder thought." Mrs. Kenneth started back to her room and had disappeared before the young people could tear themselves from the fascinating safe.

"This secret is ours," Walter softly said. "Father would have been proud of you, Rita. We must share his unique gift. Will you stay—always?"

His eyes were glowing with tender love. Rita knew that it was with him that she had found true happiness. She slipped her hand in his, and he took her in a quick embrace.

TO CALIFORNIA

I sing The West, with its zeal, its zest
Of life that's free, with its rare unrest,
Its quickening strife that is life, real life,
With Growth and not Decay to wife;
Its lure of gold, and its wilding wold
Of fabulous flowers manifold,
Half-tropic trees, the light-hearted breeze
That blows Adventure o'er its seas;
I sing its girls whose silken curls
Like flags i' the sun the breeze unfurls;
I sing them, too, its men that do
Deeds, dreams of daring that come true:
The West I sing, 'tis a wondrous thing
With the wild uplift of an eagle's wing
Cleaving the air till the world of care
Lies like a speck of dust down there.
Its great, its small, I must hymn it all—
From its humming-bird to its redwood tall,
From its poppy frail to its mighty vale
Where Romance has blazed her utmost trail.
For The West is wealth and The West is health,
And she steals the heart with a woman's stealth,
And she holds it so that you cannot go
On further wandering to and fro:
For she charms the heat and fret from the feet
Till the foot-loose find her fetters sweet
And shake the dust of the wanderlust
From their shoes and stay because they must—
Once blown by Fate through its Golden Gate,
Or, like me, early come, or late,
To the sunset town that it wears for crown,
New-fashioned now into far renown.

HARRY COWELL.

The Woman and the Vagabond

By Eva Chappel

KENT discovered Nagy, and gave him his opportunity; found him in an obscure road house dining room, where he was playing to pay for his dinner—his fortunes were at a low ebb—took him to San Francisco, and made him the sensation of the hour, with all that means of dollars in the pocket to an artist. Those who knew something of their relationship, and guessed something of what came of it, talked much about gratitude and ingratitude; using their own standards to measure Nagy by, as if there could be any justice in that! A discerning eye must have seen that he was a wild creature, captive among the vices and virtues and amenities of civilization. They were no part of him, though he might amuse himself, or go to ruin among them, or brush them aside as it might happen. Gratitude to big, kindly, dull Kent never occurred to him. The opportunity offered was a new road, and allured him.

Of course, Kent knew nothing of this. He had listened to remarkable music while he ate his dinner; music which stirred him as nothing but Florence Norwood had in all his placid, luxurious life. And though he was not averse to playing patron to genius—giving it a chance to make something of itself, he would have said—his interest in the man was chiefly on Florence's account. The first object of Kent's life was to give Florence pleasure. He loved her to the still depths of his nature; loved Florence for the exquisiteness of her; the sudden blood, the quivering life. She was a white flame, and his sluggish heart quickened for her. Kent tried to look on the world through her eyes; to touch with her sensitive fingers.

It was, then, because he foresaw the ecstacy of her enjoyment of this vagabond Paganini that he took Nagy to the city, rented a studio for him, gave him letters—which Nagy never delivered—to those of his friends who had children of the music-study age, and at last, as the best means of giving him a favorable introduction, had him put on the society vaudeville program. This must have touched Nagy's sense of humor, if the gods had not denied to him, as to all wild things, that precious gift. Then, that his protege might be perfectly equipped for conquest, Kent bought him a violin. Nagy's own was cheap and wheezy, altogether unworthy, and Kent's collection was a treasury. He cared for them as an illiterate man might love a shelf of books, and had no way of knowing their relative values but by the prices he had paid. Nagy chose the most wonderful—the Amati.

And it was with the Amati in his hand that he made his bow to his first San Francisco audience, and Florence saw him. The applause and hum of comment following a young heiress' song and dance was instantly hushed when Nagy stood before them—a slight, lithe figure, wearing like a disguise the rented evening clothes. There was that in the dark face and black eyes that made one's mental vision supply a green jacket for him, or a red and yellow sash. He was alien, exotic, but compelling with the first glide of the bow across the strings.

Kent, alert for the impression made by his prodigy, heard Florence's sharp intake of breath; he saw her eyes grow black with wonder. Kent had told her of Nagy, but she had not been

prepared for the greatness of his playing. Whatever master may have held the Amati in the old days, listening to Nagy, he would have found a worthy successor. Primitive forces were in his tones, strains caught from the morning of the world when joy and grief, and passion and pain walked naked and free and unashamed. One of the critics wrote that so great was the man's power that it would have brought no surprise to him to have seen the women—always appreciative of music to the verge of hysteria—following Nagy as the rats and children did the Pied Piper. As a matter of fact, they came as near to it as possible with the modern approved method of notes and flowers sent to the studio. But all this came later.

That night he was recalled again and again for his gypsy music, causing his hearers to dream dreams and see visions as few of them had in all their money spending, pleasure seeking years. When he had gone for the last time, Kent turned expectantly to Florence. The others in the box were voluble in praise, but his question to her was repeated before she lifted eyes whose light was strange to him.

"It's overwhelming. I can't talk," she said.

When the curtain rose on a scene set for a sketch, she stood up, and turned to Kent. "You must take me home, I think," she murmured. "No, I'm not ill"—in answer to the anxious question on his lips, and in the eyes of the others—"but I can't listen to anything else after that music!"

"That isn't fair," one of the men laughed. "You are making the music an excuse for running away. You've been to rehearsal and know what's coming."

Under cover of the laugh, Kent whispered: "Hadn't we better stay for this act? Genevieve will be hurt if you go before her turn."

"I can't stay," Florence answered simply, and the chaperon hearing, nodded consent to the question in Kent's eyes. "Send the machine back for me," she said.

Kent found Florence's cloak and took her away, a little uncomfortable at the unconventionality of it all. While they stood at the curbing, waiting for the signaled machine to draw up, Nagy came out of the stage door and went swinging past them, his violin-case held close under his arm.

Kent looked after him. "He made a great hit. And," smiling, "he's of your way of thinking about the rest of the program. Amateur stuff is a test of friendship." He took a tentative step in the direction Nagy had gone. "Shall I call him back? Perhaps you'd like to talk with him a minute? Compliment him?"

"No," Florence said, and Kent felt a vague relief.

"You're quite right. You'll get a better impression by knowing him only through his music. He seems a queer fellow."

Florence seemed not to hear. When Kent opened the door of the limousine, she asked:

"Can't you find an open car that we can get? Aunt Anne will need this in a little while anyway, and I want to feel the wind in my face and look at the stars."

Kent hesitated. "You'll be very conspicuous in your evening clothes," he reminded.

"Does that matter much?" she asked. "I can't feel that it does. Please find an open car, and we'll drive to the beach. And let's not talk."

* * * *

Florence was ready to talk when Kent called the next day.

"I can't get that man, nor his music, out of my thoughts," she said. "Strange he hasn't become famous! I want you to bring him to see me."

The lines about Kent's mouth became set. "Quite impossible," he said.

It was the tone, more than the words that surprised Florence. Yet Kent was not given to sudden change of mood, and last night he had offered to introduce the man. "What has happened?" she anxiously asked.

Kent set down his tea-cup and moved about uneasily. He had not

meant to tell Florence yet, nor any one until he had given the man a little more time. It was an ugly thing to talk about, but with Florence's vivid face waiting, he knew that she at least, must hear at once.

"His wonderful music!" she urged.

"Oh, he can play!" Kent blurted. "But I'm afraid that's all that can be said to his credit. I was willing to do everything that I could——"

He abruptly paused, and not until Florence had prodded him with a repetition of her question did he go on:

"I expected him to come in with the Amati this morning, and I was ready with all sorts of enthusiastic plans. He didn't come. Instead—— You know the police keep a close watch on the pawnshops in certain sections of the city. My collection of violins is rather notable, so when an Amati was found in one of them this morning I was notified. It proved to be mine."

Florence's cheeks were white; her eyes frightened, yet unbelieving. "The violin that you lent Nagy to play on last night?"

Kent nodded.

"You think ——"

"Dear girl, I *know*," Kent wearily answered. "I didn't take snap-judgment. I found out that Nagy, himself, pawned it. There isn't a possibility that it was stolen from him. The only mitigating circumstances—if it can be called that—is that he probably was not responsible at the time. Didn't quite know what he was doing."

"Oh!" she cried, on a sharp intake of breath. "What did you do?"

"Nothing, except to take care that the papers didn't get hold of it. The violin is safe enough, and I want to wait a little longer."

Florence turned her troubled gaze out of the window. "We can't understand, can we?" she said at last. It was as if she were sure that a larger vision could justify.

"I find it impossible," Kent answered dryly. "One doesn't like to talk of gratitude due to one's self, but still—— Besides, he must have gone straight from the theatre to a drunken revel."

Florence nodded, her eyes remote. "He lifted us stars, and himself . . . . . Ah!" she broke off sharply, "its like taken Pan to task!"

"A measure he often deserved, I daresay," Kent said, so literally that Florence laughed in genuine amusement. Upright, downright and straightforward, Kent had no sympathy, no comprehension for those whose feet danced gaily along forbidden ways to the allure of the wood-god's piping.

The laugh cleared the air, and she was able to consider the matter from a more commonsense viewpoint. "It was ungrateful and horrid of him, but I'm glad you're waiting. It is a big and generous thing to do, and I'm proud of you. And when he is himself again he will be heartily ashamed, and will lose no time in restoring the violin."

But Kent was skeptical, especially when Nagy was seen about the streets —a figure grown famous overnight— and he made no effort to see his benefactor, nor to avoid him, which was the more perplexing. Several of Kent's friends, knowing his interest in the vagabond, mentioned having engaged Nagy to play at receptions and the like: all of which was not condusive to Kent's peace of mind. He talked it over with Florence.

"I'm afraid I'll have to make the violin affair public, after all," he said. "I know that fellow isn't trustworthy, and having brought him here I feel responsible."

"Not yet," Florence protested. "Give him a little more time. Besides, he can give us all so much more than he can take away."

And Kent allowed himself to be persuaded against his judgment. But she, too, was troubled, and when she met Nagy at the Braddock's reception, she talked little commonplaces to him with a throb in her voice that proclaimed the words to be far different from those she wished to speak. But in that environment the question could not be forced.

The next day when motoring in the park, she passed him swinging along

the boulevard. Acting on a sudden impulse, she left the machine and walked to meet him. Here in the common world, among the friendly trees, she could push aside convention and restraint, and talk to him naturally—just one human being to another. She held out her hand with impulsive friendliness, and asked her question straightforwardly as might a child.

"It's two weeks now since you came, and you haven't returned Mr. Kent's violin. Aren't you going to, ever?" Then, after a pause: "I am the only one he has told."

The dark face showed neither surprise nor resentment.

"The violin was mine," he said, simply.

His pronounced foreign accent gave Florence a clue—the idioms of English must have brought about a misunderstanding. Her heart was lightened of a burden as she explained: "He did not mean to give it to you. It was only lent."

Nagy's eyes, moody, impatient, met hers. "The violin was mine," he repeated. "You were there? You heard me play?"

The poignant memory brought a flame to her cheeks. "Yes, I heard!"

"Then you know that it was mine, entirely." There was the arrogance of a master in his tone. "The violin could never have been Mr. Kent's. He had it locked in a room with carved wood, and dishes and pictures."

Never had Kent's priceless museum been dismissed so lightly. Nagy seemed to consider the subject closed; that he had made it clear to the mind of the dullest. Under the compulsion of his force, and the memory of the music he had wrung from the Amati, Florence realized how, to such a man, the violin would seem his own—his by the right of mastery. And yet, and yet——

"It wasn't yours to dishonor," she flamed. "They found it in a pawnshop——"

To her mental vision came pictures of such places as she had seen them, passing on her way to visit her friend at the settlement house: dirty shops, the windows hung with revolvers and knives and musical instruments—strange fellowships are formed in the meeting places of the abandoned—and below them lay trays of dust covered jewelry, rings that had been the token and the pledge of love. And now, the Amati——

"It's down there now. If you had only kept it!"

In his hands the violin had seemed a living thing, and this was the pained cry of a woman who can understand or forgive anything but a treachery to love. Nagy's dark cheek flushed dully, and when Florence lifted her eyes, there was that in his face which roused her pity.

"There must have been a necessity that I don't know," she said, gently.

He shook his head. "It is the city madness that—that gets me," he said in his careful English. "I was drinking after I had played, and when my money was gone, I went and got more on the violin. But you can't understand." He paused as if trying to find a word, to speak a language that would reach her. "I could not keep the violin anyway. In the morning it must go back to Mr. Kent, I knew, and it is is as well off where it is as in his house."

That he was in serious earnest was revealed to Florence's quick glance into his face, and by his further: "But you can't understand!" His tone implied a tragedy to both.

He was right. She could not understand the appetites and passions that lead to excess, the bubbling over of a vessel filled too full of seething life But she justified it. Byron and Burns and all their fascinating kind passed through her mind, and at the end stood Nagy. The smile that she lifted to him was an instant bond. He knew that he had found the words to reach her, or that she had found them for him.

"And yet," she said, "the violin must be returned to Mr. Kent."

Kent found the edge of his surprise dulled when he went to Florence that

afternoon with news of the returned Amati.

"Ah," she exulted, "he told me that he would attend to it at once!"

* * * *

The conversation in the park marked the beginning of a strange friendship.

Kent was not surprised when Florence took up her long-abandoned violin study—he had expected that when he took Nagy to the city—but it was with a disagreeable sense of shock that he found the musician a guest in her drawing-room. There was, too, a grim kind of humor in drinking tea in his fiancee's home with a man whom they both knew might be in jail but for Kent's lenity, but Kent was the only one of the three who appeared to be embarrassed by the situation, or even to remember it. For Florence and Nagy the incident had been closed, wiped out. Kent tried to forget it, and to account for the apparent friendship by Florence's love of music.

One day, when he was lunching at the club with a party of men, the talk turned on Nagy—the power of the man in spite of all that marred him. Some one chaffed Kent mildly about his rival. And though Kent laughed with the others, he decided that the affair had gone far enough, that Florence must be told the construction a sophisticated world put on her interest. He heartily wished that Florence's father were in town and could be made to forget business long enough to remonstrate with his motherless daughter. In his absence, Kent felt that the duty devolved on himself.

The call began inauspiciously. Kent was taken to the music-room, where Florence and Nagy were together. The girl gave him both her hands in cordial welcome.

"I'm so glad you've come while Mr. Nagy is here," she said. "Now you can enjoy the music with me." Her face revealed the life, the fire, the spread of wings that the music had brought.

The two men shook hands, but beyond a formal greeting there was no talk between them. On Florence's request, Nagy again took up the violin. Kent sat bolt upright, and looked with sullen eyes at the picture before him: the strange, dark man, gazing out across the violin into the illimitable spaces from whence came his inspiration, then back to the girl's face, vivid with white fire. His eyes wandered from the one to the other as if he sought endlessly, hopelessly to bring them together. And Forence . . . . .

Kent turned his eyes. He knew that Nagy was playing no more wonderfully on the violin than on the girl's soul. What chance, he thought, had a real man to make a woman know the truth about a picturesque devil. And through all his long moment of bitterness the violin sang on that incomparable serenade in which love incarnate stands under the beloved's window, and pours itself forth in divine melody.

"Through the leaves the night-wind straying——" One could almost hear the violin singing the words. But even to Kent's ears, sharpened by his love, it was no city breeze broken, and diverted and vitiated; it was a gypsy-wind that swept the heat of desertness, and the freshness of forest on its way to woo the woman. And the chamber from which she leaned to listen must have been a painted caravan, unless, indeed, she lay on a patch of grass beside the road.

The music stopped. Nagy put the violin in its case. "I did not know it was so late. I should have been back at the studio long ago."

The girl gave him her hand. "Until to-morrow, then," she said, and he repeated, "Until to-morrow."

When Florence turned back to Kent there shone in her eyes the radiance that had been there for Nagy.

Kent paced the floor, nervously, pausing before her to ask, "Will you talk with me alone, Florence? Not be at home to any one else this afternoon?"

She sank into a chair with a happy sigh. "I should like nothing better. You and I, alone, with Nagy's wonderful music in our minds. It will be per-

fect. Do you know, some of the most poignant moments of my life have been spent listening to him. Think of the much joy we would have missed if you had not found him!"

Kent winced. "You make me sorry that I did."

Her eyes sprang wide. "Sorry?"

"Yes. I want to talk to you about him, dear." He hesitated dreading an unfortunate beginning, but he saw nothing better than a headlong plunge. "I wish you would stop him from coming here."

Florence's eyes did not evade his. She was frankly perplexed. "You think I ought to go to the studio for my lessons?"

"Oh, no, no! Not on any account. I mean that he forgets that he comes here to teach. His attitude is one of friendship."

Florence sank back in her chair, and turned an intent gaze on him. Her silence was reassuring. The conviction was borne in on Kent that the scene was altogether unnecessary. Florence's passion for music was her only reason for her interest in the musician. There was an apology on Kent's tongue an apology that was not spoken, for she stopped it with:

"Why not? He is my friend."

Then it must all be said, after all. Kent tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it. The action hurt him with deep significance. They were engaged and she had never before shown herself unwilling to grant him the privileges of a lover.

"The thing isn't possible," he said, quietly. "You are interested in his music, and in him as a musician, but friendship——! He isn't of our world, at all."

"No. He isn't of our world."

She appeared to be analyzing the situation, and Kent was encouraged to go on. "Coming here so much as he does, people don't understand that you realize that, and they are beginning to talk."

Her level gaze met his troubled one. "What does that matter?" she asked.

Eagerly, he caught at the question. "It matters a great deal, because he, too, probably misunderstands. And ——" He hesitated. "So picturesque a figure can't escape being conspicuous. I have heard a good deal about him . . . things that . . . ."

"Don't!" she flamed. "You were the first to see his greatness, and now you turn against him, and look only on sordid little things, forgetting all the rest. It's because he isn't of our world that we can't judge him."

"I admit his genius, but when that is said——" Kent broke off with a gesture.

Florence's eyes met his in a long, questioning gaze. "Then you think—you can believe—that all his power, his scope, his tremendousness, is in his fingers? Can't you realize that there must be something great within?"

The tone hurt Kent, and gave him an unaccountably guilty feeling. It held a sadness as if he had failed her in an essential. He would have been glad to be able to tell her that he saw the man as she did. But he shook his head; there had always been truth between them.

"I can't dear. I know too much about him."

Kent closed his mouth on all else that he wished to say; powerless before the hurt mutiny in her eyes. But an inspiration came. In spite of her shrinking, he took the girl in his arms and held her close.

"You know that I love you?"

She nodded.

"And that I would not hurt you willingly, nor deprive you of a minute's joy?"

Again he felt her assenting head against his arm.

"Then think of it when I tell you that the man is not worthy to touch your hand."

She looked up, and saw the working of his face. Whatever she would have said was silenced before the sight of a slow man's passion.

He went without another word.

* * * *

For a long time she stood just as he had left her, thinking, thinking—her

heart pounding an accompaniment to her whirling brain. It was the first time she had given herself pause in her drifting on the high-tide of feeling. It did not occur to her, as it might to a smaller woman, to accuse Kent of mere jealousy. Of course he could not comprehend her feeling for Nagy. Even she could not understand her sweeping away of all conventional standards in her judgment of this one man; she had given over the effort once for all that day in the park.

Lawless in his genius, law in his life must not be exacted. He was not of their world, hers and Kent's, but for all that, his friendship was a rare treasure; a treasure that she could not relinquish. She would tell Kent so.

Then, as if in response to her decision, Nagy's name was brought to her, and she directed that he come to the music room. She rose to greet him, but he stood waiting in the door.

"I had to come back——"

"Yes." Florence felt no surprise at his return; merely a sense of satisfaction, of completeness. She had left off thinking, and gone back to feeling.

He came into the room, and stood by the chair into which she sank.

"I had to come—just once more."

The words brought a pang of loss. "You've been called away?" she asked breathlessly.

"I am going—on," he said vaguely. Then: "I must. You see, I love you."

Florence looked away, out into the purple haze of twilight. It was a moment of revelation. He had said the word that explained everything. It was love. Love was not the safe, comfortable affection that she had felt——

Instantly, with a fine woman's loyalty, she drew Kent's ring from her finger. It rolled, unnoticed, from her lap to the floor. She lifted her eyes to Nagy's, knowing that words were needless, and he opened his arms as if to fold her close. Slowly, they dropped to his sides, and he turned away.

"No, no, no," he cried passionately. "I must go—on!"

A servant passed through the hall, turning on the lights. A ray fell across Nagy's face—a face changed since the afternoon. He had struggled with himself, and his victory had been very costly.

The girl lifted her face, her soul in her eyes. She was sure—so sure—that their great love would overcome all obstacles, work all miracles.

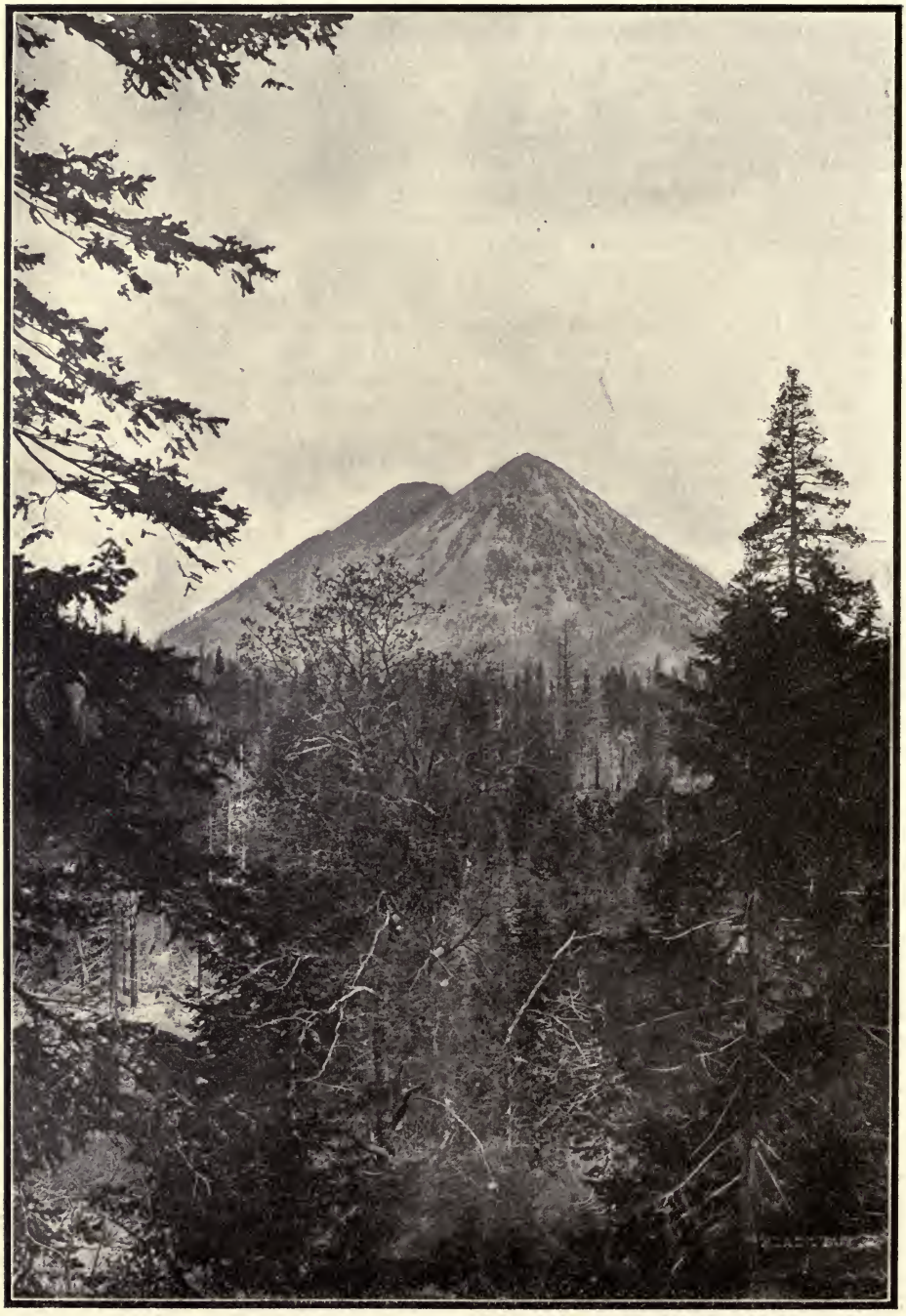
But he, with the deep wisdom of his self-knowledge, knew better. "Ah, you would be wretched, my love, wretched! And I love you enough to go—on!"

Before the light that shone in his eyes, Florence bowed her head.

Nagy stood at the door for a last, long look about the room. It held the most precious thing that had ever come into his passionate, lawless life: the girl who had reached out her hand to him, and whom he knew, by the strange obligation that his love put upon him, he must never see again. *Must not,* lest he sweep her from the safe waters of her life, into the wild currents of his own.

As he turned away, his glance was caught by a gleaming object on the rug. He stooped and picked up the ring that she had worn—he had guessed with what significance. Without speaking, he put it on the corner of the piano, and went out. She must not see it now, nor think of it, but he knew that sometime she would wear it again. When absence, and perhaps years, had made him only a romantic memory, she would give to Kent the richness of her womanhood, and therein would lie her happiness.

Strange that the realization should bring so poignant a regret, since it was to that end that Nagy was going—on.



Character of scenery in the Mt. Lassen country.

Crater of Mt. Lassen, June, 1914.

Mount Lassen and Its Volcano

By May C. Lassen

ONE of the most wonderful and interesting things that has happened on the North American continent recently is the eruption of Mt. Lassen in California, a volcano which has been extinct for over a thousand years; at the same time, there have been more recent activities in the peaks surrounding it. According to the great geologist, Whitney, after whom Mt. Whitney was named, Mt. Lassen was responsible through it tremendous and violent outburst, ten thousand years ago, for the present formation of California; that great temblor and rending of the earth changed the course of the Sacramento River, separated the peninsula from the mainland, ripped a gateway through the hills, the Golden Gate entrance to San Francisco bay, and heaved up the Catalina Islands from the depth of the Pacific Ocean. The entire mineral belt, with its unusual river beds, its lava table mountains, its strangely broken and uplifted auriferous slates and gravels, its changed river courses, many crater lakes, including Great Salt Lake, and what is now Honey Lake in Lassen County, are all living witnesses to the great and stupendous eruption ten thousand years ago. This great earthquake literally shook the coast lands from Klamath Falls, Ore., down to the San Fernando Mountains of Southern California.

Mt. Lassen was then one of a group of four peaks; to-day it is the commanding one of the four. Evidence shows that one of the peaks towered at least two thousand feet above Mt. Lassen, and that the entire top of the mountain had been blown off in some

Mt. Lassen in eruption.

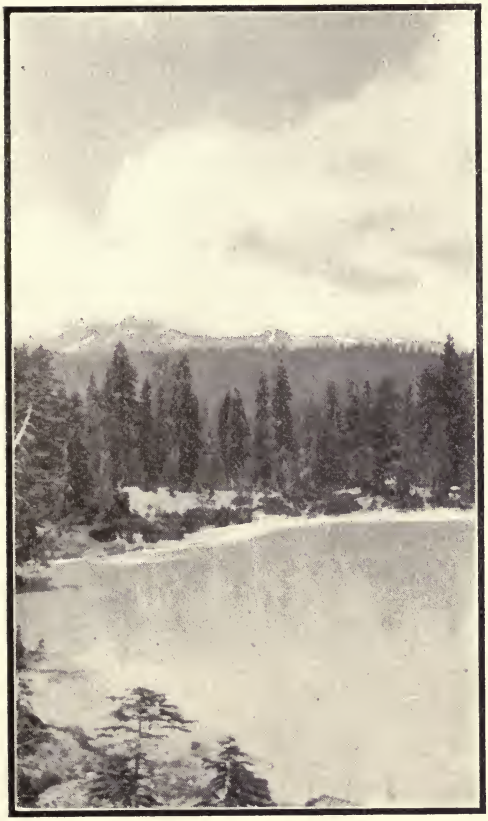
former volcanic outburst. Some day Mt. Lassen may do the same. There is a cave in Mt. Lassen which was inhabited at one time. No one dare enter it now on account of the volcano.

Mt. Lassen is situated on the edge of Shasta County, with Lassen, Plumas and Tehama counties around it. The radius of Lassen Peak district is sixty-nine miles long by fifty and one-half miles wide; it contains over three thousand square miles of territory. Not only was Lassen Peak the monster mountain of the three hundred and sixty-five cones in this district, but Lassen Peak dominated the great Northwestern volcanic region, containing more than two hundred thousand square miles, including Mt. Tacoma, Hood, Mt. Shasta and all the lesser buttes and peaks in that wide stretch of territory, extending from the thin fluid lava deposits along Columbia and Shasta Rivers, to the terrific disturbed bank of the Deshutes River, and east to the Yellowstone country.

Since the first eruption, May 30th, 1914, Mt. Lassen has had twenty-seven eruptions. Following is the correct record of the first ten:

First, May 30th, 5 a. m.
Second, June 1st, 8 a. m.
Third, June 8th, 5:30 p. m.
Fourth, June 9th, 11 a. m.
Fifth, June 12th, 10:45 a. m.
Sixth, June 13th, 6 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.
Seventh, June 14th, 10 a. m. and 6:45 p. m. (Man injured on June 14th.)
Eighth, June 22d, 7:30 p. m.
Ninth, June 30th, 11 a. m.
Tenth, July 1st, 5:30 a. m.

The crater has greatly enlarged since the first eruption. The ashes around the cavity were six inches in depth; the snow afterwards turned them into a slushy mud. Red Bluff, a town of about five thousand inhabitants, is the shortest and most direct route to the mountain, and will be put on the map of the Southern Pacific as one of the sights of the road of a Thousand Wonders. Undoubtedly, this volcano will prove of great interests to all tourists, and especially those contemplating a visit to the Exposition of 1915, and will do marvels towards opening up that beautiful part of California hitherto unknown and rarely traversed. There will be seen the marvels of nature undreamed of by strangers; for instance, the Devil's Kitchen, where the water is constantly at a boiling point, and eggs can be cooked there at short notice; another, where the earth is so hot that a pot of beans placed therein are taken out in a little over an hour, thoroughly baked. Cinder Cone is also among the many wonders. This is several miles from Mt. Lassen, and was carded as the most recent volcano in the United States until Mt. Lassen attained its present distinction. Hot Springs, Sulphur Springs, beautiful lakes, timber lands, varieties of wild flowers, wild game, and numerous fish abound in that region. Morgan Springs, Mt. Lassen, was known for



A side view of Mt. Lassen in the distance.

sixty years as Lassen Peak; most settlers there now call it Mt. Lassen. It acquired the name from a singular experience of Peter Lassen, a hardy Dane, and a pioneer of the early forties who owned, in those days, a valuable stock ranch on Deer Creek. Being of a roving disposition, and loving the world's frontier, he left the ranch in charge of others, and plunged into the wilderness. He was never happier than when alone with his two pack horses in an unexplored region. On one occasion he was caught in a violent snow storm on Lassen Peak. The snow came on so fast, and fell so deep, that he was unable to get his pack horses out. Always full of expedients, he built shelter for himself and the horses. The only feed he found for his horses was the long pea green moss hanging from the trees. Lassen was snow-bound for weeks, and when he finally got out with his horses, and told his story, the settlers dubbed the old peak Mt. Lassen.

Peter Lassen not only owned and planted the largest vineyard in the world at Vina, Cal., which is now part of the Stanford University endowment, but he had located also on a mine in the vicinity of Mt. Lassen. Once a year he made a trip to this mine, now lost to heredity. A reward of $20,000 has been offered to any person or persons who can locate it. Lassen was killed on one of his many excursions into the wilds—killed by white explorers, and not by the Indians, as history has repeatedly recorded. Lassen's friendly relations with the Indians was a bye-word among the settlers. An aged Pit River Indian told Lassen that Mt. Lassen was an active peak. That was in 1856, and fifty years previous would make the first eruption 106 years old. The Indians called the mountain La Lapum Yermani Waidum, which means "The long mountain that was broken." Lassen was a great friend of Freemont, and when Lieutenant Gilespie was sent out from Washington in 1846 with despatches to Freemont, he came to Peter Lassen's ranch, where he expected to find Freemont.

Lassen was the last of American settlers to receive a land grant from the Mexican government; his grant was the most northern in California, and extended from high reaches of the upper Sacramento River to Honey Lake Valley.

After obtaining this grant, Lassen went back to Chico, and brought out a train of twelve wagons of immigrants over what is now known as Lassen's Trail. He and his immigrant train were caught in the big meadows country, and had to stay there all winter. They were brought down to Sacramento in the early spring by an Oregon train. Lassen brought the first Masonic Charter into California. It was his ambition to found a city, which he intended to name "Benton," in

honor of Freemont, and he intended to institute a Masonic lodge there. This strong friendship between these two men saved the lives of both Freemont and Lieutenant Gilespie, and in all likelihood also saved California to the Union. At a critical time in the history of California, Lassen, in company with Lieut. Gilespie, started from his ranch in search of Freemont, who was en route to Oregon. Near Klamath Lake the Fremont party was overtaken. That night the Indians attacked them, but were repulsed. Lassen, Fremont and Gilespie returned to Sacramento. That was in 1845. Early in 1846, Fremont went over to old Sonoma, and hoisted the Bear Flag, thus formally announcing secession from Mexico, and making California a republic. The discovery of gold in 1848 brought a great influx of immigrants, and in 1850 California joined the Union.

Peter Lassen settled in what is now called Lassen County in 1855. Prior to that, he had lived in the Sacramento Valley for ten years. He was killed February 26, 1859. At his request, the Masons not only buried him in his own field, but erected what is probably the first Masonic monument in the State, a simple granite shaft with the inscription:

PETER LASSEN
A Native of Denmark, Age 66
Killed February 26, 1859.

There he sleeps beneath a great sugar pine, six miles from Susanville.

As Mt. Lassen is to become a National Park reserve, the locality best beloved by the old California pioneer will become his monument.

LAKE MERCED

Pillowed between two mighty mountain breasts,
Stirless you dream the tranquil night away,
Dreaming of them and of the flaming stars,
That keep unwinking watch; and all
In the faery world of your still bosom have
A second habitation. The quiet of the grave
You share, but not its gloom and grim decay;
The dewiness of youth and pure, serene
Content of blameless age, unmarred, unstained
Is yours. Meet that you sleep till long
The dawn has blossomed, and the curious sun
Climbing the eastern bulwark peeps within
The enshrined nest. Not till the wind,
Your ancient playfellow, stealing comes
To kiss your placid face will you awake.
Then until the stars come forth again
You'll laugh and dance, and hold high carnival
Along your level sands or granite marge,
Precipitous, mocking with rippling flash
The slow, bright clouds, and vying hue for hue
With the vast, maternal, bending, brooding blue.

GEORGE FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

Velma Comstock and the hounds.

A Hunting Trip in the Sierra Nevadas

By Velma Comstock (Thirteen Years of Age)

MR. MAYHEW, Mr. Wills, my father and I were going on a deer hunting trip in the high Sierra Nevadas. Uncle George and Indian Ben, a very intelligent Indian guide, had gone ahead two days before to prepare camp. Our outfit consisted of a good horse apiece, three pack horses to carry the cooking utensils, beds, etc., and an extra pack horse to carry our game, if we got any. Each person had a large canvas sack to put all their extra clothes in, a sleeping bag, a rifle, and in some cases a shotgun also, and two dogs that were to follow different people in turn. This composed our outfit.

We left Tallac, Lake Tahoe, our home, on a crisp, cool September morning, in fact on my twelfth birthday. Dresses being a nuisance on these trips I always wear corduroy knickerbockers and large boy's boots with hob-nails, a light coat minus sleeves, with deep pockets for game and small ones for shells, a hunting coat and a khaki shirt.

As I sprang on my shaggy mountain pony and strapped my little forty-four gauge shotgun to my saddle, I felt as if it were as large as papa's ponderous sixteen gauge shotgun or his great deer rifle.

The road led for five miles to Cascade Lake. This far the road was good traveling. Great, towering pines and manzanita bushes lined the trail, and in the silence of the forest we

heard the gray tree-squirrel bite and drop the fruitful pine cone from its aerial home, and saw the scurrying chipmunk cross our path, his chops full of his winter harvest of nuts.

When we reached Cascade Lake, we could see the trout jumping in the air high above its shining surface and splashing the drops in the sunshine that turned them silvery. Here we quit the road and took a small single-file trail that branched from it. This narrow trail led up a small ridge of hills that were covered over thickly with manzanita, buckthorn and many other dense bushes. Here we had a wonderful view of Emerald Bay that lay directly below us. Emerald Bay is so named on account of the wonderfully colored, shallow waters that wash the sides of this pretty little bay. Still higher, on to another ridge, our trail led, the country each minute growing wilder and more wonderful; finally we came to Granite Lake, a mere pond in the high mountains, bordered by immense granite domes, but of a wonderfully clear, blue color. Now the traveling was very interesting, for we were on a mountain ridge, and could see for miles around. Looking ahead between two great peaks, I saw a vast expanse of land, a great, dim valley with lakes and rivers, trees and hills. "What valley is that?" I said to father, who was riding back of me. He rubbed his eyes and gazed for some time at the view. "Why!" he exclaimed at length, "that's a mirage." It was, and a very beautiful one, too, composed of clouds and mist.

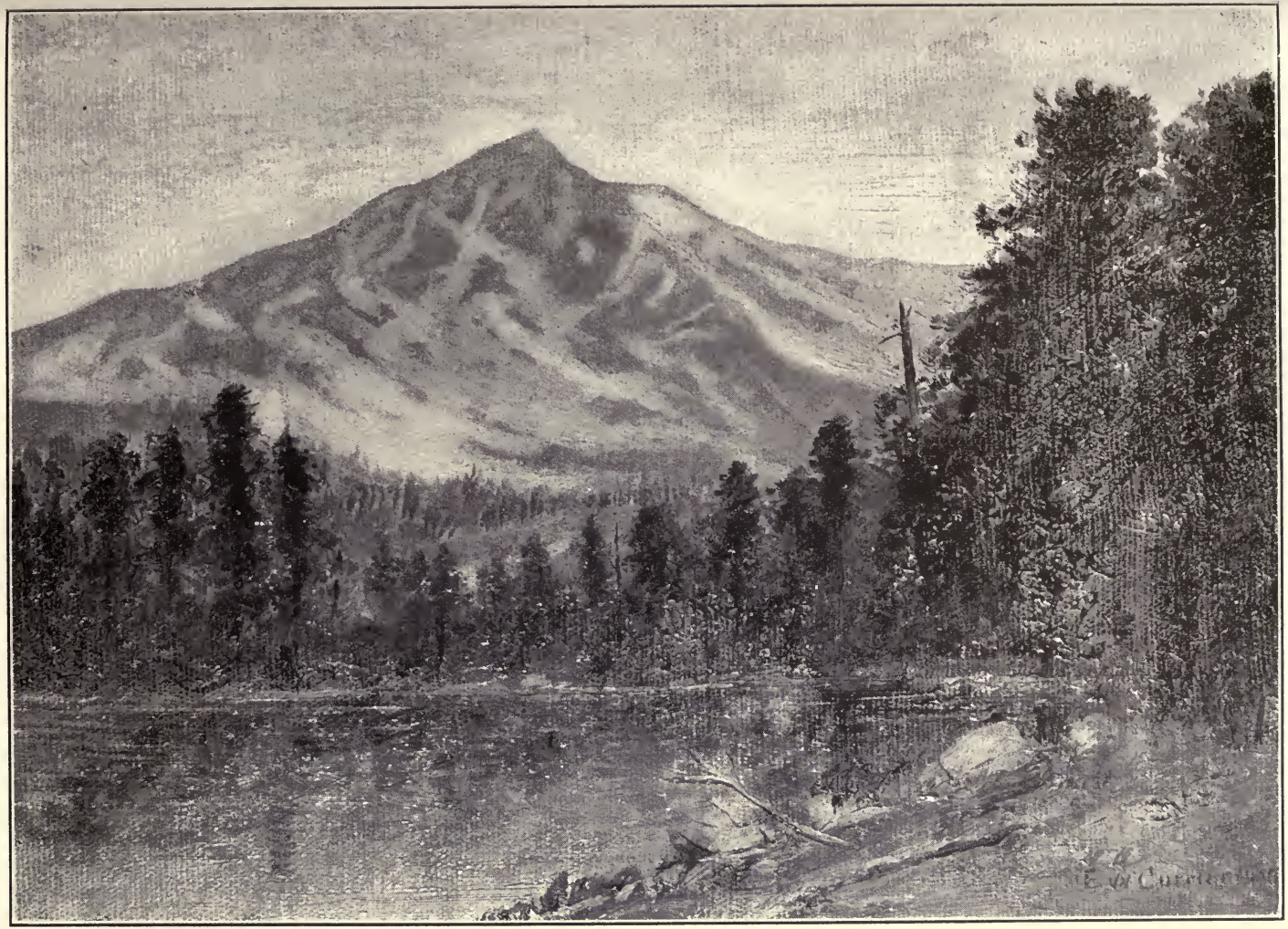
At noon we stopped at a small stream that crossed our path, and ate a small lunch. Now the trail dipped down, and the country about was all rocks and stones and long stretches of solid granite rock which was very slippery, and had to be traveled over slowly. Soon we passed several lakes in a group, and I had the pleasure for the first time in my life of seeing my namesake, Velma Lakes.

About half-past three o'clock we arrived in a little meadow fed by the Rubicon River; it was here that Uncle George and Indian Ben had made camp. Nobody was in camp, the occupants probably being out hunting deer, but we made ourselves at home, each in our several different fashions. Every person unsaddled his own horse and put leathern bands, called hobbles, about the forefeet of the beasts to keep them from walking quickly and straying away. Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Wills went deer hunting, while father and I went fishing up the creek.

Climbing over the rocks, I espied a large trout lying under a big rock in the stream. Papa softly crawled on the rock and cast for him, while I still lay on the rock watching, but the big, lazy, well fed trout did not seem to notice the tempting fly. Papa told me to try and catch a grasshopper, so I softly began to slide off the rock, and in my wish not to frighten the fish, I did not heed where I slid, and fell into the water with a loud splash; still it did not scare the trout, and although drenched, I hastened to a little pine tree, cut a branch from it to hit the grasshopper with, for the firm, hard needles dealt stinging blows, and began searching for a "hopper;" soon I discovered one by the loud chirping he made with his wings, and began a lively chase after the shy insect over rocks and brush, but I soon came close to him and hit him a sound knock with the twig, killing him instantly. Triumphantly I returned to papa with the unfortunate "jumper," and papa put the hopper on the hook, but even this failed to attract the lazy trout, and at last we were forced to leave him and continue up stream.

Father struck a deep pool, and every time he cast he caught a fish, catching in ten minutes about six or seven fine trout. When we had fished out the pool, we continued up stream, catching many more fish. Returning to camp, we found that all the others had returned before us, and Ben, to our great joy, had killed a fine buck and brought home the liver for supper.

Ben is a very intelligent Washoe Indian, far above the average type; he was raised in an English family and



Mount Tallac, from Fallen Leaf Lake, near Lake Tahoe, in the camping country. From a painting by Currier.

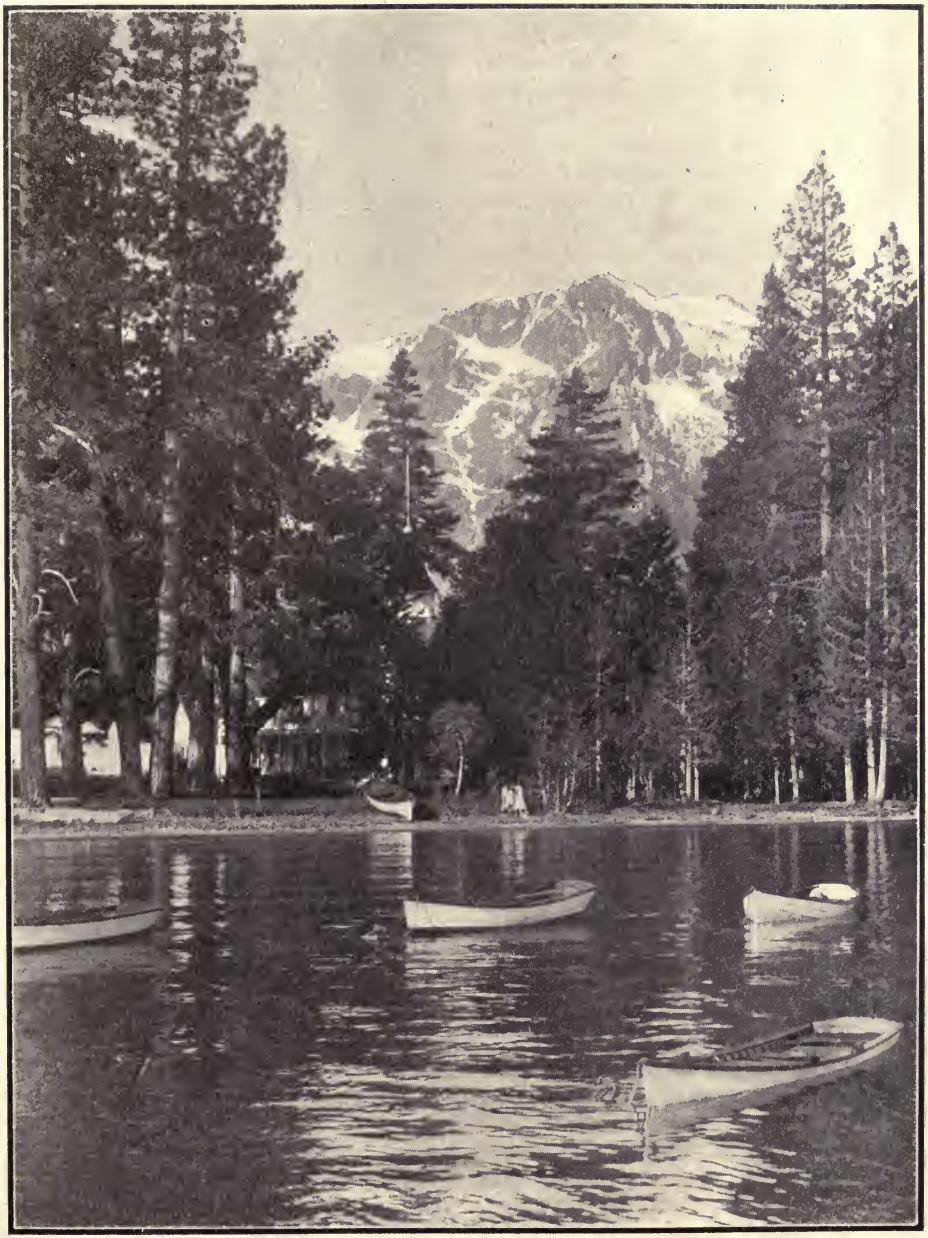
The camping party on the trail in the High Sierras.

had a very good education, but when grown he returned to his people and married an Indian woman and has several children.

Much to our surprise, Ben had brought home with him the paunch or stomach of the buck. When questioned, he said that it would insure good health and long life to his family. He also, when cutting the throat of the buck, was very careful not to cut the windpipe, as others do, but cut the juglar vein. He said that if he had cut the windpipe of the buck he would never again have a standing shot at a buck. This shows how strong are the Indian's superstitions, to cling through a good education.

What a supper we ate that night: trout and venison liver cooked to the queen's taste by the experienced hands of Ben and father. After the hearty meal we sat around a great campfire and told stories of hunts and adventures, the rosy light glowing on us, business cares forgotten—all forgotten save the spirit of rest and peace and the harmony of the woods. We retired early to our sleeping bags, for ambitious hunters must rise early in the morning.

The following day, Mr. Wills, papa and Ben went hunting, while Mr. Mayhew, Uncle George and myself, putting a pack on Sweetheart—our best pack horse—went to bring back the buck. It was a long, steep climb, and I soon became very tired, and Uncle George put me on the back of the stalwart old mare and gave me the halter rope to guide her by. The way led up a mountain, and we had to pick our own trail. Suddenly Sweetheart started to walk up a very steep embankment, and I endeavored to stop her, but, feeling no cutting bit in her mouth, the mare did as she pleased. She had gone three or four yards, and I was hoping she would not slip, when she fell—me beneath her. In her frenzied efforts to rise, she crushed me badly. Uncle George and Mr. Mayhew, who had been walking ahead when they saw the horse fall, ran to my rescue. Uncle George caught the bridle of the mare to hold her quiet, and Mr. Mayhew dragged me out from under the horse so quickly that



In the Lake Tahoe region

we both went over backwards into the manzanita bushes. Not too soon, either, for Uncle George, unable to hold the heavy animal longer, loosened the halter and the beast rolled down over the very spot where I had lain, and went crashing into the brush below, but was unharmed. The accident was not serious, but I was sore and bruised for some time after. We found the buck where Ben had told us we would, loaded it on Sweetheart, and came down the mountain again without any more misadventures. We waited until the others returned, but they had had no luck, and after eating supper, went to bed and slept the sound sleep of the weary.

The next morning we had arisen earlier than usual, as we were going to move camp to Silver Creek, and as papa was making hot cakes for breakfast, and the rest were packing things together for a quick move, an interesting incident occurred. The two dogs, Cap and Jet, were discovered looking into a bush on the edge of the camp, and barking and whining eagerly. Everybody grabbed a shotgun, including myself, and began treading into the bush and throwing missiles into it to scare whatever animal might be in it. Just at this moment a red, fuzzy streak shot through camp, followed by the dogs, who upset everything in their path. The dogs treed the animal, which proved to be a marten, a kind of fishing weasel, only larger. Then there was a general search for the animal, which had disappeared, and even the dogs were unable to find him, although they sniffed into every tree and bush. The men soon returned to camp, and their different occupations, and I, having nothing to do, sat down on a rock and commenced lacing my boots, which I had forgotten in my excitement. Very soon, however, a reddish brown, furry head appeared in the branches of a small pine tree, and raising my small gun to my shoulder, I took careful aim and fired, bringing the marten tumbling out of the tree, shot through the neck. That night Ben skinned it for me, and I have the skin yet as a memento of a very interesting camping trip.

About half-past seven we left camp with all our goods packed on our horses. We traveled in this way about twenty-five miles a day on the average. The trail led up a slanting ridge that was very sandy and very high, along the summit the rocks were laid bare and formed a low, rocky ridge along the top. One place jutted up in a high peak, and on this was perched a great eagle and another eagle was trying to drive him off. It was funny to watch these two great birds quarreling over this perch. The wind was terribly strong and blew constantly northward. We then traveled down off the ridge and came into a great forest. Soon the forest opened into a little meadow, and here was a small cattle ranch. We stopped and bought some fresh milk and cream, as we had previously been using canned goods. Soon after we arrived under Slick Rock on Silver Creek, and the men all went hunting in the vicinity except Mr. Mayhew and I. Pretty soon five or six shots rang out in the hills, and about ten minutes after more shooting was heard. At intervals this continued, until it sounded like a battle-field. Mr. Mayhew got excited and went out, leaving me, as I was tired, in camp. About half-past four the mighty hunters all returned, and we found out that every one of them had seen and shot at a buck and missed as many times. As for me, after I had rested up a bit, I had gone out and shot a chipmunk, and so at least had something to show. Mr. Wills had fallen down that afternoon as he was running down a steep spot to try to get a shot at a buck, and had hurt his ankle very badly.

All the men again went hunting the next day except Mr. Wills, whose ankle was swollen to twice its normal size. He sat on the ground wrapped in a blanket, and read a book while I went squirrel hunting. Walking along the bank of a river, I espied a squirrel who was on the opposite side, in a

Trophies of the chase.

tree. I shot across the stream and killed him; saw him fall from the tree to the bushes, and heard the thump he made in landing, then I was in a fix to get across to him. I walked up stream some little distance, and soon found a tree had fallen across and formed a good bridge. This I crossed, and ran to the spot, but was unable to find my quarry, although I found blood and fur. He must have come to and crawled in a hole or up a tree. I was forced to give up the search, and went farther on, and saw and shot another squirrel, which was in the forked branches of a tree. I killed him also, but he did not fall, and I was unable to get him. Disgusted with squirrel hunting, I returned to camp and spent the rest of the day reading a book, although about every twenty minutes I jumped up to try to shoot a great woodchuck whose den was several hundred yards away in the midst of high manzanita bushes, and who kept up a constant chucking noise. However, before I could come within shooting distance he would jump down his hole and refuse to come out until I had returned to camp.

The hunters soon returned, and father had killed a fine buck. A funny little incident occurred which I will mention: The sugar and salt had been placed in sacks, which were exactly alike, and father, being hot and tired, and wishing to celebrate his good luck, prepared for himself a "hot toddy," and unknowingly seasoned it with salt. After the first swallow he uttered some words that Webster never put in his dictionary. In the same way, at dinner that night Uncle George, sitting down to a plate of hot venison, seasoned it with sugar and spoilt his supper.

The next day we again moved camp, as we had been at Slick Rock two days, to a spot where there was an old, tumbled down ranger's cabin, that is, a house where the forest rangers might stop over night in their rounds. We did not use the house, of course, but camped a little distance away. I went out hunting and shot some mountain linnets, birds about three times the size of common linnets, and father cooked them for me at supper. The men had gone hunting, but did not meet with anything, and returned early.

Father took a leg of venison and put it down in the hot coals to cook. "Oh, Harry," said Uncle George, "you will burn it." "Of course you will," we all said in a chorus. "Just wait and see," said papa, smiling. We doubtfully watched the meat, which was soon all covered with black. "Now, we knew you'd spoil it," said Uncle George, but papa did not heed our discouraging remarks, and finally put the leg on a plate and told us to sit up to our places and eat. After papa had sliced off the burnt part, he showed us the juicy meat that was under the

scorched outside, and we ate, and every one said that they had never tasted anything better, in spite of its queer appearance at first.

The next day was windy, but the men again went hunting about six in the morning. Nothing worthy of mention happened during the day, except that the wind increased steadily until the time the men returned, about half-past five, when it was so bad that we were forced to move into a shed back of the ranger's cabin to keep our things from being blown about. We tried to eat supper by the light of the camp fire (the sun set here in the mountains about half-past five), but the smoke was blown in our faces no matter where we sat, as the wind was blowing in all directions at once. Having no peace at the camp fire we retired early to our sleeping bags and talked for some time, the men smoking their pipes. During a lull in the conversation, Uncle George went to sleep with a pipe in his mouth, and when his jaws relaxed, his pipe dropped from his mouth and burned a big hole in his bed. This ended the day, and in the morning we went home, the journey taking about three-quarters of the day from where we were.

Rising early in the morning, we ate a hasty breakfast, packed up camp, saddled our horses, and put the two bucks on Sweetheart, being careful to allow their heads and feet to show, so that people could see that our trip had not been in vain.

We arrived at Tallac about half-past five. Most of our journey had been along the State Road from Placerville, which is an extremely beautiful and well kept road, which took us right home and was very easy and fast traveling. This trip was one of the most interesting ones I have ever taken, as any one who cares to go to Tallac, Lake Tahoe, and take it, will see.

NOCTUNE

Come to me at eventide,
  When the day's tumult dies;
Come with healing in thy hands,
  And love within thine eyes.

Lay thy hair across my face,
  My head upon thy breast;
The busy whirl of life allures,
  But surely peace is best.

M. R. HUNTER.

In a cotton field, Imperial Valley, California.

California's Cotton Crop

By Neeta Marquis

THE DAY of alfalfa's pre-eminence in California is on the wane, say the prophets. A greater than alfalfa is here.

Cotton has come to stay in this country of wheat and oranges, to become the dominating crop, as it always becomes wherever grown to advantage. So, also, has ramie, the fibre of the East, which answers practically every need which cotton has heretofore supplied. But while ramie is still in the experimental stage of its occidental career, cotton is no longer so. Cotton is an assured result, to be reckoned with agriculturally and commercially.

While it is only five years since cotton planting began on a very reduced scale in Imperial Valley, expanding into a crop which sold for $2,500,000 in the year lately ended, cotton growing as a successful experiment is much older than that in other portions of the State. It was raised with profit in Los Angeles, Kern, Merced, Fresno, Sacramento, Lake, Sutter, Yolo, Santa Barbara and Colusa Counties previous to 1872, and the only reason for abandoning its culture seems to have been the great difficulty met with in getting the crops picked.

Cheap labor has always been a condition of primary importance in cotton production, and for that reason the bulk of the world's cotton has come from the Black Belt of the United

States, India, Egypt, Southern Russia and the South Sea Islands, where human life is rated at a dying rather than a living wage.

Its culture has been a matter of economic rather than climatic regulation.

But since the new mechanical harvester, or picker, has entered the field, to do the work more swiftly and less painfully to the laborer, and more profitably to the grower, than human fingers could, cotton becomes a logical moneymaker in any place where other ordinary crops are grown to profit—practically anywhere in the length and breadth of California.

An additional feature which gives point to the vast prospects of California as a fibre producing territory is the fact of a new machine for the ginning of cotton, ramie and other fibres, which is being rather extensively introduced on the market. This gin not only reduces waste in the ginning of cotton by thirty per cent over the old Whitney gins, 100,000 of which are in use in the United States, but in the labor and expense of operation. It modernizes the antiquated and destructive treatment which has obtained for cotton for one hundred years in the face of improved machinery for all less valuable crops.

So great an asset is the new machine in the estimation of experienced cotton producers, scientists and expert spinners that the question for the estimate of wealth will soon be, not "Have you struck oil?" but "Have you a cotton gin?"

Under a microscope, cotton reveals from three hundred to five hundred twists to the inch, and this twist is what renders it the most valuable fibre known. The old process of ginning, with saws, not only destroys this original twist, but so mangles the seeds that a large percentage of them is unfitted for planting. A chipped seed, exuding its vitality with its oil, produces a plant which will grow at all only under favoring climatic conditions, at that producing an inferior plant. A perfect cotton seed produces a vigorious plant, which will thrive wherever any other kind of plant will grow.

If the saving on all the cotton seed alone in the United States were only one cent a pound, the total profit for one year would be $240,000,000.

So when you add to the mechanical cotton picker a cotton gin with an ability to turn out even better cotton than it takes in, with the reduction to a minimum of the usual twenty-five per cent loss on Egyptian long staple cotton, thirty-three per cent on South Sea Island cotton, and forty-five per cent on common cotton, and its further safe guarding of the valuable cotton seed, the future of cotton promises easily to eclipse all previous brilliant records.

The Universal Fiber Gin, as the new machine is called, treats with equal ease and satisfaction cotton, flax, wool, asbestos, ramie, and all other known fibers. It frees wool entirely from the burrs, which, in other methods of ginning, sometimes occasion as much as a forty per cent loss.

As cotton is still largely ginned by hand in India at the present time, so is ramie treated in China, to produce the flat strips which are so valued commercially. But for all the cheap native labor in China, this slow treatment of the fiber brings the price up to ten cents a pound as we buy it to-day.

Ramie yields fifty tons to the acre in its green state, being very prolific, and five thousand pounds of material ready for manufacture. When it is bleached, looks like mercerized cotton. Its great durability makes it one of the most widely useful of products.

A sample of ramie ginned by way of experiment a few weeks ago on the Universal Fiber Gin showed long, finely-threaded fibers, which spoke well for the simple and inexpensive process they had undergone. A new machine for the exclusive ginning of ramie is being experimented with now in Bakersfield, but its process is reported as complicated and costly, a single operator being able to turn out only four and a half pounds an hour.

The Universal Gin operates on the principal of the comb. The fiber is taken up on horse-hair rolls, so constructed that the ends of the hair, compacted together, form a prickly holding surface, and steel combs, working smoothly against the rolls, remove foreign substance from the material, in addition to stripping the fiber into regular, natural and unbroken threads.

It is the invention of a middle-aged Englishman, who has spent thirty years in bringing it to its present state of mechanical perfection. He boldly asserts that, as an influence upon the wealth of the world, his machine is the greatest thing before the public.

This claim gains in significance when one learns that the raw cotton crop of the United States alone, which is sixty per cent of the cotton of the world, amounted to $963,000,000 less than two years ago, with values since on the increase. This is the biggest money crop in the world. To save even a small percentage of waste in such a crop would be to contribute enormously to the world's wealth.

The Universal Gin is being handled by a syndicate, having headquarters in Los Angeles, where public demonstrations of its possibilities are being made. Gins have been set up in considerable numbers both in Arizona and California. Ng Poon Chew, a Chinese newspaperman of San Francisco, is expecting to introduce the new patent into the cotton culture of China.

Samples of cotton from this season's crops in Imperial Valley, Fresno county, and Victor Valley in San Bernardino county, have lately been ginned on this machine. All are of superior native texture, and they came from the gin white as snow, soft and beautiful to the touch.

In regions north of the San Joaquin Valley, the southern portion of which is now producing considerable cotton, the fiber can be handled profitable, although it is not at its best in regions where the spring and fall temperature are too low.

Cotton produced under rainfall always has disadvantages which are avoided when it is produced by irrigation in the rainless regions. That is what makes the southern inland portions of the State the ideal cotton country of the world.

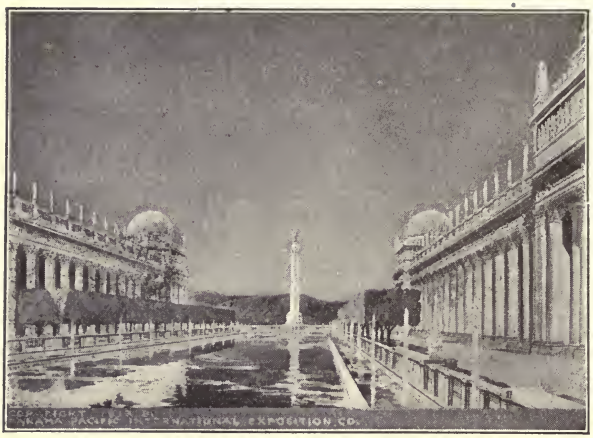
Egyptian long staple cotton, which is the choicest variety marketed, can adapt itself to a much drier atmosphere than the Valley of the Nile, without injury to the fiber. Last year, five hundred and twenty-five acres in Palo Verde Valley, in Riverside county yielded six hundred and fifty bales of staple—a record which, it is claimed, has never been equalled in any other cotton producing section of the land.

Other remarkable tales are coming from this Palo Verde Valley, which is planted to alfalfa and cotton in about equal proportions. This year the cotton growers raised over 1,500 bales, worth $125,000, half of which was net profit. The cotton picked in January grades fully as high as that picked in September, and it is claimed that many a rancher has made a successful crop who never saw a cotton boll before coming to the valley. One man who went there an invalid three years ago, with just $300 of his money left, bought a relinquished claim with that sum, and this spring refused $40,000 for his land.

Extensive levee construction along the Colorado River, which supplies the irrigation, and new main canal work, are now being finished under the direction of C. K. Clarke, the famous engineer who moves as the central figure in Harold Wright's novel of Imperial Valley, "The Winning of Barbara Worth." In consequence of this work it is expected that the cotton crop for the summer of 1914 will be three times that of last season. The ranchers are putting forth a plea for some one to establish another ginnery and a cotton seed oil mill there.

These glowing reports are practically duplicated from the other cotton fields of this section of the State.

Altogether, it seems that nature and science are about to combine to bring King Cotton to the throne here.



Architectural Features of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

Colonnade, Court of the Universe.

EXPOSITIONS of the past have offered attractive architecture, but the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is presenting architectural beauties enhanced by two powerful allies that have not been called to the aid of other world expositions. Color in expositions is something new. Landscape gardening on the scale that is being worked out in the San Francisco wonderland was never hinted at in former expositions.

Surely, then, it is safe to say, without fear of being an encroacher on the realm of hyperbole, that the 1915 exposition is to be the most beautiful of expositions.

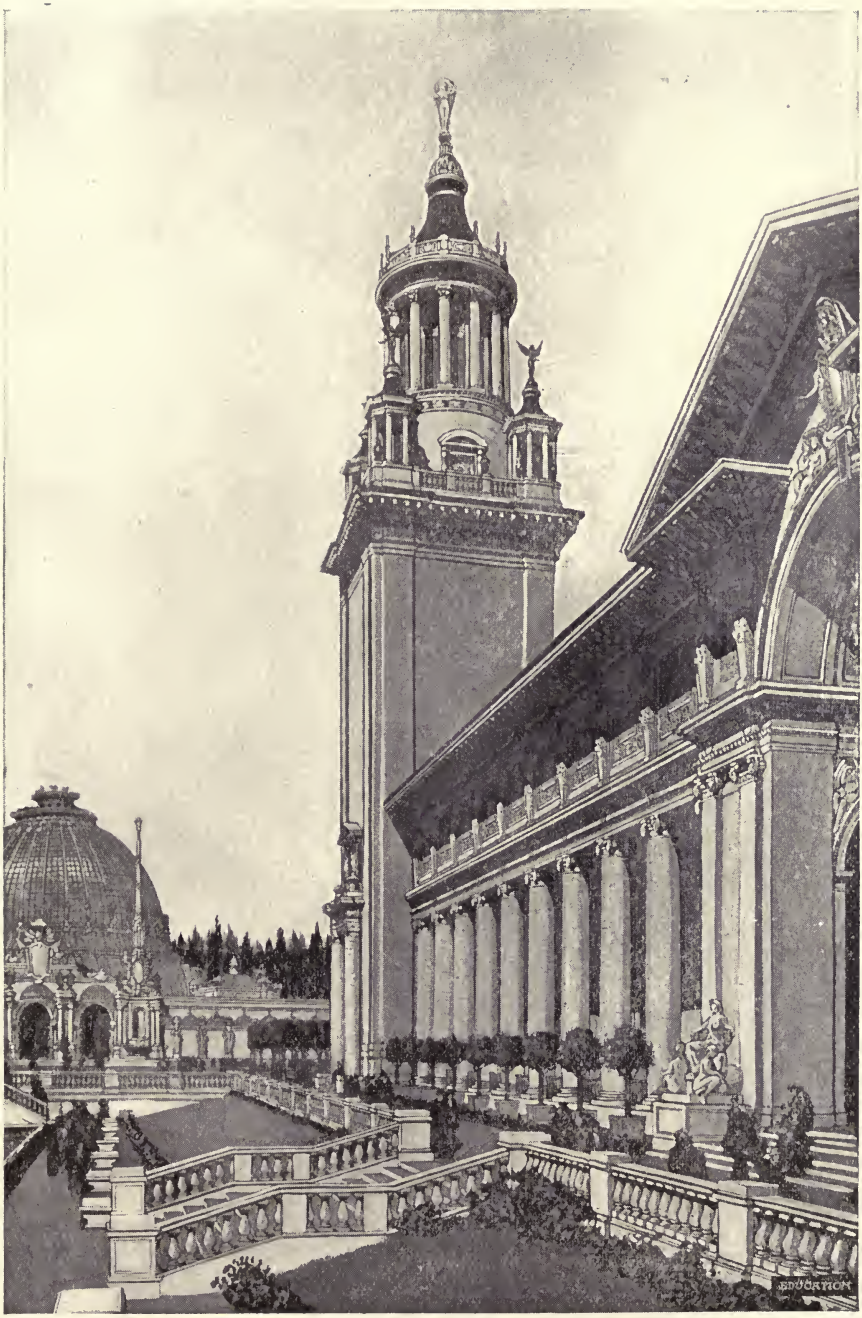
The department of architecture is in charge of George W. Kelham, who acts through the Architectural Council and the Architectural Commission. The commission consists of three men, and the council comprises nine architects chosen by the members of the commission. Eight members of the Architectural Council are associate architects and responsible for a separate feature of the entire design.

The architecture of the Exposition is not of one rigid and inflexible type, but there is a satisfactory relation between adjacent and attached structures. The main group of exhibit palaces consists of eight palaces, thus forming the "Walled City," as it already has become known. These eight are: Palace of Food Products, Palace of Education, Palace of Agriculture, Palace of Liberal Arts, Palace of Transportation, Palace of Manufactures, Palace of Varied Industries, and Palace of Mines and Metallurgy.

On the east of this group is the Palace of Machinery, and flanking the group on the west is the Palace of Fine Arts. On the south, at either extremity of the South Gardens, are the Palace of Horticulture and Festival Hall.

Other expositions have had their various palaces, but none has had a system of courts that is to be a revelation to the 1915 visitor to the miracle city along San Francisco Bay. These courts serve two great purposes. They are the links that bind the exhibit palaces, and banish the ideas of great distance; and they are individual beauty spots which lavish display of art and an offer of comfort to the visitor.

There are five main courts and several of minor importance. The Court of the universe is the central court, and at the head of this wonderful area, 900x500 feet, is the Tower of Jewels, rising 435 feet and displaying the iridescence of 125,000 flashing novagems. This principal court is flanked by two other major courts known as the Court of Abundance and the Court of the Four Seasons. On the south of



Court of Palms, looking south toward the Horticultural Palace.

Section of the Main Entrance, Palace of Machinery.

these open the Court of Palms and the Court of Flowers. Two connecting courts of rare seductiveness are the Venetian courts leading east and west from the Court of the Universe.

In these courts are horticultural splendors, mural paintings and commanding sculpture to emphasize the titles, and in each the architecture is individual. In the Court of the Universe is a bandstand, placed between fountains and surrounded by a sunken area seating 10,000 persons. The Arch of the Rising Sun and the Arch of the Setting Sun, each 150 feet high, are crowned by heroic sculptural groups. On the eastern arch are "The Nations of the East," and on the western arch are "The Nations of the West."

All the buildings are of the ochre tinted imitation Travertine marble. The north and south facades are a liberal treatment of the "Plateresque,"

Half Dome of Philosophy, main entrance to Palace of Education.

and the east and west walls are after the Italian renaissance. The parapet of the main wall is crowned with Spanish tile. The principal ornament and enrichment in addition to the niches containing attractive sculpture is to be found in the beauty of the portals.

Photographs cannot give the effect of these portals on the eye, for they do not carry the rich colors that are a part of the originals. One of the most distinctive portals, and one that causes admiration from every visitor is the south portal of the Palace of Varied Industries, shown on this page.

This portal represents a cost of $15,000, and is a reproduction of the portal of the Salamanca Cathedral in

Avenue of Progress, Machinery Hall on left and Palace of Varied Industries on the right.

Spain in many of its features. There is added sculpture, and the use of rich exposition colors is not to be found in the original in Spain. Pompeiian red, cerulean blue, orange, copper green, and the ochre tint of the marble are woven in a wonderful creation.

The main exhibit palaces cover forty-three acres, and the average height of the outside ridge is 96 feet, and the height to the tops of the domes is 160 feet. The Palace of Machinery is much higher, and is 967 feet long and 369 feet wide. The dome of the Palace of Horticulture is 185 feet high, and 150 feet in diameter. This dome also is the largest hemispherical glass dome in existence.

The interior of the eight palaces that have been painted by the use of the new atomizers represents a surface of 1,350,000 square feet.

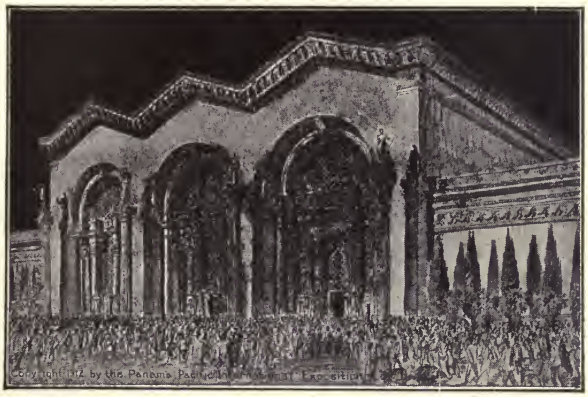
The Palace of Fine Arts is the only steel and concrete fire-proof structure on the Exposition grounds. It is semi-circular in shape, and is 1,100 feet

long. The beauty of its colonnades and giant rotunda is augmented by the lagoon that extends in front of the structure.

The Palace of Horticulture is said to be the most striking structure that ever graced an exposition. It is Saracenic in style, with domes and spires, and copies many features of the mosque of Sultan Amhed I. The ornamentation is of the French renaissance feeling.

A great balustrade enclosing a lagoon commands the approach to the palace, and at intervals in the balustrade are huge jardinieres filled with flowering plants. An equestrian statue of Pizarro is at the east end of the balustrade.

The architecture of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in every way is worthy the great event it is to help commemorate, and it is designed on a high standard so that its influence may be felt as pointing to the better things in architecture and art, just as it points to the higher trend of all civilization.



Machinery Palace from the East.

THE BABES OF LONG AGO

Oh, Mother-hearts, all torn and cold,
  Oh, Mother-love sublime—
Those bereft by the Robbers bold,
  The Robbers, Death and Time—

Come, join this night, in dreams so sweet
  Of our Babes of Long Ago!
(Though some have grown with the years so fleet),
  And some lie under the snow—

Dream that the years turn back, to-night,
  That we cuddle our babes once more!
The babes who are grown, and out in the fight,
  And the Babes on that Far-Off Shore.

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

Mikado's Campaign Against Kiau-chow

Its Significance and Its Probable Effects

By K. K. Kawakami

Author of "American-Japanese Relations," "Asia at the Door," etc.

IT HAS BEEN well said that the dove of peace builds her nest only in the haunts of righteousness. Had the Kaiser refrained from brandishing the "mailed fist" in the Mikado's face when the Mikado, exhausted in the war that had just ended, was in no position to reoccupy the arena, he would have been spared the plight which he is now facing in the Far East.

It goes without saying that no two nations can remain permanently friendly when neither hesitates to assume bully attitude towards the other. Yet this truism has more frequently been forgotten than remembered in international dealings. Not only did the German government officiously interfere with the Chino-Japanese peace terms, but it has ever since constantly been rasping the nerve of the Japanese. While the individual Japanese entertain the warmest feeling towards the individual Germans, Tokio's experiences with Wilhelmstrasse certainly were not calculated to nurture friendship between the two nations. Japan's present campaign against Kiau-chow is another proof that "peace is the work of righteousness." To bring this home to the reader, let me review diplomatic relations between Tokio and Berlin during the past twenty years.

The Kaiser's Mailed Fist.

The twenty-third day of April, 1895, is one of those days which will not easily be forgotten by the sons of Nippon.

On the day preceding, the terms of peace were agreed between Japan and China. The newsboys tore through the streets waving extras with the bold headlines, "China cedes the Liao-tung Peninsula!" The Rising Sun was flying over every house, and the cries of Banzai were heard before the Palace of the Mikado. All Japan was celebrating the glorious termination of the war against China.

The next day the whole country was stricken with grief and prostrate with shame. Why this sudden change?

On the morning of April 13th, the German, French and Russian ministers at Tokyo deigned to present themselves, one after another, at the Foreign Department, each bringing with him a note admonishing Japan for affronting the Powers by taking the Liao-Tung Peninsula.

The German "advice" was of the most peremptory nature, and the overbearing manner in which it was handed to the Foreign Department by the German Minister has long been a topic of frequent conversation among the Japanese. The Kaiser's envoy brought two copies of the advice, one in German, the other in the Japanese language transcribed in Roman letters.

The note was very brief, and bluntly stated that the Japanese occupation of the Liao-tung Peninsula was a menace to the Chinese capital and would jeopardize the peace of the Far East. "Therefore," it concluded, "the German government advises the Japanese government to abandon the idea of occupying the territory."

The original note even contained such a threatening phrase as this: "Japan is weak, Germany is strong; the outcome of an armed conflict between the two countries is obvious."

Yes, Japan was weak at the time; wherefore she had perforce to swallow the medicine so kindly administered by Germany—to make her strong.

Like a docile youth, Japan accepted the advice of the three powers, and on May 10, 1895, the Mikado issued the following rescript:

"Devoted as we unalterably are to the principles of peace, we were constrained to take up arms against China for no other reason than our desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace.

"Now the friendly recommendation of the three powers was equally prompted by the same desire. Consulting, therefore, the best interests of peace, and animated by a desire to not bring upon our people added hardship or to impede the progress of national destiny by creating a new competition, and thereby making the situation difficult and retarding the restoration of peace, we do not hesitate to accept such recommendation.

"By concluding the treaty of peace, China has already shown her sincerity of regret for the violation of her engagements, and thereby the justice of our cause has been proclaimed to the world.

"Under the circumstances, we can find nothing to impair the honor and dignity of our Empire if we now yield to the dictates of magnanimity, and, taking into consideration the general situation, accept the advice of the friendly powers."

Thus the Japanese withdrew, with what grace and dignity they could, from the Peninsula, the capture of which cost Japan tens of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars. On the day the Imperial rescript was issued, many tragical scenes were enacted at Port Arthur, where the Japanese troops were still encamped. One officer killed himself in protest against the abandonment of Port Arthur; many cut their fingers, and with their own blood wrote petitions urging the government not to be bullied by the powers.

Germany's interference with the peace terms between China and Japan was the first in the string of events calculated to estrange the two countries. The Kaiser's part played in the Chino-Japanese negotiations belong to one of those pages in history which may never be fully written, but it is generally believed that the Kaiser advised China to sign the peace treaty proposed by Japan, intimating that he would induce Russia and France to join him in frustrating the treaty and in preventing the Japanese occupation of the Liao-tung Peninsula. Judging from his utterances at the time, the Kaiser was obsessed with the "Yellow Peril" idea, and was haunted by a vision of millions of Mongolians rallying under the Sun Flag of the Mikado and steadily tramping across the continent towards the eastern frontier of Germany. Moreover, the Kaiser wished, obviously, to ingratiate himself with the Czar by snatching the Liao-tung Peninsula from the Japanese and placing it in the hands of the Muscovite ruler.

Looking back at the historic situation, it seems strange that Japan was not permitted to insert in the revised peace treaty an article preventing the Liao-tung Peninsula from passing into the hands of a hostile power, for that territory in the hands of Russia or Germany could not but prove a menace to the very independence of Japan. No doubt Japan wanted to neutralize that danger zone or secure a right of pre-emption over it, but she was given to understand that the intervening powers would not allow Japan to press for any such guaranty.

German Occupation of Kiau-chow.

So the Japanese withdrew without guaranty of any sort. What was the result? Only two years later Russia occupied the self-same peninsula, from which the Czar and the Kaiser drove the Japanese in the name of the peace

of the Far East and the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China.

Again the Kaiser played an important part in this Russian game. For it was plain that the Kaiser agreed to connive at the Russian seizure of the Liao-tung peninsula on condition that the Czar would not object to the German occupation of Kiau-chow.

And the German occupation of Kiau-chow, coming as it did in the wake of Japan's evacuation of the Liao-tung Peninsula, was especially distasteful to the Japanese. The Japanese could not see why the Kaiser should have preached to him so diligently about the territorial integrity of China and the peace of the Far East, when the Kaiser himself was waiting for the first opportunity to plant his flag in Chinese territory.

That first opportunity was afforded the Kaiser in the murder by Chinese of three German missionaries in Shantung province. The missionaries belonged to the mission of Bishop Anzer, who was noted for his militancy. The Berlin government immediately instructed its minister at Peking, Baron von Heyking, to demand of the Chinese government the cession of Kiau-chow Bay and its adjacent territory. Before China had time to answer the German note, four German cruisers suddenly appeared in Kiau-chow Bay and landed a large detachment of marines. What could poor China do but obey the mandate of the Kaiser and sign the "murder convention?"

The territory thus occupied by Germany has an area of 200 square miles, exclusive of the bay, which is about 200 square miles. It was transferred to Germany on 99 years' lease on March 6, 1898, and the district was declared a protectorate of Germany on April 27th. Surrounding the district and bay is the so-called neutral zone whose outer limit is 30 miles from highwater mark on the coast of the bay. This neutral zone has an area of about 2,500 square miles. In the leased territory, China renounced her sovereignty and left the exercise of the same to Germany.

In addition to the lease of the territory, Germany secured extensive railway concessions, as well as the privilege to exploit mines for the distance of thirty li from each side of all railways which she may build in the province. What was more significant, the convention contained the following article:

"China binds itself in all cases where foreign assistance, in persons, capital or material, may be needed for any purpose whatever within the Province of Shantung, to offer the said work, or supplying of materials, in the first instance, to German manufacturers and merchants engaged in undertakings of the kind in question."

This gives the Germans exclusive monopoly to exploit the whole province of Shantung with an area of 56,000 square miles. Small wonder that the Japanese rubbed his eyes and wondered what the Kaiser meant when he preached in the face of the Mikado the necessity of maintaining China's territorial integrity.

Germany and the Boxer Disturbance.

The German seizure of Kiau-chow was the first wedge driven into the decaying structure of the ancient empire. It set an example for other European powers to follow. In the wake of it, Russia occupied the Liao-tung peninsula, France Kwang-chow Bay, and England Wei-hai-wei. It seemed as if China were on the verge of dismemberment. Alarmed by this situation, the late Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, addressed to the leading powers a diplomatic note with a view to staying the scramble for Chinese territory, for which Germany was mainly responsible. It was the ardent desire of Secretary Hay and the United States to seek, to use his own language, "a solution which might bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve its territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed by treaty and international law, and safeguard to the world the principle of equal and impartial trade

with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

The immediate outcome of the territorial ambitions displayed in the German occupation of Kiau-chow and other similar instances, was the Boxer disturbance, the gruesome story of which is still fresh in our memory. When the Boxers, filled with revengeful spirit, besieged the legation quarters in Peking, Japan at once proposed to the powers that she be permitted to rush troops to the scene of disturbance and rescue the beleaguered foreigners.

Again the Kaiser intervened, and said that unless Japan could guarantee that her action would by no means interfere with the interests of other powers, the German government could not accept her proposal. Had it not been for the Kaiser's obstructive tactics, Japan would have landed her troops at Tientsin much sooner than she did. And when the Japanese soldiers were at last allowed to land in China, even the Kaiser had to admit that they were the most orderly and most plucky of all the foreign troops which the Boxer incident brought into China.

The Boxer disturbance did not stop foreign aggression in China. On the other hand, it simply aggravated the situation by affording the covetous powers fresh excuse for grabbing Chinese territory. Russia, for one, lost no time in utilizing the incident and rushing troops into Manchuria in large numbers. The German Emperor, although by no means fond of the Czar, was all this time encouraging the Muscovite ruler to concentrate his attention on the Far East, thus hoping that Germany might be free from Russian rivalry in Europe. In September, 1901, the two rulers met at St. Petersburg and established a definite understanding between them with regard to Russian activities in Manchuria.

Germany and the Russo-Japanese War

Then came the great war between Russia and Japan. The Mikado saw in the Russian aggression in Manchuria an imminent danger to the very existence of his country, and determined to stay the Muscovite advance even at the point of the sword. Shortly before the opening of hostilities between the two nations, the London Times published an article reporting the existence of a secret understanding, in virtue of which the Kaiser was to render clandestine assistance to the Czar in the event of a Russo-Japanese war.

Whether the London Times was correctly informed, we have yet to see, but it is at least significant that in the course of the war Germany showed Russia many marks of good-will which at times amounted to the violation of neutrality. It was no secret that during the war a German steamship company sold the Russian government a number of vessels. When Russia's Baltic squadron under Rozhestvenski was proceeding to the Far East, the same German company ordered one of its steamships to accompany the Russian warships and help them secure coal en route to the Orient. All these events called forth repeated protests from the Japanese government, but of course the German government paid no attention to them.

When the Japanese troops were measuring swords with the Russians on the plains of Manchuria, the Japanese army extended to a German Prince the privilege of proceeding to the front with the army. Abusing the courtesy, the Prince was found secretly sending war reports to the German government or the Kaiser, without previously submitting them to the censoring officers. Considering the assistance Germany was rendering Russia through all stages of the war, you can well imagine the consternation of the Japanese generals upon discovering the secret mission of the Prince.

Such is the history of ill-feeling between Japan and Germany. To say that Japan is actuated to join England in the present war solely by sense of obligation towards the Treaty of Alliance would be hypocritical. While it is absolutely true that England asked Japan to act, and act promptly, and

that Japan would not have entered the arena without England's urgent request, it is obvious that Japan was herself anxious to see Germany ousted from Chinese territory. Not necessarily that she has been nursing rancorous feeling toward the German, but because she is constrained to believe, from her past experiences with Germany that the presence of a German territory in China is not calculated to insure her safety and the peace of the Far East. Like the sword of Damocles, the German possession of Kiau-chow proved a menace to Japan, and it is not surprising that she has seized the present opportunity to drive the Germans out of that section.

Open Door Japan's Sole Aim.

As to Japan's intention to restore Kiau-chow to China after it is taken from Germany it is idle to question her sincerity. Rightly or mistakenly, Japan believes that her safety can be best guaranteed by maintaining the territorial integrity of China. The reason is obvious.

Suppose that Japan acquires Kiau-chow or any other section of Chinese territory. One of two things will happen. First, the European Powers and the United States would combine their efforts in protesting against such a performance on the part of Japan. Second, if the Powers should permit Japan to remain in her newly acquired Chinese territory, they would follow Japan's suit and entrench themselves in different parts of China. In either case Japan would be the loser.

Should the Western Powers slice up China, they would become Japan's immediate neighbors. This is the one condition which Japan is most reluctant to see established. She knows, as any sane man must know, that her strength lies in her isolated position, widely separated from the powerful countries of the West. It was only because circumstances compelled her that Japan occupied Korea, thus making her territory contiguous to that of Russia. To-day she feels more forcibly than ever the disadvantage of having an aggressive power as her neighbor. Why, then, should Japan desire to take any Chinese territory, and thus invite European Powers to become her neighbors?

Japan will restore Kiau-chow to China, you may depend upon that. And in proposing to restore it to China, she is not animated by altruistic motives, but by the belief that her position can be best secured by maintaining the integrity of China.

Japan's only aim in China is the maintenance of the open door which was so staunchly defended by the late Secretary Hay and his successors in the State Department. That Japan's policy in China is in perfect consonance with that of the United States needs no explanation.

Following upon the heels of the war against Russia, Japan concluded with England a treaty whose foremost aim was the "preservation of the common interests of all powers in China, by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire, and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China."

Again in June, 1907, Japan took the initiative to exchange with France a memorandum whose aim was the preservation of the territorial integrity of China.

Japan's third attempt to preserve China's integrity was made in July, 1907, when she succeeded in concluding with Russia a convention recognizing "the independence and the territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the principle of equal opportunity in whatever concerns the commerce and industry of all nations in that empire," and engaging "to sustain and defend the maintenance of the status quo and respect for this principle by all the pacific means within their reach."

It is plain to you that the principles embodied in all these documents are in perfect consonance with the traditional policy of the United States in the Far East.

With a desire to insure peaceful relations with the United States, Japan in 1908 and in 1914 signed with the latter nation an arbitration convention which provides that "differences which may arise of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, established at The Hague by the Convention of the 29th July, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor, of the two contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties."

To cement still further the ties of friendship between the two countries, Japan, in renewing the treaty of alliance with Great Britain in 1911, cheerfully agreed to insert in that document the following article:

"Should either high contracting party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third power, it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting party an obligation to go to war with the power with whom such treaty of arbitration is in force."

This clause, coupled with the general arbitration treaty concluded between England and the United States, should ease the minds of those Americans who seem to apprehend that Japan, with England's aid, may some day come into collision with the United States.

As we write, we learn that the Japanese navy, with England's consent, has detailed seven cruisers on the trade routes between the Pacific ports of the United States and the Far East. Japan's foremost object in joining hands with England in the present world crisis is to keep the Pacific lanes of trade free from molestation, as well as to remove the German base of operation in China, and thus ensure enduring peace in the Far East.

With the European nations in the grip of war, the importation of European merchandise to China has comparatively stopped. In this, Japan sees a golden opportunity both for America and for herself.

China imports 473,000,000 taels worth of goods every year. Of this total, at least 171,300,000 taels is shared by Europe. Can you not see what splendid opportunity is offered your country, as well as Japan? Japan, importing raw cotton and other raw materials from America, turns them into finished merchandise to be shipped to China. Japan's merchant vessels, ploughing the seas sentineled by her cruisers, are at your service to transport your merchandise to the vast markets of China.

To-day the United States exports to China only 36,000,000 taels worth of goods. Compare this with 269,200,000 taels of Great Britain (including India and Hongkong), and you can realize what a vast field lies before you for your commerce. Japan's imports to China amount to 90,000,000 taels per annum, much of which is shared by the merchandise whose raw materials comes from the United States.

Turn to Japan, and you find another wide field awaiting your commercial activities. Europe's exports to Japan amount to 203,000,000 yen per annum. In this total, England shares 116,146,000 yen. Add to this 135,000,000 yen from British India, and 881,550 yen from Hongkong, and you see what an enormous trade Great Britain is doing in Japan. German exports to Japan total 61,000,000 yen per annum, and those of France and Belgium amount to 5,400,000 yen and 9,087,000 yen respectively.

Now that the war has stopped all imports from Europe, America is in a position to monopolize the Japanese market. Can the merchants and manufacturers of America afford to let such an opportunity as this slip by them?

The destiny of the Pacific is in the hands of the three nations—America, Great Britain and Japan. Guided by England and the United States, Japan hopes to maintain the peace of the Pacific, and especially the Far East.

THE LOG OF A 49er

ON HIS TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN ≡ JAN. '49 *to* JULY '49 — FROM THE DIARY OF THEO. MESSERVE

(This installment chronicles in detail the amusements of the pioneers while ashore at Talcahuano, Chili, where the sailing vessel put into port to obtain supplies of water, fresh meat and vegetables. The life and surroundings of the South Americans were all new to the New Englanders, and they enjoyed their experiences with the keenest delight. From the Chilanoes they learned that the discovery of gold in California was confirmed, and they became impatient to proceed to their destination, San Francisco, in order to join the rush from there to the "diggings.")

MONDAY, May 21st.—About seven o'clock I went ashore and took my breakfast, when I proceeded to a hotel, boarding house and rum mill, or what you may call it, known as Kean's Lion Inn, where we met, according to previous agreement, about one hundred and fifty of us, for the purpose of a visit to the City of Conception. A large number of Chilanoes with horses to let were on the ground, and I picked out the finest one I could find, a beautiful white one. The saddle consisted of a number of sheep skins over a Spanish saddle frame, the stirrups were large blocks of wood. I jumped on my horse (each paid $1.50), and learned the way to tack ship before I started. Many who did not get this instruction were going every way but the right way. A Spanish horse is not turned as American horses, by a pull to the right or left, but by moving your hands to the right or left. I got the information before we started, and soon had them all on the right tack; the road was smooth and level, winding along the base of a number of hills —while in the distance the stupendous steeps of the Cordilleras were seen throwing their dark shadows before them. We met on our way a long string of donkeys on their way to Talcahuano with a load of fruit and vegetables; along the road there is a number of natives' huts built with reeds, plastered with mud and thatched with straw; at each we were earnestly solicited to "come in Californe" by the females. Their invitations are full of sincerity and heart, for they, I see, love the Americans, while the hombras have a jealousy. The Chilano girls betray their Spanish blood; 'tis seen in their stately forms, their elastic step, their bright eyes, and their nut-brown complexions. They wear their hair in two plaits, which extend on many quite down to their feet. We stopped in many houses along the road taking a drink of sweet wine from a horn or skin cup, for which we pay, for about a quart, one medio (6 cts.).

We have kissed the seignorettas and danced with them on our way. Love is with them a great passion. Civility that has no soul in it, they consider a mockery; they are fond of attentions, and will sooner excuse a liberty than a neglect. About one o'clock we arrived at the outskirts of Conception and halted to allow all stragglers to come up, as a large number left after us. We stopped an hour waiting for the rear, when we marched in town, the horsemen ahead, three abreast, then the red shirts, and finally those in citizen dress, four abreast. Thus in order we marched into town. The natives flocked around, and "Viva Californe" spoke they. We marched up the plaza of the town, when we disbanded and went in different directions. About twenty of us horsemen galloped along and came to a house kept by an American by the name of Brooks, and called the "Eagle Hotel." We ordered dinner to be ready at two o'clock. I left my horse with my host and started on a stroll with Wm. Stratton. We came to the Market Place, around which were sheds as at Talcahuano, under which the wares were displayed. There was fish, flesh and fowl, fruit of all kind, eggs and vegetables, boots, shoes, dry goods, clothing, etc.; behind, sat their various owners descanting upon the qualities of their wares. We were about the first of the Americans who had reached that place, and in my strollings I saw at a distance one of the most magnificent faces ever on mortal. She was an angel! Her eyes were liquid fire, and flashed a mellow light which pierced my heart; her face was sweetness and beggars description; her form, like Venus or Myrrha; indeed, a perfect angel was she; she was sitting with a group of women who were selling grapes. We proceeded to them forthwith, and I had the felicity of receiving a bunch of grapes from her hand, paid her for them, and commenced making love to her by signs. Just then a large party of boys came in, and Stratton and myself proceeded to get our dinners. We heartily ate an excellent dinner of beef, mutton, and chicken when we proceeded again in our walks, and we came across Dr. Jackson, who accompanied us. We were saluted and invited in most every house we passed. I stopped in one of the padre's houses on the plaza; viewed the ruins of the Cathedral, which was thrown down by the earthquake of '35; stopped in a Doctor Smith's, and learned he had a printing office there which he could get no one to work, and which he offered me $5 per day to do. I also stopped with the Doctor and Stratton in some Don's house, which, I must say, was the only house well furnished, except the padre's, I have seen. A modest, well-dressed seignoretta, who looked more like an Italian than Chilano, invited us in, which we accepted; we stepped into a neatly furnished room, and were introduced to her father and brother, mother and two sisters, one a little girl about twelve years old, and the other about seven. As a general thing, the people are pictures of health and animation; mothers are fond of their children and attached to their homes, and may be seen sitting in one corner looking on. I asked the lady to play on the guitar, which she took up, and after running over the notes, she and her eldest sister commenced singing a love song, the words of which I could not understand.

I made her understand that Mr. Jackson was a doctor; she earnestly made signs for him to feel her pulse, and also her father's and mother's. I left with feelings of pleasure, and hastened down to the "Eagle Hotel" for our horses, and I found we were the last who intended returning, the others having started three quarters of an hour before us; we spurred up our horses and overtook Dr. Carpenter at a house about half way on the road. On our arrival in town, we found that some of the owners of the Caballoes had tried to extort pay the second time; however, the English consul happening by, settled matters. On arriving in Talcahuano, we found a gale blowing from the north, and

the waves in the bay dashing up the beach with considerable violence. One of the boats of the Osceola undertook to go aboard, but they lost two oars in the attempt. Finding that our attempt to get aboard would be useless, I went up to Kean's "Lion Inn" and took supper, when it was eight o'clock, and I had a headache and found myself exhausted and worn out with the pleasure of my day's ramble. Forty-three of us obtained permission of Mr. Kean to sleep in his dining-room. Such a night as we passed does not often occur in a man's life. We all had to lie spoon fashion, or with our feet on chairs; some lay on the table. I, thinking I'd have a good place, after being boosted by some one, found myself on a wardrobe or cupboard, and after pulling my coat up around my ears, I undertood to sleep, but a few minutes would elapse ere some one would say, "Who the devil's got my coat?" "Where's my hat?" or something of the kind. Many made pillows of their boots. During the night, every hour, the cry of the "vigilante" could be heard: first, a shrill whistle, then a deep one; he then sings out something about St. Maura and tells the hour of the night.

May 24th.—We awoke this morning about the break of day, all thankful that the pest of fleas was over. As soon as light appeared, we took a walk out to the suburbs of the town and scrambled up a hill near by, from which we had an excellent view of the town, and a beautiful one on the canvass of creation. We returned about eight o'clock for breakfast. For three rials we had a breakfast of eggs, fricassee, and a fine beefsteak. About nine o'clock, I stole from my companions, and took a stroll towards the market in hopes I might find my bright-eyed celestial beauty, but she was not there. With a heavy and disappointed heart, I moved away, determined to forget her. I met with a merchant who invited me in. I saw in his store some of the Chili hardware which reminded me of some of the ancient antiquities discovered in the old, dead cities. Rambling along, staring around, what did I behold! Yes, 'tis she—the lost is found. In a house standing about four steps back from the street, I beheld the dark-eyed beauty. She was looking at me before I saw her, and on my discovering her, she invited me in and recognized me. She introduced me to a middle-aged lady in the room, and there was a little black-eyed boy and girl there. Now how shall I describe her? 'Tis easier imagined than described, but I'll try it. If you could see her you would say with me that she is the Chilian Venus, or a perfect flower of beauty. You could say with me that her sweetness exceeded that of the balmy morn, or Arabian wind, a perfect angel of light and loveliness, so sweet that the mother who bore her must have fed on violets and given her birth on a bed of roses. Her eyes were brighter than a constellation of gems in an angel's diadem—a perfect angel of light and loveliness. I ran through the course of three hours, which seemed but minutes, yet seemed like weeks for the number of incidents which are fresh in my memory. She sung, and her neat little fingers danced o'er the strings of a guitar most beautifully; her voice resembled a silver bell in softness and sweetness. She admired my neckerchief, which was a very pretty one of black silk, having lines of a beautiful sky blue, and dotted with silver spots. This I gave her. Imagine you see me on my marrow bones before her. I clasp her hand with rapture, and kiss it, mingle doting and affectionate looks with smiles; put my hand on my heart and vow eternal love. Then follows a number of kisses, which she does not take offense at. And thus we passed away the hours until three o'clock, when I was about to leave, but I was made to understand they were going to have something to eat shortly, and presently the old lady brought in potatoes and a roasted quarter of lamb which we sat down to. Everything seemed like American doings, with the exception of an herb, which they boil up and suck through straws, which I

A later day tourist going over the same route in Chili.

did not like the taste of. After supper, or dinner, whatever it was, she sang and played again on the guitar, and we tried to converse and understand each other as well as we could. A hombra (man) then came in, who tried to make himself understood and make himself agreeable. We took a walk around, and returned when I attempted to take my leave again; but no, I could or would not go. They offered me sleeping accommodations, which I had to accept, and which showed a striking contrast between last night and to-night. Last night the little black fleas were my companions, and I was sleeping on bricks, and to-night I am sleeping between clean, white sheets with a soft pillow under my head. I slept at the rate of ten knots an hour, owing to my lack of sleep on last night. I will never forget Conception for this little incident. In fact, I am so far into the Blind God's hands that I have quite a shaking in my mind whether or no I had not better stop here or go on to California. The scales stood even in the balance of my mind for sometime, but finally a hankering to get some of the gold and returning here, which I think will be much better, prevailed.

May 25th.—I arose about eight o'clock and took breakfast with my love, whose name, by the way, I came near forgetting, and which is the sweet name of Mary Ceta Moraton. After breakfast I made preparations to leave again. I offered to pay the old lady for her hospitalities, which she refused. After getting through a parting scene which was heart-rending on my side, I, after kissing the lady, started for Talcahuano, and arrived there about ten o'clock. In the early part of the afternoon I took a walk around among the houses of Talcahuano. 'Tis astonishing to see how far behind the age they are in some of their articles. This afternoon I purchased a drink of milk from a Chilano just from the country. He had his milk in a goat skin, and he brought it in town on the back of a donkey. I

received my medio's worth from a horn. I went aboard our ship about four o'clock, as it had commenced blowing and sprinkling. After sitting down and writing up the events of the last two or three days, I turned in and finally slept.

May 28th.—Yesterday afternoon, the brigs Mary Wilder, Georgiana and Osceola, left port for San Francisco. To-day has been a fine, clear day, with the wind from the west. This morning I started with a party from our company on a shooting excursion. We crossed over to the Bay of St. Vincent, and followed up the hills, along the foot of the hills. I noticed masses of rock composed of fossil shells and lava, the formation no doubt of centuries. At the top of the hill, a few stunted trees were to be seen. I had four shots at birds with my rifle, but I did not drop any of them. We followed along the side of the hills, passing over to the farthest point of St. Vincent's Bay.

I spent the afternoon at the seignoretta's on the plaza in company with a number of our boys. We have had a fine dinner here, and all the afternoon have been sipping sweet wine and eating luscious grapes. About seven o'clock this evening a party of us were dancing at a house when one of us laid down his coat, he being warm. One of the seignorettas took it in her lap, and in a few minutes passed it out of the window to one of the vigilantes; he was making tracks with it, when we caught him, and a dumb show parleying ensued. Just then, three vigilantes came up with sabres and commenced pushing us off and flourishing their sabres. At this, the cry of "Panama!" "Hopewell!" commenced, which brought our boys on the spot. The vigilantes and "Seranas," by this time had gathered in large companies, and were armed. We were unarmed, so we had to retreat. We backed down until we came to the beach, where there were plenty of cobble stones, when we rallied and commenced at them; a perfect shower went fluking toward them, and we drove them off, teaching them the use of stones. We wanted no trouble with them, but still would not be imposed upon. The Captain of the Port addressed us, and Mr. Everson, our mate, who has lived long in Spanish countries, addressed the Captain of the Port, telling him we were not the aggressors. Several of our boys were slightly cut and bruised. I received a painful bruise on the leg from a stone, and was knocked over twice in the melee.

June 3d.—The wind from the north still. This morning I attended the Cathedral at the time of service. After service, I heard there was to be a cock fight a couple of doors below, when I proceeded thither with a number of others. I saw the padres there making their bets; two chanticlers were tied on each side of the cock-pit. The cocks were brought together, and commenced their picking and jumping; all was excitement; they fought long and well, some three-quarters of an hour. "I bet on the black one!" "I bet on the red!" "I say, Charley, can you see?" "Yes." "Which you think will lick?" "Oh, thats a hard guess." Palaver of this kind could be heard all around me; finally one of them did not come to time, when the bet was decided, and the poor champion shook his pecked wings and gave a crow of victory, which brought forth shouts of laughter from the audience. Two more were brought in, and bets made when they were brought together. They fought about five minutes, when one of them took to his legs and the other after him, which caused a hearty laugh. A rent was then taken up by a hombra, and we each dropped a six pence. I went aboard early this afternoon, and returned ashore about five o'clock, when a party congregated up at Mother D.'s, where we spent the evening, singing songs, telling stories and making fun of the old lady. We amused ourselves by asking the old woman such questions as: "Which do you like the best, brandy or gin?" "What was your name before you were married the fifth time?" etc. These

A party of hombres working their way over the high crests of the mountains above the town.

questions were interpreted for us by a young man from the brig John Petty.

June 5th.—This morning not a breath of air ruffled the waters. The Captain told us that as soon as we should have a wind, we would be off, and the signal would be our flag with our name on, at the mast head. Everything was got ready aboard for a change of wind. I went ashore about eight o'clock, thinking this would be the last time. I ran around from house to house, taking a last look on shore, and went aboard about one o'clock with a couple of loaves of "soft tack." The four Chilean hombras who are going up with us came aboard with their baggage. At two o'clock a slight breeze from the south sprang us—the signal ran aloft—the boys came tumbling aboard with apples, pears, cheese, soft tack, nuts and many other little nick-nacks too numerous to mention. At half-past three the Panama, the Hopewell, the Christopher Colon, and the brig John Petty, commenced together heaving anchor. All hands, passengers and Association laid a hand on the windlass and ran up our anchor before the other vessels had their's near up. Then our rigging was manned from stem to stern by the passenger-sailors who had everything loose ready to drop sail at the word of command. Then the captain shouted the words, "Let go the sail." Down dropped all the sail at once most beautifully. The old Panama slowly moved around, and soon had her nose pointing towards the ocean. Three cheers from the other vessels greeted us, and three more echoed from the seignors and seignorettas on the beach. We had got half-way down the bay, when it was discovered our second mate, Mr. Jennings, Moses Martin and Butler were not aboard—our sails were put aback, and shortly a boat was to be seen with sail set and oarsmen pulling towards us. The laggards came aboard. By bed time all the vessels were well out at sea and careering

A native guide.

along towards our destination and the land of our hopes. I have passed seventeen days very agreeably and profitably, have received every hospitality and kindness from the people here. Never will I forget them as long as memory holds a seat in my brain.

June 16th.—Weather clear, warm and pleasant. We have had a fine run all last night, and all day to-day we have had a fine fresh breeze from the southeast. Studding sails set alow and aloft. Our good ship has been plowing along beautifully to-day. Towards night, the wind freshened, but the captain kept up the rags. At ten o'clock this morning, our Association was called together by the ringing of the bell for the purpose of having our regular monthly election for officers of our Association, which resulted in the election of Mr. John D. Pierson as president, Captain Bodfish as treasurer, Moses Martin as secretary, and the following gentlemen for directors: Wm. Goodspeed, Wm. O. Wilson, Peter Maney, John Pensam and John D. Cornell. This afternoon I was afflicted with a very severe headache, and laid down about two o'clock and slept until about seven in the evening. I went on deck about nine o'clock, and found the Panama dashing onward like a thing of life. As the heavy seas would roll past, she would dash her head into them, and part them, making the water boil and snap for a time.

I sat up all night reading Monte Cristo. Talking with the captain on deck this evening, he told me he thought we were in the southeast trades, and if so we now shall have a succession of fine weather for some time.

June 21st.—Fine wind and weather, still with the yards squared. The Eagle Association has been busy to-day making a large tent up on the top of the cabin. The Tiger Company is still busy making its scows, in which it intends making its way up the Sacramento or San Joaquin. To the starboard, up by the fo'castle, a party is industriously engaged drilling a large piece of cast iron for a sieve or gold washer. I should think from the thickness that they intended it should never wear out, no doubt fancying pictures of huge lumps and piles of precious dust which they are to separate by its use. One place has a shoemaker busily washing up the holes in somebody's boot, while in another place a tailor busily plying his needle may be seen. The vacant spots are filled up by domino, backgammon or card players, readers, loungers or sleepers. Such is the scene on board the Panama to-day.

(To be continued.)

The Miraculous Birth of Jesus

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

IT IS NOT strange that men should question the teaching of the Bible respecting the miraculous birth of Jesus. Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll and others have denied it. Nor do we question the right of Rev. Dr. Aked and others of to-day to take up the same arguments. We live in a free country. Candor in our day need not lead anybody to the stake. We rejoice in these liberties.

But we are surprised that Dr. Aked should still claim to be a Christian, and still retain the pastorate of a Christian Church, while denying the very foundation of the Christian religion. Our amazement grows when we learn that after he had frankly acknowledged his unbelief, he was elected to be the head of the Church Federation in San Francisco.

Think of the meaning of the votes of more than two-thirds of that Federation (75), agreeing that Jesus was not supernaturally born! Less than one-third of these Federationists (23) believe the fundamental doctrine of Christianity!

We can hear these learned gentlemen remonstrate, saying, Pastor Russell, you should realize that there are two Christianities in our day. We belong to the newer and larger one, which has the backing of all the colleges. We, therefore, have first right to the name Christian. The old view, which you uphold, has doctrines of human depravity—of a Divine sentence, which must be met by the death of a perfect, sinless Savior. We "Modernists" still hold to Christ, but as a great Teacher—not a Redeemer. Your old view deals with *personal* sin. Our newer, broader view deals with *national* and *civic* sins, and their cure, and with a gradual evolution of the race to perfection and everlasting life —only the fittest surviving.

A Responsibility Upon the Ministry.

Were numbers and influence the sole criterion by which Christianity is to be discerned, we might be forced to concede the point. But they are not. Christianity was established by Jesus and His Apostles. The unbelief of few or many cannot change Christianity. If we prove our point, we shall hope that the seventy-five believers in the Christianity (?) of the colleges will realize that in retaining the name Christian and holding pastorates in Christian churches, they are sailing under false colors; they should resign or induce their congregations to unite with them in some new name, such as "Humanitarians."

Merely to endorse a few of Jesus' teachings, such as the Golden Rule, while rejecting His other teachings, does not give any one the right to the name Christian. Plato, Confucius and other sages uttered some teachings which we approve. Why not adopt their names? Is it because they are less popular in our day?

* * * *

Dr. Aked admits that St. Matthew gives the line of Joseph, who adopted

Jesus as his foster-child—the Son of his virgin wife by Divine power. He admits that St. Luke gives the genealogy of Mary, the mother of Jesus. He admits, also, that St. John's Gospel tells of the prehuman existence of Jesus.

But Dr. Aked challenges proof that Jesus Himself claimed a supernatural birth. He boldly declared that St. Peter never refers to it. He exultantly points us to the Epistles of St. Paul, as not teaching that Jesus was a supernatural person. One might suppose, when reading Dr. Aked's statement, that he fully believes and endorses all the teachings of Jesus, St. Peter and St. Paul; and that if they had told of the miraculous birth he would be a hearty believer in it and an advocate of it. Let us see! Let us give Dr. Aked and his seventy-five supporters the proof of their error, and accept the Bible. "Charity hopeth all things."

The Bible stands or falls as a whole. Its Plan of Salvation, made up of the teachings of Jesus, the Apostles and the Prophets, cannot be *accepted* in part and *rejected* in part. If Jesus and His Apostles taught that He had a special birth for a special purpose, and the statement was not true, they were wicked deceivers. Then not one word of theirs should be accepted or trusted. To call Jesus the Great Teacher, and then to say that the basis of His teaching is falsehood, is inconsistent, and would imply sympathy with falsehood.

St. Peter's Testimony.

The teaching of Jesus was chiefly by induction. He had been with His disciples working miracles for probably two years before He asked them, "Whom say ye that I am?" When St. Peter declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus replied, "*Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee*, but My Father which is in Heaven."—Matthew 16:16, 17.

Did not St. Peter thus declare his faith that Jesus was the Son of God—not the son of Joseph? And did not Jesus approve this, and refer to the Heavenly and not to an earthly Father?

What did Jesus mean when He declared, "Before Abraham was, I am?" By induction He told of a pre-human existence—or He deceived! Similarly He prayed to the Father, "Glorify Thou Me with Thine own Self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." (John 8:58; 17:5.) If He had no previous existence, but was born like others, His words were deceptive. Was the great Teacher the great Deceiver?

Again, Jesus told His disciples about His ascending "up where He was before." If He had no previous existence, if He had not a special birth, how could we understand those words except as deceptive? Similarly, Jesus referred to Himself as "the Bread which came down from Heaven."—John 6:62; 32-35, 41.

Surely Jesus was miraculously born, or else He was the greatest and most successful of all deceivers, and therefore the worst of all deceivers. Let each take his choice. There is no middle ground.

St. Paul's View of the Subject.

Having heard from Jesus and from St. Peter, let us hear from St. Paul. What is the force or significance of St. Paul's statement that Jesus is "the First Born of every creature," and that "by Him were all things created, that are in Heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible . . . all things were created by Him and for Him; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist?" (Colossians 1:15-17.) These words by the Apostle are surely not in accord with the theory that Jesus began His existence the same as others—that He was the son of Joseph.

Again St. Paul writes, "Our Lord Jesus, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor." (2 Corinthians 8:9.) Again he declares, "Who, ex-

isting in a form of God, counted not equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men.—Philippians 2:6, 7.

Again, what is the meaning of St. Paul's declaration that Jesus was "holy, guileless, undefiled and separate from sinners?" (Hebrews 7:26.) If Jesus was the son of Joseph, He was not separate from sinners, but belonged to the same stock with all others, and would also have needed a Redeemer.

The early Church all believed Jesus' declaration that He was the Son of God, whom the Father had sent into the world to be the Savior of men. (John 3:17.) Indeed, this feature of the Master's teachings especially angered the Jews; for they declared that in claiming to be the Son of God, He was establishing Himself upon a pedestal of honor, dignity, glory, in competition with Jehovah. To this, Jesus replied, "Say ye of Him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest! because I said, I am the Son of God?"—John 10:36.

St. John's Statements.

The Gospel of St. John was written later than the other Gospels; hence it was not necessary that the writer should take up the miraculous birth of Jesus. But it was eminently proper that through Him God should give us a glimpse into the pre-human condition of the Savior. Mark well the particularity of the Apostle's words: "In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was with the God, and the Logos was a God. The same was in the beginning with the God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not one thing made that was made . . . And the Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."—John 1:1-14.

Separated from the doctrine of the virgin birth of Jesus, the theology of the Bible would not hold together for one moment. Its claim is that the Divine sentence following Adam's sin was a death sentence. The basis of that Divine judgment is that no sinner is worthy of life everlasting. The six thousand years of the world's history, from Adam's time until now, demonstrate that man is unable to regain perfection, and unable to resist the curse of sin and the sentence of death—"Dying, thou shalt die."—Genesis 2:17.

Basis of the Doctrine of the Ransom.

The teaching of the Bible is that God arranged this death sentence purposely, so as to make necessary the death of Jesus. St. Paul so declares, saying, "As by a man came death, by a man also came the resurrection of the dead; for as all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive; every man in his own order." (Corinthians 15:21-23.) In other words, if God had not provided a sinless Redeemer, and if that Redeemer had not died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and risen from the dead for our justification, then there would have been no future life for humanity —the death of mankind would have been like that of the brute, a hopeless one. There would have been no resurrection from the death condition. Death would have been an eternal sleep.

St. Paul emphasizes this thought, declaring that if there be no resurrection of the dead, then all faith is vain, all hope is vain, all preaching is vain. (1 Corinthians 15:13, 14.) No one will question the declaration of the Scriptures that all humanity are misshapen in iniquity, and that in sin did our mothers conceive us. Father Adam and Mother Eve gave us, as their children, a legacy of imperfection of mind and body, and of sinful tendencies. God's provision is that Christ shall make good for the transgression of the first Adam, and that eventually He shall be the Second Adam, who will

be successful, who will give life everlasting to all those who will obey Him.

Basis of the Doctrine of Restitution.

The first offer of everlasting life through Christ has been going out for nineteen centuries; but few have hearing ears and understanding hearts. It is to these few that the call now comes to leave the world and to become associates with Jesus in the glory, honor and immortality to which He has attained. He attained the glorious station which He now occupies, "far above angels, principalities and powers," at the right hand of the Majesty on High, as a reward for His obedience to the Father's will—obedience in coming into the world, in enduring faithfully the trials of His earthly ministry, and finally in dying a sacrificial death. St. Paul writes of Him, "Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the Throne of God." (Hebrews 12:2.) The invitation of this Gospel Age to all who have the hearing ear is to follow in the steps of Jesus, to become joint-sacrificers with Him, and to be sharers of His heavenly glory and His Messianic Kingdom.

When the Church shall all have been gathered, then Messiah's Kingdom will be established, for which we pray, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." For a thousand years, Christ and His glorified Church will bless mankind, uplifting them to human perfection, mental, moral, physical. Whosoever will, may then attain to the everlasting life secured for all by the sacrificial death of Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners," by virtue of His special birth.

THANKSGIVING

The fields are drenched with golden mist,
The red sky's streaked with amethyst,
The sere leaves trembling loose their hold,
And shrink from fretful winds that scold.
With velvet footsteps soft and slow,
A wraith in gray waves plumes of snow,
And croons a song that checks the sigh,
A low tuned, sweet voiced lullaby.
Each sobbing heart then dries its tear,
And joins the chorus swelling near.
"Thanksgiving be to Him above,
Who hedges up with peace and love—
And sends a song, deep fraught with cheer,
To speed the diamond crusted year."

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

"The Establishment of State Government in California, 1846-1850," by Cardinal Goodwin, M. A.

The period covered by the author embraces four short years, but in that brief time the new State of California was moulded, born and received an indelible stamp of individuality that gave it a character all its own. The remnant of the warring Spanish spirit which had pervaded Alta California, was blown into the past by the first flutterings of the rising Bear Flag and from that moment the snow crowned Sierras looked down on a land dominated by the American spirit. There has been nothing comparable with this Aladdin like shift of government in the organization of government in these United States. Threading all the swift and important changes of those four fruitful years of action is the spirit of romance. Mr. Goodwin has followed all these swift and interweaving changes as painstakingly and accurately as the records at hand will permit, and with a mind equipped to present the picture clear and distinct. The matter has been divided into three periods: The Interregnum, The Constitutional Convention and The Organization of State Government. And under these three heads the author shows how the groups and parties of pioneer Americans argued, opposed, compromised and contested in their efforts to launch the new ship of State into the stream of Government. To students of commonwealths in the making and to the general reader interested in the development of government on the Pacific Coast, the volume will be of deep interest.

Cloth, 8vo.; price, $2.00. Published by The MacMillan Company, New York.

"Party Government in the United States of America," by Professor William M. Sloane, of Columbia University.

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Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Famous War Correspondents," by F. Lauriston Bullard.

This book of biographies of distinguished American and English journalists who risked their lives and in some instances were killed while serving their respective newspapers in time of war is based largely on their own

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The book contains chapters on William Howard Russell, the hero on the Crimea who saved a British army; on Archibald Forbes, who stood up against a wall to be shot twice within five minutes in Paris, in Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and rode 110 miles in Africa during the Zulu War; on MacGahan, the American, hero of a 30 days' ride alone through the deserts of central Asia and the exposer of the Bulgarian massacres of 1876; on Villiers, artist and correspondent, who has seen more war than any living general; on Bennet Burleigh, who helped mightily to save the broken square of Tamai of which Kipling wrote in "Fuzzy Wuzzy;" on Edmond O'Donovan, martyred in the Soudan; on James Creelman, the American, who told the story of Japanese atrocities in the Chinese-Japanese War and who led a charge in Cuba and many others. Mr. Bullard also tells of the pioneer of the profession, George Wilkins Kendall of New Orleans who reported the Mexican War in 1846 and 1847; he relates the exploits of Charles Carlton Coffin, Whitelaw Reid and others in the Civil War, and of Richard Davis, Stephen Crane and other Spanish War writers. Written after long research for facts "Famous War Correspondents" is a book of adventures, full of thrilling and picturesque stories.

Crown, 8vo. Decorated cloth with 16 pages of photographs. $2.00 net. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

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Paper boards; 12mo; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.10. Sherman, French & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

"The Clean Heart," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "The Happy Warrior," etc. With frontispiece by R. M. Crosby.

Remembering the enthusiasm created by Mr. Hutchinson's previous novel, "The Happy Warrior," it is safe to predict that an eager welcome awaits his new book, whose title is taken from the familiar verse in the Psalms, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Its hero is a novelist, self-centered, seeking happiness in the wrong direction, who loses his mental balance through overwork and worry, and in a desperate moment throws himself into the Thames. He is rescued, however, and takes refuge in flight from London, gradually to regain his sanity through association with one Mr. Puddlebox, a jolly old vagabond who is Writford's companion on many mad and humorous adventures, and who has learned the secret of life long before it dawns on his friend. When their rambles come to an unfortunate end, Writford becomes assistant master in a school kept by a drunkard in a country town. In this new life he lodges in the family of a plumber, whose daughter Essie is undoubtedly the most lovable heroine that her creator has yet portrayed; but it must not be imagined that this gives the key to the solution of the story; on the contrary, it will be found that

the probable way out is not the one Mr. Hutchinson takes. The plot is unusual, there is rich humor, and the charm of the characters is what one has been led to expect of this talented author.

12mo., decorated cloth, $1.35 net. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Wall Partition," by Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," "The Following of the Star," etc.

The story opens with the return of the hero, after a ten years' absence, to the deep trombone hum of London. Ten years before, Rodney Steele had been —no fabulous hero—but just an honorable man in a tight place, and the girl he wholly loved and trusted had turned on him, within a week of the day which was to make her altogether his, and had destroyed, seemingly forever, his hopes of possession. Ten years have not quenched the altar fires of his affection, and the whiff of violets on a passing corsage, the warm embrace of affection which, in his presence, is given another, waken in him memories that are both sweet and painful. It would be unfair, however, to let the reader peep over the wall of partition or to forestall by more than a hint the telling of a story that is in Mrs. Barclay's best vein, and that the publishers predict will prove as popular as "The Rosary." The story has an intense love interest, as well as many humorous situations.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

"The God Who Found Himself; or, The God of Science and the Illusion of Self, An Interpretation of the Philosophy, Religion and Ethics of a Rational, Scientific Monism," by Alfred Ward Smith, Author of "A New Theory of Evolution," etc.

This book gives in readable form a brief but original interpretation of the philosophy, religion and ethics of a rational and scientific monism. The title is suggested by a parable of the Hindu monk, Vivekananda: "If the king goes mad and goes about the country to find the king, he will never find him, because he is the king himself. It is better that we know we are the king and give up this fool's search after the king."

This parable is used by the author as the text of his contention that human development—intellectual, spiritual, religious and moral—has reached a stage where it seems desirable for man to know and acknowledge that he himself is the God (or spiritual Intelligence of the world in its human and earthly form) whom he has for so many ages been seeking elsewhere, outside of himself and the natural world, and always in vain because this God outside existed only in his own imagination. Therefore, argues the author, it is time for man, who is now reaching toward his intellectual, spiritual, moral and religious manhood, to abandon his hopeless and impossible search for this imaginary God. And when man truly realizes himself in God and as God, then God will have truly found himself in man and as man, for according to monism God and man together constitute one integral, infinite and eternal Being.

Cloth, 8vo, $1.25 net; by mail, $1.37. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Price, 50c. Published by W. T. McCall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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With a few exceptions, this volume is made up of lyric poems which embody in happy fashion the mood of the moment—of spring itself and of the other seasons. They are the expression of a nature keenly alive to the emotion of joy or love or unrest that the passing hour brings. A rich and genuine poetic fancy inspires them, whether it be a real or fancied experience that with true poetic art is sympathetically interpreted. The keynote of the book is the triple chord of joy and love and youth.

Cloth; 12mo; 80 cents net; by mail, 88 cents. Sherman, French & Company, Boston, Mass.

——"On the Track of the Great" comprises the "Recollections of a Special Correspondent," by Aubrey Stanhope. King Edward, King Leopold, the Czar, the Kaiser, the Greek Royal Family, King Christian of Denmark, King Carlos of Portugal, King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia, Stanley, Lesseps of Panama, Pasteur, Bismarck, figure in anecdote and story as the result of the author's vocation and the close touch it brought him into with unusual people.

Published by John Lane Co., N. Y.

DEC 7 1914

Bret Harte

By Edward Robeson Taylor

What jewel shines in California's round
  Above the cunning of the scales to weigh,
  Beyond all dollar value men can lay
Upon the gilded things their hands have found?
Is it her radiant mountain peaks that sound
  The note of glory to their deathless day,
  Or verdurous, tree-lined valleys that convey
Her streams with crystalline, rare beauty crowned?
Ah, no! 'Tis he who does the heart entrance
With all the wonders of that great romance,
  His own imagination makes sublime;
'Tis he who gives, by his bewitching art,
  Eternal breathing to that virgin time
Which tried the essence of men's souls—Bret Harte.

On the Lagunitas Road, Marin County.

In the Santa Cruz Mountains

From the Berkeley foothills

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXIV San Francisco, December, 1914 No. 6

Motoring Through California Scenery

By

R. R. l'Hommedieu

THE WAR in Europe has turned the eyes of the motoring touring world toward California. The man of money who heretofore has considered that Europe was the only place to spend one's time with the motor car has been forced by the war to seek other fields for recreation.

The experience of himself and friends in making their escape from the war zone has enhanced the value of "Seeing America First." Touring in the United States is somewhat limited on account of climatic conditions.

During the summer months there are an unlimited number of sections that can be visited. All along the Atlantic Coast there are good roads abounding in not only historic interest,

but also most inviting from a scenic standpoint.

The season in these sections are, however, limited, inasmuch as in the height of summer it is too hot for comfort, and in the dead of winter it is by far too cold.

In the summer time it is possible to keep to the northern boundary and find comfortable touring from a climatic standpoint, but in the winter time the only place outside of California is in Florida. While the Eastern-southern playground is a very delightful spot, yet it does not afford any excuse for touring.

So it is that the motorist is compelled to turn to California as the only logical touring district of any inviting extent opened at the present time. The even climatic condition of the Golden State the year around makes it the ideal spot, not only in the United States, but far superior to any other locality on earth.

In the California Redwoods

For beauty of scenic attraction even the wonderful reputation of the Alps in Norway, along the Mediterranean and through Italy does not surpass that of Yosemite, the high Sierras, the coast route and the mountains bordering the northern State line.

The eighteen million dollars appropriated for good highways, which has been in force for the last two years, has made some wonderful improvements in road conditions. There are miles of road now open that will bear comparison with any boulevard or highway in existence in any other part of the world.

The new State highway runs north and south from San Diego on the southern border along the coast to the Oregon line which is known as the coast route. Then there is another north and south road going over the inland or valley route. These two main highways are each fifteen hundred miles long.

Connecting these highways are laterals which tie up the county seats one to another. Already the connecting of these county seats is underway thereby adding many more miles to the main arteries.

Beginning at San Francisco one may tour southward over the coast route. Out of the city by the Golden Gate, the route leads down the State highway through the homes of the millionaires to San Jose, the Garden City of mid-California.

Thence continuing through Gilroy to San Juan Bautista, one of the most interesting mission towns in California. The ninety-six miles to this point is through a settled section, which has taken the overflows from the City-by-the-Golden-Gate.

San Juan is an ideal place for the first night stop. Of the many Mission

In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

towns none are more restfully situated than this quaint, well preserved landmark of the days of the Padres.

San Juan is six miles from the nearest railroad, at the foot of the San Juan grade, and in its time was a most thriving centre when cattle raising held the attraction of those of that section.

With the passing of the cow puncher and the coming of the railroad at a distant point, the town relapsed in the contentment of yesterday, and is now sleeping in a most romantic and artistic atmosphere.

Motorists should be up and on their way at daybreak so that they may reach the summit of the San Juan grade as the sun mounts high over the coast range and the Sierras.

Once over the grade the route winds through Salinas, thence on over to Del Monte and Monterey.

At the old Mission town of Monterey one finds the remnants of romance, not of the Mission day, but the earliest history of California as a part of the United States. It was for a time the capital of the State, and the first Bear Flag was raised on its shores. Monterey still is full of romance and quaint surroundings, for the descendants of many of the old Spanish families still have their homes there.

From Monterey one journeys back to Salinas and then takes up the State highway for the southward. The route is down the Salinas Valley to King City. From this point the climbing of the coast range begins. From King City the climb begins up the summit of Jolon grade to Jolon, where accommodation in a good mountain hotel can be enjoyed. This strip is an enjoyable day's drive from Monterey.

Once over Jolon the next point of interest is Paso Robles, thence to San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and a swing coastward down to San Diego nestling beside its beautiful bay on the Pacific.

In the California Redwoods

There are many interesting stopping places all along this picturesque route; on this highway, which is called from the days of the Padres, El Camino Real (the King's Highway) is situated most of the famous Missions of California.

South of Tehachapi Mountains, which is the dividing line between Northern and Southern California, there are as interesting places to tour as in any place in the world. While Northern California still carries the landmarks and scars of the days of the pioneers and gold-seekers of '49, the southland agitates these stirring times, which pulsated with the American spirit of advancement and the seeking for commercial contact.

In the Sierra Nevada Mountains in mid-June

In the Santa Cruz Mountains

In the Southland, one feels the atmospheric influences that directs one's thoughts to the warmer Latin countries, especially that of Spain. It is the orange grove, the ucre and date palms, not to mention the cactus that gives this part of California, with its balmy climate, a tropical setting. In such a foreground and background, the good old Padres from the land of Spain, under the leadership of the venerable Junipero Serra, have set up in the Missions, lasting monuments of their untiring, unselfishness towards mankind in behalf of Christianity.

Not only are these Missions to be seen on every hand, but there is still in evidence hundreds of old adobe homes that in their day were considered palaces.

And too, may be found many of the descendants of the Grandees, who followed the trail blazed by the footprints of the Padres, where they had come to the land of to-morrow to seek to retrieve lost fortunes spent at the Court of Spain. Intermingled with these were the adventurous natures, which had come to the new world, seeking the gold and precious stones, the stories of which had been brought back to Madrid by the promoters of that day.

The gold and wealth which these Castilians sought, was there on every hand, but was not recognized inasmuch that it was a wealth of the land, fertile and producing far greater than any other part of the world. It was not until the more prosaic Anglo-Saxon had come westward that its full wealth was developed, and to-day, commercially, the southern part of the State is challenging the North for its gold for supremacy.

Those who have developed the land keenly appreciate good roads, and to-day the southern part of California has by far the finest roads in the State.

On the Coast route, one enters the southern part of the State at San Luis Obispo over the new State Highway, thence through Santa Maria, Los Olivos, with its quaint and most restful inn, and thence on to Santa Barbara

Blossom time, San Jose.

Skirting the shores of Lake Tahoe

on the shores of the Pacific.

It is at the latter place that one first really gets the southern atmosphere. There is still to be seen the Mexican in velvet trousers, bright red tie and sombrero, and if on a moonlight night one wanders down into the old town, they are likely to hear the sweet strains of the guitar, as some gallant sings softly the passionate airs of old Spain to his sweet senorita.

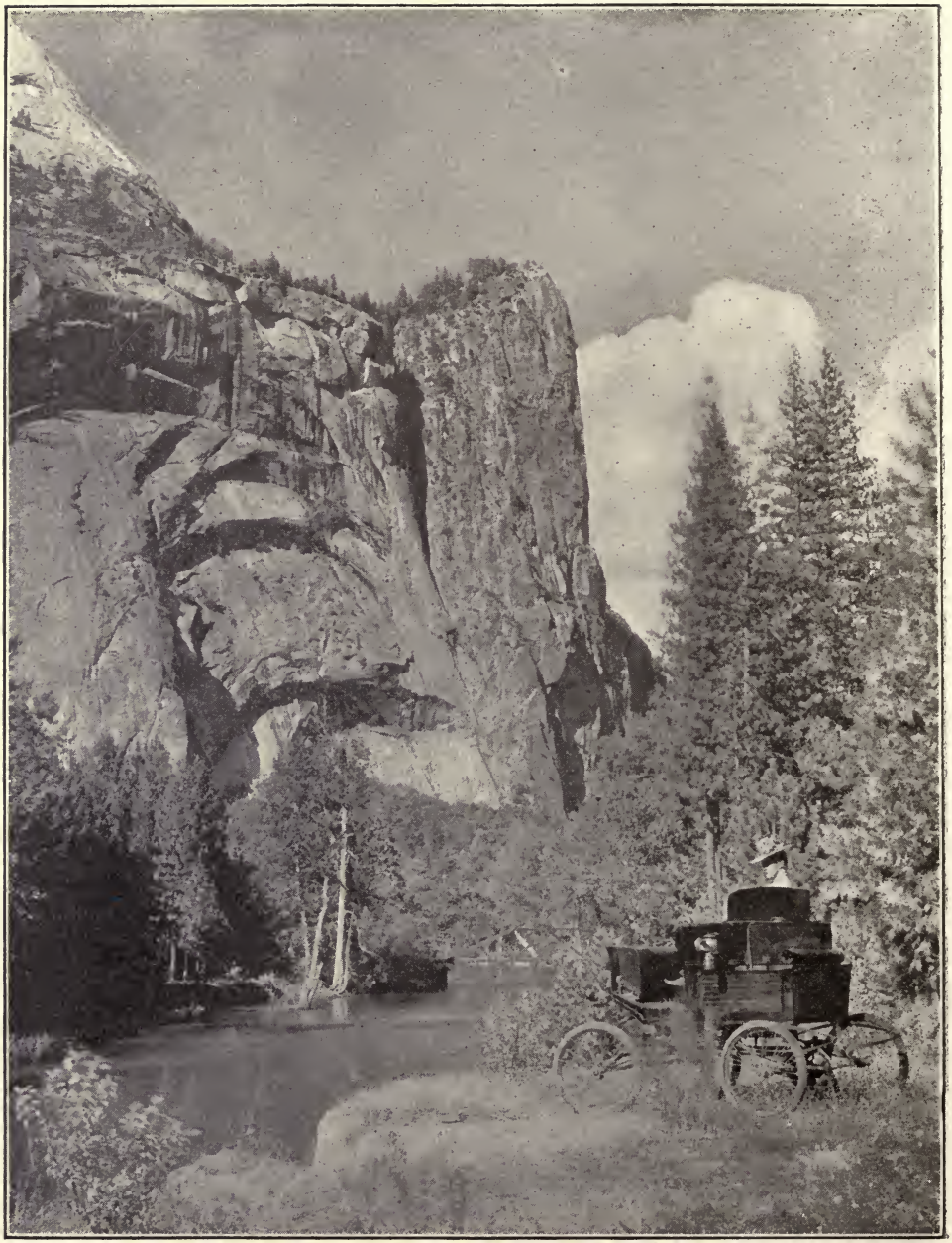
To-day a lot of the warmth and hospitality of yesterday is fading away in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Diego. The tourist with his dollars and cents has created a show man's atmosphere of tinsel and paint. One has to wander into the byways of this country to the old, small town to really appreciate what California was developed from when Sir Francis Drake with his merry crew and the other honored pirates sailed up along the shores of the Pacific.

From Santa Barbara, the road leads through Ventura of to-day, which name has been corrupted from the more romantic title of San Berna Ventura. One thence travels on southward over Calabasas Pass into the City of the Angels.

The metropolis of the Southland is the center around which radiates all the good roads. Following along the Coast, one goes southward through Santa Ana, the Mission town of San Juan Capistrano, on through San Diego where is located the most southerly mission in California.

From the City-by-the-Sea, one can motor to the border and from the heights see Tiajunana, around which Mexican town has been fought some of the battles of the Mexican revolution. Returning northward, the route leads over good roads, through Riverside, Corona, Ontario, San Gabriel, Pasadena, back to Los Angeles. Thence still northward over the Tehachapi Mountains, along the Valley route to Bakersfield, and thence, if one seeks a tour majestic in its picture, they should follow the El Camino Sierra, along the wild mountain range into the fertile Inyo Valley, through

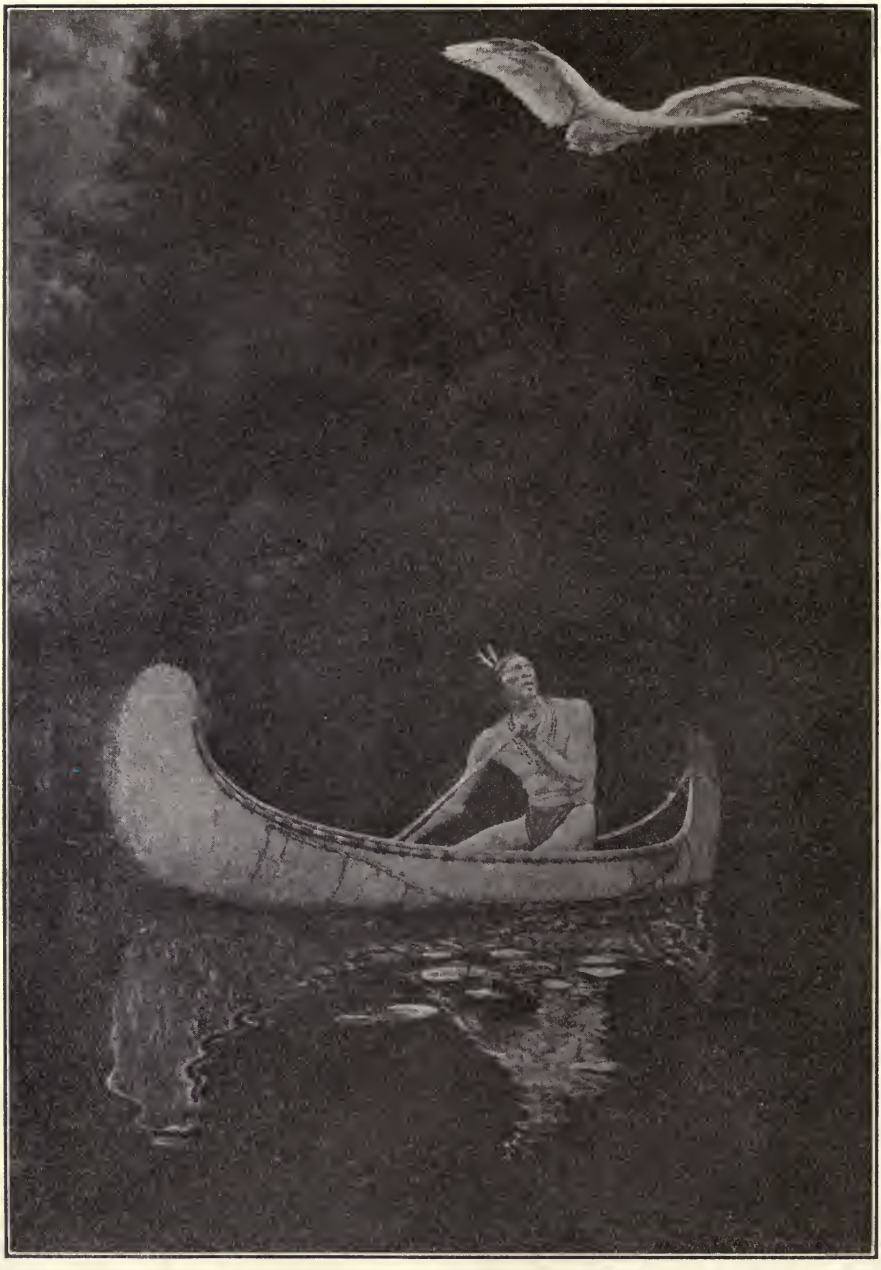
The summit of the Sierras



A bit of the Yosemite Valley

Bishop, Big Pine, thence into Nevada, swinging back over the old Placerville road through the capital of the State, and thence on to the city by the Golden Gate to the Exposition, which celebrates one of the greatest achievements of mankind: that of successfully building the Panama Canal.

In the woods of the beautiful Ojai Valley.



"He watched a great white swan float over him."

YELLOW PINE

A Story of Early Western Indian Days

By Henry Meade Bland

IT WAS night time near the Truckee River where that flashing stream leaves the wonderful lake. Furthermore it was early spring, and the Indians had come from desert lands for the summer hunting and fishing. Their camp was buried deep in the forest, and only a bear or a deer would have known it was there; and even one of these animals would have walked through it scarce noticed; for the Red man, unless forced by hunger, never kills around camp, preferring to stalk his game off in the hills. Smoke from a fire in the front of a wigwam difted slowly among the pines. An Indian woman rose from her blanket, tossed a pine knot on the fire, and spoke: "I say, Yellow Pine will be here to-morrow." She threw a second knot upon the coals. "He will come sure," she repeated, looking wistfully up the forest trail. Turning, she went into the lodge.

Her husband and her two children still remained by the fire. "You think he come?" said the girl, addressing her father in a timid voice. The stern eyes of the chief were turned on her as he responded: "Maybe he come, maybe not."

Yellow Pine had been gone a week, and when would he return? He was always wandering away. His peculiar habit began when he was a child. Three or four hours, sometimes, he was gone in the dark, dense pines, listening, looking, dreaming. But now seven days had elapsed, and the people of the whole camp were excited.

"I am sure he lost!" said the little brother, not very comfortingly, to his sister. Then both children turned, and saw in the dim firelight the figure of the young man. Moving silently as a mountain lion, he had slipped into camp, and stood almost ever the fire before he was seen. At once the chief sent his two children to bed, while he proceeded unconcernedly to question his oldest son about the prolonged absence.

"Much land, much country far beyond," Yellow Pine answered. "Take many, many days to journey over. Pretty soon I go."

The young man rattled the strings of yellow beads he wore, while the father pointed at them contemptuously. "Too much like women."

But one could not truly say Yellow Pine was really womanish. Very tall he was and straight; yet the deer-skin clothes; the feathers, and the gold beads he wore marked him as immaculate. One would have guessed his muscles steel springs. His eye never missed a movement of shrub, animal or man who happened about him.

"My trail shall grow ever far and farther," so said the young man to a suggestion to stay with the tribe.

"Some day you go, you never, never come back," replied the father, "and then we know the mountain lion has eaten you; or the Modocs have shot you with poisoned arrows. You talk too much to strange people."

The son shrugged his shoulders. "My trail never ends; for Yellow Pine's muscles are withes, his tendons are bow strings that never break; and quickly he learns the new tongue."

"In the morning I travel," he continued, moving toward the wigwam for his mother to hear; but if Yellow

She moved silently out and stood by the willow

Pine intended to go unnoticed before dawn, he was mistaken, for the sleepless mother knew well his intentions, and determined none but she should prepare that meal to be his stay in his early journey.

Morn had not yet reddened when the mother piled the campfire to blazing. The day was such as only a Tahoean can know. The colors from sunrise reddened the far waters. Yellowhammers called, and robins sang; chipmunks darted playfully over the logs; and high in a fir tree a gray squirrel screamed in the manner of a hawk, and gleefully watched small birds scurry to cover.

There was little said at that morning meal. Indian silence held sway. Only once did the mother shape a word, when Yellow Pine was ready to depart —the name of one, "Moona." Yellow Pine's childhood companion. The mother peered into her son's face, but there was no sign that this magic word was any deterrent to the young man from his mission over the hills. Yet if any one could have held him, Moona should have; and indeed a quiver of emotion shot over him, as he remembered her once standing by the trout stream, with her arm around her sister. But this he smothered by promptly completing his preparation for departure. "I will come even if my trail is far, far over the hills. Look you for my sign." He pointed to the great barrier to the west. Quietly he walked away, yet he looked again and again back to the silent figure by the wigwam fire, and at last was lost in the dense firs.

Once out of sight, the real Yellow Pine began to appear. His vision assumed intensest alertness. His stride lengthened. He drew in deep breaths of the sweet mountain air, and sniffed satisfyingly the odors of fir and juniper. His muscles were elastic steel, as he left the well known trail and plunged through the forest towards the wonderful height.

Two-thirds up he paused, and swiftly turned into a canyon, where gurgled a bright stream. Following the brooklet a few paces, he came to a recess he had once hollowed out. He dropped down into it. There they were, as abundant as before. Yellow pebbles like those he had made the beads of his father had made fun of. He picked up one of the smoothest and shiniest, and springing to his course, climbed on. He was not tired now. His steps, or rather leaps, became longer. Once he stopped to glance back at the friendly lake, and pleasant palpitations shook him as he saw the camp-

He looked across the broad river to the distant mountains, and fell to dreaming of the land that lay beyond.

fire smoke curling through the pines.

Now he was out of the forest, and patches of snow in shaded nooks and canyons cooled the air. Only a little more and he would have again the great vision. A fawn sprang before him and led on and up to the summit. A condor poised above the peak glared at the intruder.

All at once on his left, through a chasm broke the glory. He hastened towards the opening, the prospect ever widening, till the empire of the day before broke before him.

He climbed agile as a gray-squirrel to the top of a neighboring pinacle to gaze.

At last he took from his roll several balls of dry fibre, and with some labor, yet, as one born in the primitive only can, struck a spark from two dried sticks. The fire fell into the cottony mass, and it smoked in a deep pall. He held his blanket over the smoke, which collected in a cloud. Quickly he withdrew the blanket, and a heavy puff rose heavenward. Twice was this repeated, and somebody back on the lake margin knew Yellow Pine had reached the summit.

Once more he picked up his equipment, dropped down from the rock, and was lost in the scrubby brush and low bowlders down the sunset side of the range.

In an hour he gained the circle of evergreens bordering the snow limit. And he felt a relief, for he knew a thousand denizens of the forest, some gentle and kind, others ferocious, were agaze at him from these leafy haunts; and perhaps, too, some of the Wild People had looked on him and were already prepared to run him to death.

All afternoon he ranged down the new slopes, stealthily, like one who hunted, and would not frighten the game. Sometimes instinctive fears startled him, and once he leaped wildly into a sabine pine to escape a dangerous beast, which proved an awkward skunk—the only wild animal having no fear of man.

Occasionally a tall peak across the broad valley caught his eye, and he wondered what was beyond. A singing arrow and a well directed blow from his tomahawk made a yearling deer his own. He threw a part of it on his shoulder, then deep in forest-gloom glided silently till it was time for roasted meat. Then he hurried ahead that he might leave far behind both the beast and the Redmen that might pursue him. He forded flashing foothill streams full of glistening trout. He slept in gnarled oaks, or climbed tall sycamores to glimpse the far-stretching levels. He sighted strange peoples hunting and fishing in quiet lakes and pools. He swam great rivers and ever pressed on; for was he not Yellow Pine, whose foot had gone a thousand times as far as the foot of any of the Tahoes? He paused to hollow out a canoe, and laying aside his deerskin robe, he cruised in still waters, now startling swarms of water fowl, now resting from his oar as he watched a great snow-white swan float over him. When nearest his magic hills, he quit the waters, and bore on to the westward, for his trail must never end.

A multitude of tracks leading away to these same hills now confronted him. As he passed on, the tracks were less confused. Here was the trail of a mother and two fawns. Here was a fawn following two older deer, and the prints told plainly the story of a lordly family; and even now in easy arrow-shot was a young prince gazing quietly from soft, liquid eyes. And here ran on leisurely the trail-record of a patriarch. Yellow Pine marveled. He pictured the monarch standing proudly at the end of this trail, and he knew if he followed far enough he would come within sight of this king whose head was branched as a giant live-oak.

He started in a long swing over the grassy plains, now beginning to rise into foot-hills; and he saw with exultation the imprints grow sharper.

Just ahead were the first low ranges of the hills he had longed to reach. Here cool canyons were filled with new manners of trees and shrubs. He

paused, intent, at a lark's song, then pursued his way with eye keen on the trail.

"You shall make my greatest story," he said, half aloud; for now the imprints in the damp spring earth were so clear he thought he saw the wonderful animal; and his long stride grew to a great bound. Always by the side of the big hoof-prints moved a trail of lesser prints, and these were followed by still lesser. Yes, this was the splendid king of these newer hills, and with him, on the way to their mountain fastness, was his royal family.

The trailsman now came to a sudden stop. He carefully examined some intruding markings over the hoofs of the deer. No, it was not a shadow of fear shot over him. He knew those markings too well. A rival in the chase!

"Aha! old warrior cougar! He was mine before you scented him. Why do you rush in to steal him now?"

Did Yellow Pine turn back at the thought of the most mortal enemy of man? Not a whit! He only placed his hand on his tomahawk—only touched his quiver to see that it was in place; for might not Hungry-Killer, the mountain lion, disturbed in his selfish quest, turn on his foeman for a last bitter fight. Yet Yellow Pine did not waver. Lynx-eyed he followed on.

And now what was this? Hungry-killer had turned aside. What could have made him desist from the chase, taking to the underbrush of the north hillside? But it was so. In a twinkling he had gone. There was his plain retreating trail.

"The long string of yellow beads he wore."

Again Yellow Pine took up the clear track of the great deer, gliding restless as a wolf upon an ever freshening scent. But here now was a print almost effaced—as if pressed down upon by some heavy weight; and here was another of the same kind! Yellow Pine again paused to look discerningly that he might know to what or whom to ascribe the new marking.

It was not a moccasin print. Some other creature, perhaps man, perhaps beast! Who could tell? At any rate some strange enemy was after his own royal quarry.

Suddenly Yellow Pine shot aside, even like the fierce cougar, into the safety of the underbrush. This footprint of a man, for man it must be, was larger than he had ever seen. Perhaps fierce giants lived in these wonderful hills, and perhaps he was in the midst of their country.

His momentary thought was to turn and fly.

How far had he come? Where was he now? He looked back toward the familiar range, with its line of snowy peaks. To his surprise, another range rose between him and it. He was in a deep canyon in which grew immense gnarled trees. He leaped among the lower branches of one for a better view; climbed up until he could see off to the west into the new valley on the edge of which he was now a wanderer. He was lonesome. He resolved as soon as it was dark to steal back to his own white hills. Yet, his unusual curiosity again took hold and impelled a desire to see the new land, and then he felt it safer to stay in his retreat than trust the chance of being eaten by cougars or wild men.

From his last meal were remnants of venison, which he ate, and bracing himself in a snug, chair-like recess in the branches, for hours he strained his nerves listening to unfamiliar night sounds. Then he slept. When he woke, the sun was breaking into the newly discovered vale.

As a matter of fact, interested human eyes had seen the Indian the moment he turned from the great deer's trail. These same eyes (there were two pairs of them) had watched him disappear in the brush, had watched him climb the tree; had seen his rich deerskin dress and his warlike equipment. They had also seen the long strands of beads wound about his neck; and the owners of these same wistful eyes had resolved that this Indian should not only be captured, but should be taken alive and tamed that they might allure him to tell where the dazzling jewels were found.

One of the watchers was, therefore, left to guard while the second hastened some miles away to bring trinkets, hatchets and knives attractive to the Redman's fancy. Hours of waiting brought back the messenger, and the two prepared to begin in earliest morning the parley which should bring the desired knowledge.

It was well for their schemes that their wild man was now a prisoner in the live-oak tree, for on the ground none could outsprint him. Yellow Pine at first feeling himself unseen, held himself immovable as an oak-branch, but it gradually dawned upon him that the strange people had seen him, and intended to get him. He held his bow ready for instant use.

As for Don Vega and Juan Retorio, they determined to show their prisoner by every act they intended no harm; and they began a series of signs and beckonings, which indicated they meant no menace.

Yellow Pine's savage instinct told him it would be easier to escape later, even if taken a prisoner, than to run for it. Don Vega took his hatchet, scooped a hole in the earth and buried the weapon, the two men watching to see whether the Indian understood. Then Vega and Retorio threw themselves on their faces to indicate absolute harmlessness; yet when Vega started towards the foot of the tree, Yellow Pine ominously drew an arrow. Negotiations were halted. Then Vega drew from a bag some meat and bread, and began to eat, offering some to Retorio, who also ate. Yellow Pine put back his arrow. It was plain these

people wanted to be friends, and why should he not be friendly. He climbed carefully down from his place, but not once taking his eyes from the men. Then slowly he walked towards them, studying their faces.

As for Vega and his companion, no trappers ever lured their game with such triumphant exultation as they. They flashed rich amulets, and arranged in rows their knives, daggers and hatchets. Yellow Pine stared at the finish of the treasures. He walked nearer, and to meet the givers halfway, took from his neck the burnished nuggets.

Retorio and Vega were living, vivid wonderment. Could they find where the bead nuggets came from, they would be rich enough to return as distinguished gentlemen to old Spain.

The two Spaniards continued their friendliness. They showed him their fire-arms, but not daring to shoot, lest the roar of the gun frighten him. Finally they rose to go down to the mission, and the Indian, wrapped in astonishment, followed.

Yet at the last moment his courage failed, and he slipped from his friends into a clump of live-oaks. Vega followed quickly, but to no avail, and at length he disappeared as completely as if he were not.

They were two excited Spaniards that night, after the disappearance of Yellow Pine. There was the gold they had bartered for, with the rich nugget given them, together with the possibility of finding again this Indian who held this secret of fabulous mines. Yellow Pine must be found, and lured till he could be prevailed upon to take them to his source of wealth. They were off to the hills next morning, scouring every nook and canyon.

Yellow Pine, however, had by no means started on the long trail to Tahoe. There was more for him to know of this marvelous land. Leave it to the Indian to conceal himself in the forest from the sight of a white man. A thousand arts he uses so that the trailsman sees him only as the trunk of a tree or a lifeless rock.

Yellow Pine had not fled. He was determined to know the mystery of the new people. He saw that people of black hair and red skins, like himself, had much interest in the great lodge. Some of the Redmen coming from the hills, remained but a short time. Others lived at the town; and one, a girl, went about with men dressed differently from the Redmen and from the two he had traded with. The more he saw of this girl the most interested he became.

Night after night, he crept nearer, until, in a hollow oak within the sound of the mission voices, he took his post. During the days that followed, he scanned every move of the people. He saw the cowled medicine men walk thoughtfully about, and knew them, because they seemed always instantly obeyed, to be the real chiefs. He saw those men whom he took to be warriors, and one of these seemed a leader. Vega and Retorio, he saw move mysteriously out in the mornings, sometimes returning late in the evenings, and he fancied they were in search of him.

Late at night he would come from his hiding place to get water and prepare food.

Then he watched a little drama enacted under the very branches of his hiding tree. The Indian girl went silently out and stood by a willow near him. Soon the big Sachem came and talked with her. Yellow Pine listened as if he would absorb their very souls. He could only surmise what they spoke, but his surmise was as much truth to him as if he had understood their slightest whisper. The girl was half-consenting, then appeared to all but consent, then hesitated; and then one of the solemn medicine men in black took her away; and the big Sachem was angry.

Yellow Pine understood. "This was a girl taken perhaps in battle. The big man wanted her as his bond-woman. The man in black held her his prisoner, and perhaps protected her." Yellow Pine would work her rescue.

That night he early left the tree, resolving to again meet his former friends to make them understand the trouble, if he could.

Next morning he suddenly confronted them. They had not given up finding *him*. Tossing their weapons aside, they approached cautiously, while Yellow Pine stood straight and dignified. It is not easy to make a man understand who does not know your language. The clearest signs are misinterpreted, and in case of distrusting strangers, progress is all but impossible.

But Yellow Pine knew what he wanted, and how he intended to get his wants. Vega produced one of the gold chains, and with elaborate signs and gestures, dug in the ground and imitated the process of picking up nuggets. Yellow Pine smiled, and pointed far, far away. He made a movement as if to go, opening his empty buckskin bag. Then he picked up a pistol and clearly indicated he wanted pay for such an errand. Vega and Retorio started as if they would go along, but Yellow Pine, curiously, declined to move. Something else was on his mind. But what? Then he started to walk back to the mission; the Spaniards with him. As they approached the olive orchard, they saw the Indian girl where she had been talking with the men in black robes, and Yellow Pine halted. The two men walked to where she stood; the Indian followed.

"I tell you what he wants," whispered Retorio. "He wants us to give him the girl, and in return he will either bring the gold or show us the mine."

Yellow Pine placed his hand on the girl's arm, as if to lead her away. Then he pointed over the hills, and reading assent in the Spaniards' eyes, bounded off and was gone.

Vega and Retorio watched alternately for the return of the young Redman. As by mutual consent, the place selected was the point by the creek, which was now bank full because of unusual rains in the hills. Both Spaniards continued assiduously to cultivate the friendship of the Indian ward of the Padres, and this aroused the secret jealousy of Antonio, the big chief, who was resolved to make trouble if it should appear that either was winning her.

Yellow Pine had been gone three weeks, when one afternoon Vega came hurriedly to the mission, found the girl and with her stealthily left the patio. Out of sight, the two hurried to the meeting place. Yellow Pine had arrived. He and Retorio were only waiting for Vega and the maid. Instantly the two Spaniards emptied the deerskin sack of its glittering yellow lumps. The division went on to the last nugget, the largest of all, and a difference arose as to how it should be divided. Yellow Pine and the girl stood by, not understanding what the discussion meant.

Both men talked loudly. Then Retorio hurled an oath at his companion, which was instantly returned by Vega, who drew a dirk. A moment they glared. Then, crazed by their suddenly acquired wealth, they clinched in fierce conflict.

Yellow Pine and his companion stared in amazement. Then the Indian saw that something must be done, and stood looking about, as if vainly trying to decide what. In a moment, action was forced upon him. Down the creek, not a quarter of a mile, came a crowd of rushing men and maddened Indians, headed by the fiery Antonio. The two Spaniards were still in deadly battle.

When Yellow Pine did act, it was swift and effective. He dragged together the piles of nuggets lying on different deer-skins. Bundling all up, he held the treasure high above his head, rushed to the edge of the roaring creek torrent, and hurled the gold far out into the treacherous stream.

Hurrying back to the paralyzed maid he gripped her hand in his, hissing "Ondowa," the Tahoean word for "Come." And the two young savages dashed into the forest, irretrievably lost to their cursing pursuers.

THE MAGIC MIRROR

Story of a Weird Christmas Eve

By Regina Miriam Block

THE oddest Christmas I ever spent," began the Superintendent, as he stared reflectively over his expectant audience, in the dancing glow of the firelight, "was the one I passed at the house of my old Cambridge friend, Sir John Trefusis."

The elder Basset paused a moment to appreciate the attentive silence which welcomes a proved and excellent raconteur; and continued, with a little smile of mingled pleasure and retrospection on his fine old face:

"Trefusis," he continued, "who is ten years younger than I, was my fag at college, where we sealed a friendship which the passage of years has left unbroken. Naturally, I left Cambridge earlier than he, and, growing tired of an idle life in the lap of luxury, or, rather, my mother's town house, I entered the army and served for some years in India. After a sharp touch of fever, I procured leave, and my mother being dead, went to stay the Christmas time with Trefusis, who had only lately inherited his father's beautiful country seat at Cressets, in Warwickshire, and was leading a lonely, but lordly, bachelor life in that historical retreat.

"I arrived there within a few hours of Christmas eve, and after tea and a long chat, we retired to the study fire together."

"And now," said Trefusis, softly, breaking into a rather somnolent silence, "I will tell you about my new discovery."

His speech did not arouse any special interest in me at the moment, because Trefusis has rather a talent for inventing things, and has had several successes in that line. Beside, I was feeling very lazy and "Christmasy" in the big Vieux Rose armchair. The light of the flames zigzagged across the copper hearth, showing up the deep inglenook, with its bell-topped Cromwell clock and the pale, soft tapestries on the walls, describing Una's questing with her knight in the enchanted forest. Through the frosty bay windows the turret of the dovecote in the rosery glimmered faintly in the twilight.

"A new patent, Trefusis," I queried, languidly.

Trefusis shook his head, with a tantalizing smile.

"No," he said, "a secret chamber."

"What!" I exclaimed, sitting up with a startled jerk, my lotus-eating attitude quite forgotten. "You don't mean to tell me you've unearthed—"

"A secret chamber in this house?" finished Trefusis, quietly, "but that's just what I've done. And it is a discovery which dispels a good many other mysteries, including the family ghost who so afflicted Mrs. Jenner, our old cook."

"But where?" I ejaculated.

Trefusis waved a soothing cigarette at me. "To quote Rudyard Kipling—that is another story," he remarked.

"Considering that you've scarcely arrived for your stay here, you should not be so impatient for the country news. It's not polite." Then he suddenly changed his tactics, and began

in the bewildering manner of a born story-teller.

"It all happened," he said, "in the fashion of the most unusual episodes of this world have a way of doing quite unexpectedly. I was having an ordinary gas fire put in the cedar gallery, because I expected one or two friends on Christmas Day, and it is such a lovely cosy retreat. It used to get rather chilly in the autumn, whilst the big roaring blaze we start there in winter made it too stuffy, and so we decided that a heat you could turn on and off at your own pleasure, would prove a royal road out of my domestic dilemma.

"Now to lay the necessary pipes down, the workman were compelled to remove the high-backed Spanish settle that is somewhat clumsily affixed to the cedar wall and stood there since my father's days. I was a trifle unwilling to have it disturbed at first, as the rough manner in which it was fastened to the panelling always amused me, but at length I yielded, and it was ousted from its former position. I was superintending the work of the two men at the time, and when it was shifted, grew attracted by the odd fact that the panel directly behind the settee, was of a much lighter and newer colour than the remainder in the hall. So much so indeed, that it absolutely excluded any idea of its having been preserved by the settle's standing against it. Instead it suggested the wall to have been patched up just there, to match the rest, at some period or other. My curiosity being thoroughly aroused by this disparity, I had the panel dislodged, when I was still more astonished to see a bricked-up wall behind it. The bricks were immediately taken away, and you may imagine my surprise at thus exposing a strange doorway leading into a slip of a secret chamber as dark and gloomy as a tomb."

Trefusis paused and fished for another cigarette.

"And what was in it?" I queried, eagerly.

"Nothing much," said Trefusis, with an affected nonchalance, "except a mirror, an old document, and the family ghost in the unenticing shape of a specially extensive brood of mice. It's rather uninspiring to kill off a renowned and firmly-established ghost by means of a mouse-trap, isn't it? But if you're ready, I'll show you over the place."

"Certainly," I said, rising with alacrity.

Trefusis, whose trebly blessed sense of the poetically fitting in life had cemented our friendship at college, lit a quaint Egyptian lamp and led me upstairs to the cedar gallery. This is the chief pride of his clan, for it is built on the side of the main landing, and is ascended to by that steep kind of spiral staircase generally seen in fairy pictures of old Arthurian turrets. A great black griffin with sharp wings, guards the wooden post at the beginning of the steps, and when one has reached their mazy heights one emerges in a low-ceilinged gallery of scented black cedar wood, so very highly polished that even the flame of a candle is reflected in every panel as on a fine glazed tile. The ceiling is moulded into a design of crawling dragons, old silver candelabras reach out twisted arms from either wall, and between them, on dun, oblong canvasses, dream the chaste ancestors of Trefusis; from the Elizabethan lady with the emeralds in her ruddy hair and the terrific ruff, who cherished an unhappy flame for Sir Walter Raleigh, and to whom ill-fated Queen Mary sent a gemmed girdle and seven precious phials of Indian rose attar, down to Trefusis' Cornish grandmother, with her stiff, white Quaker cap and the dim violets of old Tintagel in her wide-set eyes.

A carved Spanish settle used to occupy the end of this quaint retreat, but now I could see it had been pushed against the wall, whilst, where it had formerly been, I vaguely discerned a narrow black entrance not much broader than a man's body.

Trefusis took me up to it, and the red light of the lamp which had been

flashing back from all the panels like innumerable eyes from murky hollows, flared torchwise into the opaque interior.

"This is the secret chamber," he said.

Somehow I shivered a trifle as I entered the gloomy recess. I found myself in a tiny room with worm-eaten wooden walls. There was no window, and the floor was paved with stone, in the midst whereof shone a terra cotta daub of a nude woman bending over till her fingers touched her toes, whilst from her throat hung a long chain bearing the famous Nefer emblem, which occurs so often on the monuments of the Nile land.

Trefusis caught the spark of amazement in my eyes as I straightened from regarding it.

"Yes," he affirmed, "it's Egyptian right enough. The stooping woman doubtlessly represents the universe, and I suppose she wears the nefer or crux ansata, the symbol of inexhaustible life, as a kind of amulet round her neck, because the ancients believed that the earth hung from heaven on some wonderful primeval chain, like a pendant.

"But how did this Egyptian painting come here?" I exclaimed. "It seems so incredible to excavate Sphinxes in a Tudor house."

"All in good time," said Trefusis banteringly. "I will explain as soon as you have seen the mirror."

He raised the red lamp a little higher, and pointed to a fair-sized circular thing that looked like an outlandish platter, in the unsteady glow.

I stepped nearer to examine it.

It consisted of a round, very thin, but splendidly polished piece of silver, and without question was of great antiquity, although it was impossible to determine its date, since there was neither dent nor flaw upon it, and by its general appearance might have issued from any big jeweler's shop of the present day. But the most curious part was, that about the entire thing ran a broad, gleamy snake biting its own tail, and thus forming a complete circle, according to the old Egyptian pattern.

"Just examine that snake, will you?" begged Trefusis. I leaned forward and drew my finger over it.

"Why," I ejaculated, "the serpent is made of looking glass. What a funny idea to surround an ancient silver mirror with a strip of more modern substitute. Besides, I didn't think that people knew anything about making mirrors with quicksilver and glass, in the age from which this curio evidently hails.

"Neither did I up till now," assented Trefusis, calmly, "but do you notice anything else strange about this mirror?"

I gazed straight into it for some minutes in silence; then I shook my head.

Trefusis held the lamp so close that the whole surface became suffused with a ruddy sheen, like the weird, blood-stained salver whereon Salome laid the head of her Johannes.

"Think!" whispered Trefusis.

I jumped suddenly as if I had been shot, my limbs turned icy cold, and my knees shook horribly.

"Heavens, man," I breathed, "I've been staring right into the thing and—and it hasn't——"

"Reflected you," he broke in grimly. "Exactly; that's my opinion all over. Look!" He stretched out his hand before it, but except for the lurid glint of the lamp, the burnished surface remained an utter blank. He turned round to me with a wry little smile, and we looked at each other without speaking; but his eyes were not smiling—they were scared.

"Well," he asked at length, with an uneasy laugh.

I was still trembling. "Good God!" I said, "it's witchcraft, downright raven sorcery."

"Yes," assented Trefusis, "I've had a good many puzzling relics in my time—embalmed skulls of Peruvian mummies with living, growing hair, carved Chinese tricks, and Aztec singing jugs, but I certainly never owned a Sphinx like this mirror, and I doubt

if I shall obtain an Oelipus to solve its riddle. Even the manuscript of my great-great-grandfather, who was rather a celebrated herbalist in Queen Anne's reign, I found hidden behind it, does not give me the slightest clue."

Trefusis set down the lamp, and the mirror eclipsed into a silvery disk. He fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth a very meagre parchment missal, bound in yellowed vellum, and decorated with gold emblems in the style of the Florentine binders. This he cautiously opened and read out the clear Italian writing in quite a reverential tone:

"Cressets-on-the-Hill, Monmouthshire.

"In the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and two," he spelt aloud, "ere commencing to inscribe upon these pages, I, Jasper Trefusis, twelfth baronet of our noble line, pray to God that none may discover the chamber of the magick mirror, wherein I will conceal this volume when I have finish'd the write therein. Before locking up the entrance of the room, I sincerely plead with my dear Creator to let this tome rot unfound, and our noble house, whose comfort kings and queens have graced with mirth and goodly cheer, to fall to ruin ere the obscure place be once more unsealed. I will fasten the door with mine own hands, and it shall be unknown unto my children. For in the chamber of the magick mirror have I seen many things by means of witchcraft that mefeels eerte the Lord desires no human one to see. God in His wise philosophy hath lent me knowledge of His clean, sweet herbiage and springing flowers, but a surety He doth not intend that which I have discerned in my very hall for me or mine, therefore I will secure the door unto that knowledge with firm endeavor, and indite this missive to serve as a warning to the unborn scion of my race, who may discover the chamber in defeat of my feeble prayers, lest the wisdom of its secret come upon him unaware, as it did to me.

"Although the most part of my home was builded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the hidden chamber of Cressets-on-the-Hill, whose first edifice was already famed unto the Norman Conquerors, as Flambeaux-sur-le-Berge was erected by Sir Aleyne Trefusis, a soured and surly misanthrope, in the period of Henry the Fourth, to prevent his daughter, the Mistress Dorothy, who desired to elope with a Bohemian gipsy lover, whom he held in contempt; therefore he immured her in this little windowless closet behind the Castillian settle, her food being handed in to her through the narrow grating designed for that grim purpose, beneath it and the door. The girl, who possessed the obstinacy and pride of her kin, remained thus imprison'd for over two years, and at length died there of her privations. 'Tis said that she would lie upon chill flags, more like a mad thing than a human creature, foaming at the mouth and shrieking imprecations at her father, into the dusk cedar gallery, where he would sit gloomily gazing into the fire with his greyhound at his feet, appearing deaf to all her curses. But 'tis also rumored that when he beheld her body borne forth, she looked like a white spirit, an' all her golden hair turned gray, he fell into a fit of melancholy and remorse, wherefrom he never recovered.

"His son, Sir Nigel Trefusis, who was a traveler as extensive as Sir John Mandeville and the Welsh Hakluyt, though ne'er gaining such wide renown as theirs, since he kept no chronicles of his voyaging, only learnt of his sister's tragick fate and his father's death when he returned from long journeys into the East. Being the sole heir, he was forced to remain upon his estate, though I have heard that it cost him many bitter pangs, for he was of restless blood, and loved best to be astray and wandering upon the waters of the world and enquiring into foreign matters. And thus he used the secret chamber for experimenting with alchemy, whereof he had learnt much in Araby.

"Now this Sir Nigel had with him

a black servant from Libya, who painted the device of the earth-woman with the amulet on the floor, and he also brought the magick mirror, which was his chief treasure, and hung it on the wall. My grandfather told me that he had got it from an Egyptian magician, whom he cured of a malignant fever, and who was more versed in the black art and the lore of the old Pyramids and the priests of the land than any other man alive. And this magician discovered the mirror amid the ruins of a temple in the Nubian desert, whose date none knew already in that century.

"Certain it is that Sir Nigel was fond of brooding upon the mirror for hours, and one morning was found in the chamber of ill-omen, leaning upright, with his chill lips pressed upon its surface, as if he were kissing a face, although his own reflection was not seen therein.

"Yes, I have closed up the haunt of the mirror, for by some eerie spell therein it doth not give back any images but those of reconcile matters which are no more, and can but be observed through its wizardry; wherefore God defend me from beholding them. And another instance about this mirror is, that its silver never tarnishes, but hath remained stainless and bright from generation to generation. And besides, it is rounded, after the manner of the earth and all the spheres; as Galileo taught us through Copernicus. The Mahometans, in their rituals, run seven times around the Holy Caaba Stone in the temple at Mecca to symbolize the coursing of stars; the Hindus honour the circle of the sun, the Brahmans pray by wheels, and the Calvary Cross is set in one. Hence this Egyptian snake devouring its own tail.

"Again, the mirror is framed in looking glass by some unknown forefather, who seemingly knew the craft of forming mirrors then, long before we dreamt thereof.

"Now to me there hath alway been a certain mystery about quicksilver, inasmuch as it and sulphur are the prime essentials for the creation or any mineral, quicksilver being the original factor, whilst the sulphur owneth the cementing, which binds the twain into a solid substance. Again, the scientific title of Mercury is given to quicksilver, as it is ne'er to be grasped, and thus, in its elusive motion, recalls the Latin mercury, the fleet harbinger of the gods and deity of thieves, who was known as Hermes to the older Greeks, whence our learned Milton refers to quicksilver as volatile 'Hermes.' Once more, the ancient Brahmans called quicksilver 'rasa,' and attributed strange magian qualities to it, for I conned it in an old Sanscrit play, the Ichandakaucika, sent to me by an Eastern wise man, of earthly sprites, famed as Siddhasrasas, or people who, through the air of 'rasa,' turned to Siddhas during their lifetime, this word signifying beings dwelling upon earth, yet independent of the vulgar flesh and freed from the irksome fetters of our common mortality.

"Behold. Truth also bears a mirror in her right hand and the lives of men are as mirrors giving no sweet reflex back to God, but only blankness and illusive sheen. . . .

"Therefore, as my soul is too weakly to destroy the mirror, I will seal up this secret chamber wherein mine eyes were opened wrongfully, and pray that none else of my blood may have the same fate in a future span.

"JASPER TREFUSIS."

There was a deep pause when Trefusis had finished reading. I was the first to break it.

"For in the chamber of the magick mirror have I seen many things by means of witchcraft that mefeels certe the Lord desires no human thing to see," I quoted slowly. "That's uncanny, Trefusis."

He was about to reply when we were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the footman.

"There are visitors waiting for you downstairs, sir," he said, casting a furtive glance around.

Trefusis seemed a trifle irritated. "Who are they, Gregory?"

"Major and Mrs. Dennison, sir."

"Oh, the Dennisons. I suppose they want to pay me the respects of the season. They must have driven right over from Brendlemere. We'd better go down, old fellow."

"Why," I said, "if you do not mind, I'd rather stay up here. I'm not acquainted with your friends at all, and this place absolutely fascinates me."

"All right," said Trefusis, airily. "I thought it would turn you poetical, but don't catch a chill. I have to leave you because dear old Mrs. Dennison yearly brings me one of her own plum puddings. She did it when I was a boy at school, and she's too proud to give it up now, even though I have a full-fledged cook and a handle to my name. So I must go and receive it with all graciousness and due delight. I'll leave you the lamp in case you get the nightmare. Lead the way, Gregory."

I half regretted my decision as I heard the cheerful sound of their footsteps dying away in the cedar gallery, but the room attracted me against the reasoning of my senses, almost as a snake allures a mouse.

It was full of so many wonderful memories, of a young girl who had sobbed all her warm, tragic life out in its darkness, of a knight who performed outlandish practices of alchemy within it. I could almost see him, bending over the embers, bronzed and wiry, his black servant waiting behind him, or perhaps he would sit and brood into the mirror—the mirror. I remembered it all at once, and wheeled round upon it. It shone above me like a sad, frozen moon.

Sir Nigel had been found dead with his mouth pressed against its surface as if he were caressing a woman, and Sir Jasper, too, had seen some strange sights within it. A lightning inspiration struck me. Could it be possible that the mirror was really a supernatural medium in which one could behold unearthly happenings by looking steadfastly into it, as into an ink-pool or a crystal? It might be probable, since Sir Nigel was said to have mused thus for hours. It would be interesting to attempt it; why should I not—but if the vision proved too gruesome? Sir Nigel had died whilst——

I laughed aloud at my cowardice. The sound re-echoed in the cedar gallery, and rolled back to me from the outer gloom like a lost voice heard in a wood.

What a fool I was. I was not even certain that anything could be seen in the mirror, and here I was, shirking the merest experiment. Certainly I would try it.

I placed the Egyptian lamp in a niche, fetched a tall, carved stool from the passage, and, sitting down at the head of the saffron grotesque, gazed steadfastly into the mirror.

For a long space my unflinching stare proved fruitless, only the silver flamed lurid and phosphorescent with the pale snake coiling around its zone. I was just about to rise, when suddenly the smooth lustre became blurred, a soft white mist crept across it, and the mirror seemed to grow larger and larger, until it appeared to fill the entire wall from side to side. Then the mist increased in thickness and parted like a curtain drawn asunder, and through the rifts I viewed a crude, terrific scene.

I saw huge, grey cliffs rearing up in the midst of tremendous downs of a deep olive green, as fierce and false as moist lichen or lizard skin. The cliffs reared up, rugged and torn like petrified Titans battered into shapeless carcases in some vast, primordial battle, and behind them the sky was golden with the flaring sun-gorse, whilst the sun hung 'mid the swollen clouds like the round gateway to some endless kingdom. And at the base of the rocks moved a horde of those big, tawny cave-bears which preceded man, horrible, cumbrous things, with restless paws, lolling tongues and shaggy hides; and on top of the cliffs above the gorge cowered a whole troop of men, casting great stones at their

bestial enemies. Some of the men were clinging to the rocks with their flexible toes outspread; their unkempt hair flung over the sides, little twigs with garish flowers were stuck behind their ears, and round their necks were brutal chains of talons. The sun smote their brown, sinuous bodies, where the muscles leapt and strained. I caught a glint of their teeth, whiter than ivory, but all were either crouching or lying flat upon their bellies, so that I could not see a single face distinctly. Then one of them, who was the largest and strongest of them all, seized by a sudden fury of battle, aimed a stone at the foremost of the shifting, growling brutes below, with all his force. The bear rose on its hind legs, dangling its unwieldly paws with a curious half-human expression in its pleading posture. The stone dashed straight through its skull into the brain; there was a spatter of blood, the great beast lifted its head aloft, and I could nigh hear its ululating bellow of anger and pain and rage, then it dropped backwards, quivering and dying, amid its panic-stricken companions. But the brawny man lept up with a shout, and his face grew discernible for the first time, and it almost paralyzed me with fear. I saw the whole history of human race revealed in that twitching, devilish visage, the cavernous mystery of the dead stone age had shaped that greedy jowl; from those snarling, back-drawn lips, the vast, tigerish struggle of primeval man for mastery over the ruling beast tribes that foreran him cried aloud, and in those eyes were the animal passion for slaughter, and the quick, unbridled fervours of the blood, the horror of the totems and insatiable Moloch gods. It was there stamped like a brand upon those low brows, that massive, bull-like neck —the cruel hands that tore and rent their butchered meat in twain, those were the hands that would bring the sin of Cain into the world and the thirst and hunger of the mad emotion. Behind him I could imagine the whole course of evolution, with its reptiles, its mammals, its bogs, and its fens, its torrid heats and icy coldness, the iron rule of climate o'er the world, and the savage battle of man against the brute; and before him stretched the age of nigh interminable darkness, of cannibalism, red-hewn idols and barbarian wars.

Then the men above the cave-bears disappeared, and I beheld another scene.

I saw the Nile River stretching like a grey-blue ribbon through the flat, spare land of Egypt, whose pyramids, looming from the East, cast their sharp shadows towards the waterside, above whose ripples the rushes bent, fluting with reedy piping. And on the right bank, upon a high throne of Egyptian ebony, sat a dead Pharaoh. He was garbed in a long, purple robe, o'ersewn with gold, flamy gold disks dragged down his ears, and a pot-shaped crown bowed his head, its reflex flickering upon his black, wide-open eyes. He sat shrug-shouldered, with his arms crossed stiffly upon his breast, whilst in one hand he held a leathern scourge and in the other an ebon scepter. His knees were pressed close together, and his face drawn and ghastly in his awful silence. On either side of him stood rows of priests with shaven heads and robes of black Egyptian linen, fringed with blue. And before the dead king were many people, but first of all loomed a majestic woman in opaline tinted garments, pointing at him and crying out as if in condemnation, with her savage lids drooped and her head tilted back, so that the sunlight glinted along her brown throat and caught the chain of carved beads around her neck. And then, I knew that I beheld an Egyptian judgment of the dead, wherein the bodies of the departed were set up before their living fellows, and the friends and foes of the dead man came before him in numbers to accuse or uphold the deeds of his past existence, which were then weighed in the balance by the priesthood, who decided if he should receive an honorable burial or be excommunicated from their faith. The

woman spoke on as if driven by volleys of anger and hatred; she stretched out her pale, supple arms and hissed through her set teeth at the mute Pharaoh, and the multitude strained forward in one swaying unanimous acclaim, whilst their mouths opened in a mighty uproar. Then the priests seized the Pharaoh by his golden head dress and hurled him downward from his ebon throne; and he fell forward limply as the dead fall, the scourge and scepter, emblems of the divine power he had misused so wickedly, rolled from his nerveless hands; he lay deposed, sprawling, with his proud face in the dust. And the people seemed to shriek applause, whilst the tall, regal woman who had derided him so passionately, sidled back to their seething ranks with arrogant, rhythmic steps. But from the rear of the crowd, an old, old hag arose, whose white hair flapped dishevelled round her face, and tottering to where he rested, tried to drag the rigid body from the sand by the stark, heavy feet. I could see the tears roll fast from her wan, old eyes; the turquoise around her throat, shriveled and sallow with many years, and sad.

Then the piteous group faded, and I viewed Moses, the great prophet, towering on Sinai, with the marble tablets of the law. The sun burnt tense and tropic behind him, gilding the twin peaks of the mount and hazing his regal form. And his head was covered and bent as if beneath that vast, hopeless despair the seers share with God, his fingers pointed at the broad, golden Hebrew lettering on the slab, and far beneath him Israel reeled around the image of the golden calf. Hundreds had joined hands and were dancing drunkenly in circles, with wry chaplets of flowers in their locks, crumpled raiment, and eyes moist and feverish from wine and meat. Women played the timbrel or clashed their glittering cymbals, beautiful dark youths shrilled upon the viols, swart slaves knelt on the sands in stupid prayers to the shining thing, rolling their frenzied eyes and foaming at the mouth as if o'ercome by incense. Only one white-bearded elder stayed apart with face uplifted to the silent, mourning figure standing like a forsaken sentinel of God upon the hills.

The dying sun had bathed the entire scene with indescribable splendor, the mist around the peaks took fire and quivered, and thrilled as a veil upon the rosy body of some Titaness, the robes of the revelers were stained a vivid crimson, and the marble grew red as vengeance where the prophet bided his master's word alone. Then the mount vanished, and I saw a huge double circle of menhirs upon a bleak and northern tor beneath the twilight sky. The stones stood upright like harsh gods, yet unhewn and unrevealed in their full pristine portent, but pierced by the prescience of their might e'en to their flinty core. They glowered in rounds, each double stone crossed by a transverse third, and in the midst of the circle was a rough stone altar from which a baal fire of dry twigs soared in one straight spire of flame to the dull heavens. And above this altar paced many Druids with solemn ritual and song. Curly white beards covered their bosoms, their eyes were grey and colder than a Celtic cairn in the bleak moonlight; they wore white priestly vestments arranged in clinging folds, their feet were sandalled, and they bore green alder and quicken boughs adorned with little bells in their runed hands. And as they walked round and round the altar with slow obeisances and chant, two hoary priests appeared from the outer circle, half leading and half dragging a young girl between them, so exquisitely lovely and slenderly formed that my senses nigh forsook me at the sheer sight thereof. She had evidently fainted beneath some overwhelming distress, her eyes were closed, and her slim body in its simple garb hung backwards like a storm-blown lily, over the arms of the old priests, until her unbound hair, pale and fine as amber, trailed on the moss as she went. Her feet were bare and faultless, and her skin so delicate that

I could see the blue veins of her throat, soft and pliant as a lamb's. Every vestige of color had left her little face, and her mouth was open in a round, sick "oh" of terror. The priest dragged her up to the altar, and all the circling Druids paused in their ritual and bowed before her. Then one, in the center of the ring, came forward, his cloven beard flying sideways in the wind, his frozen pupils gleaming like a wolf's, and brandishing a great jagged knife of flint in his uplifted hand. The taller and stronger of the priests lifted the passive girl up in his arms, his wide sleeves fell back, and his copper bracelets shone red, whilst his hands moved as if he would cast her into the sacrificial flames. But as he raised the girl up and her eyes opened, and the full, dreadful import of the action flashed in upon me, I could restrain myself no longer; for when I beheld all the ineffable fear and shrinking woe and anguish leap with tragic iridescence through those haunting, emerald eyes, I sprank forward upon the priest, seized him by the shoulder and struck him with all my might. I could feel the woman slide from his slackening grip and flee past me, her fluttering robes brushing me as she ran. The flames upon the altar roared beneath us; the sparks shot hissing, the Druids screamed in panic, as we wrestled and strove and battled together; my breath came in panting gasps; I fought like one possessed; then I saw the great flint knife of the Arch-Druid descend upon me from above, a stunning pain seemed to cleave my skull asunder; the world turned red as blood; I gave a great shriek, and, throwing up my arms, fell headlong into a sea of liquid fire.

When I awoke, I found Trefusis bending over me on the study sofa. He was looking white and distracted, whilst the butler and a stranger of medical and anesthetic appearance, were by his side. The room smelt strongly of brandy.

"Well, old chap," asked Trefusis, huskily, "feeling better?"

"Yes, I said faintly, putting my hand to my forehead. I drew it away quickly. "Why, my head's bandaged."

"It's all right," appeased Trefusis. "You cut yourself a little on the looking glass and fainted. Now you just keep still——"

He restrained me with his capable hands, for I tried to sit up excitedly, as the memory of all I had seen flashed back upon me.

"The Arch-Druid," I gasped, "the mirror."

"You ought to know best what you did with the mirror," said Trefusis, dryly. "Since we found you lying on top of it in a heap, in the secret chamber, after you screamed out so terribly. You must have had a regular fight with it, for you'd ripped out the very nails it hung on from the wall, and the silver disk was simply battered and dented beyond repair, and the snake smashed to atoms."

Trefusis stopped and glared at me as if he expected some further elucidation of my remarkable conduct, but I smiled quite peacefully at him from my luxurious bed amid the downy cushions.

"Thank God," I answered simply, and as if to endorse my statement, a joyous peal of bells rang out suddenly through the clear, sane air without. It was Christmas morn.

The elder Bassett ceased amid absolute silence, and re-lit his dead cigar. "That was my oddest Christmas I ever spent," he repeated, as if in parenthesis.

But still we did not speak. By some mutual instinct our eyes were fixed reflectively upon a large illuminated text which Cousin Nan had affixed above the mantelpiece amid gay bunches of mistletoe and holly.

"Kyrie Eleison. Christe Eleison," proclaimed the triumphant words, and 'mid the sense of nameless mystery and weirdness upon us, we felt that they were true.

The weirdness of the story and its impressive narration held the company spellbound, and a tense silence followed the completion of the story,

for almost a minute, until the host's voice hospitably invited his friends to replenish their glasses and prepare for the next story.

"In calling upon the next speaker," said Dr. Courthope, "I shall be saying all that is necessary as an introduction to whatever the bearer of it has to say to us. It is the name of a man well known in Birmingham for his interest in institutions which have for their object the care and training of the young, and also for the wielding of a facile pen, which more than our local literature had been glad to employ. But like so many of his class, our friend shrinks from talking about himself. I know, therefore, I shall be serving him if I request from his lips a story of an orphanage, with whose foundation, founder and history he has been intimately connected.

"Mr. Enterquick, ladies and gentlemen!"

EVENING AT THE RANCH-HOUSE

Listen, honey, listen! My Only One, my Queen!
That first time I seen you, the sweetest ever seen,
I didn't know which end was up; but this I knew,
I swore into my hoss's ear that I'd have you!

Listen, honey, listen! My Queen, by Only One!
Lean here against my shoulder! Don't fool with my gun!
That first time I seen you, your eyes, your dear, soft hair,
I knowed I'd sure win you! Rope you, for fair!

Listen, sweetheart, listen! To the sounds in the dark!
Yelping of a coyote; and the little brook; hark!
Cotton-woods a-patter, and hoof-beats faint and far;
Queer black shadows 'round us; and the big evening star!

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

The Belated Christmas Tree

By Gertrude La Page

THE GAY Christmas throng jostled him, but he held his ground bravely in front of the brilliantly lighted window.

"I can't see a single thing I want," complained a richly dressed woman to her companion, as they paused near the shivering little figure. "I think Christmas is awful! It just keeps you guessing to find something folks have not got."

The child turned surprised eyes upon the speaker, and tightly clutched the treasure he held in his cold little hand. He was thinking:

"If I buy the teeney-weeney little doll for Lottie, and the small bottle of cologne for mother, I'll still have a nickel for sweet buns and one for car fare."

He looked at all the wonderland of toys, but ever his eyes wandered back to a beautiful red coaster. As he turned away at last with a little sigh, his eyes met the watchful gaze of a bystander.

"Some wagon that, eh?" said the man.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, timidly.

"Now, if I were a boy, that's just the kind of coaster I'd ask St. Nicholas to bring me." Then after a momoment's pause: "I always wanted one awfully bad, but I never could afford it; and now, you see, when I can afford a dozen, I'm too old. Don't you see, I'm too old, my boy?" he questioned, plaintively.

"I guess maybe you are, sir," faltered the child.

"There isn't a doubt of it, er—now, what did you say your name was?"

"Bobby Weston." He felt sure he hadn't told before what his name was.

"Bobby Weston," said the man, impressively. "Might you have some brothers or sisters, now?"

"Just a little sister. Her name's Lottie."

"Ah, yes; yes, I knew it. If I could have had a tree, I would have had a little sister to share it—then," he added sadly. "Bobby," he cried, throwing off the sad mood quickly, "Bobby Weston, Fate has brought us together to-night. Our souls are as one in the common longing for a red coaster and a shining Christmas tree. This would have been a damn—excuse me—terrible Christmas eve for me if I hadn't met you, Bobby."

Bobby listened silently, with wide eyes, a feeling something like hope taking root in his heart.

"You see," went on the man, "people would think me rip-roaring crazy if I had a Christmas tree without a child; you know that, sir," he spoke sharply. "And what I want to do—what I want to do," tapping his shining cane emphatically, "is to borrow you."

Bobby stared.

"It would be a great favor, I assure you," the man went on hurriedly; "and now, Bobby Weston, we'll go in and buy the presents. That's like my kind of a dream tree," said he, pointing to the brilliantly illuminated one in the window.

"Oh! Oh!" It was Bobby's dream of a tree, too.

"And what kind of a ball and bat did you always fancy?" asked the man.

Bobby warmed up now.

"I always wanted a ball with a horse-hide cover and a white-ash bat."

"I do, too," declared the boy.

"What kind of a dress and coat do you think my little sister would have liked?" continued the man, wistfully.

"Mine would like a white dress and a pink sash, and a big blue coat," cried Bobby.

"And a doll, of course?"

"Oh, yes, yes." The boy's eyes shone. "A big doll, and a teeney-weeney one, too, that will fit in the little doll chair."

"Indeed yes," said the man; "and a doll house to put them both in."

"Oh, oh, oh! of course. And a carriage for the big doll."

"I fancied a nobby overcoat and a cap to match," said the man, pointing to a pretty gray cheviot coat.

"I did, too," said the boy, his cheeks pink and eyes sparkling. Thus they went on discussing the merits of many toys. Finally the man said:

"Now, I would have liked my mother to have a black silk dress."

"My mother had one once," said the boy quickly; "a long, long time ago, before my father died. She's got the pieces yet," he added.

"And what does your mother do now?"

"She helps to dress the ladies at the big play house. And sometime"—the blue eyes flashed—"she's going to take me and Lottie to see a really, truly play."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the man. There was a world of relief in his voice. "Now," thought he to himself, "she can't possibly interrupt our little party."

Bobby was too young and too absorbed to be surprised at things. He didn't realize that it was very unusual for the manager of a big store to wait upon a customer and to keep two or three clerks busy, too, on Christmas eve. One even left his stand to deliver messages at the telephone, and another was sent to charter a special delivery machine. Never before had this department store delivered such a big rush order—or received such a fee.

"Come, now," said the man joyously, taking the boy's hand and leading him out into the street, where they stopped a moment to buy little pigs that you blow up, and an automobile that went alone, and which tooted gloriously as it sped away into the night. The man felt the little hand tighten.

"I always wanted to ride in one," he said.

"Of course," sighed his companion.

Almost before you could say "Jack Robinson," they were rousing up a sleepy little girl from a poor tenement house, and speeding again into the night.

The next stop was in front of a beautiful mansion. Bobby became uneasy—lest it all turn out to be only a dream. But, no; they were ushered in, and there before them, all lighted up, was the most wonderful Christmas tree; and heaped about on the floor were all the things they had bought, and many more, too.

* * * *

The small girl, holding a doll as big as herself in one arm, and dragging a darling toy house in the other, said:

"Is it weally mine to keep, Bobbie, forever and ever?"

"Forever and ever." It was the man who answered.

"Who gived 'um to me?"

"Santa Claus, my child. You see, he knows he didn't do it long ago, as he should have done, and now he is making it up, and, by Jove! he's paying all the interest, compounded." He smiled happily, patting the child's head.

* * * *

Before 12 o'clock the borrowed babies had been safely carried home, with toys and new clothing and many packages of food, and a big roasted turkey, and mince pies, and boxes of candy, and a little note for Mrs. Weston (with another big surprise attached), which said:

"These few gifts do not begin to pay for the great happiness that has been mine to-night. All my life I have longed for just such a lark as this, and as I stood in front of a toy shop beside your boy, I found the inspiration in his eager face, and so became a boy again to-night, and have, at last, through him, tasted the joy of that much belated Christmas tree."

Christmas Festivals in the Open Air

By Clara Hunt Smallwood

"Behold Where Beauty Walks With Peace."—Joaquin Miller.

DECEMBER twenty-fifth in the great Southwest is not the cold crispy-white day we usually associate with the name of Christmas. Sunshine, if not actual warmth, green things growing everywhere, and the richness of flowers, their color and perfume, transforms the sacred holiday to the atmosphere of our Lord's birthplace. This natal day, the day of all others in the year when hearts beat in unison to the time of peace and good-will, seems to find its most natural environment in the land of sunshine and flowers, the land said to be so similar in many ways to the Holy Land.

Nearly all California cities for the first time last year (December twenty-fifth, nineteen-thirteen) had community trees. It was the aim that no one should fail to receive a goodly share of cheer, and material things for the needy. "Be a good fellow and act as Santa Claus to one family." This plea reached out from the press for many days preceding Christmas and the liberal response brought to O! so many homes, those things for which the people were so sorely in need: good cheer, the necessities of life, and the gifts that gladden the childish heart. The finest, strongest, and most lasting gifts were the finding of employment for men out of work.

So far as is known, Riverside, which is gaining a reputation for religious atmosphere, was the first city in the United States to celebrate her festivals of a religious nature in the open air, her Easter Services, being the initiatory one. We should say, these were the first white people to worship in the open air, for the Indians not only worshipped in the open air, but worshipped the very air itself, together with the clouds that brought rain, the vegetation that nourished and gave them shelter, and the great Sun over all that gave life itself. The Christmas festivities in Riverside, were pretty and impressive as they were elsewhere, but here the old English custom of celebrating outdoors was followed. The same generous spirit was shown throughout the State and these Christmas festivals from now on will doubtless be a fixed thing. Everyone begged to lend a hand—the churches in Riverside gave up their plans for that night and turned their energies toward the park, the societies, the society people, each one, and all, joined in making this a success. A growing tree was chosen on the lawn of White Park, and will probably be reserved for the "Christmas Tree" from year to year. It is familiarly known to the children as such now as they point it out with municipal pride. The tree is an evergreen (Araucaria Bidwelli) resembling the tree commonly known as the Monkey-puzzler. On twigs and branches grow dark green leaves, close set and exceedingly sharp. So very pointed are the leaves that he who would pilfer a twig as a souvenir would need the same pluck he would, should he attempt to pluck a bit from the cactus garden just back a-ways. All limbs and branches are placed with perfect regularity, the whole forming a tree of symmetrical beauty. This tree is twenty years old and nearly forty feet

high. With its tropical background, and festooned with roses and tinsel it was indeed a thing of beauty—

"Such roses white! such roses red!
Such roses richly yellow!
The air is like perfume—"

Thus it was on the night of the Christmas celebration, every one remarked the balmy air, the comfort in it. It was pure and refreshing from the recent rain, and the thermometer probably did not register below seventy degrees during the evening.

On the ornamental light posts throughout the business portion of the town, wreathes of evergreen and laurel berries were hung. Many of the business houses smelled wild and woodsy for many weeks from their decorations of greenery and flowers. The city streets were hung across with small green and red globes of lights, the large star on the tip of the tree in the park blazed forth its radiance high above the surroundings, and the tree itself was all a-twinkle with the same red and green globes. Music was the leading feature of the festivities.

A pageant of fully three hundred and fifty people marched through the park that night with Company M in the lead. As it passed in order the Boy Scouts were followed by the Campfire Girls: Heralds and Standard Bearer came next; next the Cantadores Club—a large company of male singers who were dressed in brown cossaks of the Franciscan order of Monks, hooded and girdled with white cord and knots, and carrying lighted candles; then came the St. Francis de Sales Choir, and All Saints Episcopal Choir; school children of all nations; then the Spirit of Christmas of the Woods; Christmas Girls; King and Queen of the Revels, Pages and Courtiers; the Wassail Bown was borne along next, then the Christmas Cake; Standard of St. George; Lords of Misrule and Courtiers; Indian Mummers and Indian Heralds. The air rang with melody and good cheer. There were solos and music by the Military Band, choruses in which the people joined, vocal solos, and more music. Only the music of sleigh-bells was missing.

Apropos of the growing tree being reserved in the city park for these open air celebrations each year we should like to launch a suggestion which, to us, is filled with much interest and many possibilities where there are young children in the home. Since conservation of our forests is so earnestly desired, and the—"Woodman Spare That Tree," so often is suggested, it seems that each family permanently established might have its own growing Christmas tree. It seems a pity that all the lovely trees used at Christmas should have to sacrifice their lives to the service, great as that service has been. An evergreen that is native to your locality should be selected. A small one, possible only two and one-half feet high, may be potted or kept in a tub. The Blue Cypress of Arizona (C. Arizonica) is a good sort for Southern California—there are numerous kinds as beautiful, however. The coniferous trees grow slowly and seem particularly suited to the purpose of holding their glittering burdens. Keep such a tree and let it grow up with the children, keep it as one of the idols of the home to remind you all through the year of the lessons that came into the world on that birthday so long ago. Maybe it will help you to live them. The tree would be guarded by the children next to the flag they love so well. Did you ever see any of our little California school children show other than deepest respect for the flag? I never have, and I have lived where I could see a host of them daily for several years. They would guard their Christmas tree as a live thing, if it had not a soul. This may all seem paganish, but children certainly love beautiful symbols; they love growing things, they love all out of doors, and Christ loved them.

THE MORN'S MORNING

By Jean Dalziel Wood

IT WAS an extremely interesting lecture on a branch of higher geology, given in Berlin by a German professor with the whole A B C's after his name and a row of titles before it. Now, don't ask me to be any more explicit than that. I merely know the bare facts, and bare enough the whole stony subject seems to me, but it was important enough to occupy the close attention of seventy-three diggers and one diggeress.

The Diggeress sat diagonally in front of John Jacob Beverley, and took intelligent notes. John Jacob knew this, because he leaned over and read them, wretch that he was—but what will you? Wasn't the Diggeress the only female contingency, and wasn't it quite unbelievable that a woman could have acquired first-hand knowledge of the rare soil conditions referred to?

And the Diggeress was a slight, delicate looking person as far as one might judge from a side view, and with the obstruction of a large, round, tan straw hat cocked up quite unashamedly over the other eye, and trimmed with one large brown straw rosette.

"Doubtless," thought John Jacob, "she is one of these modern blue stocking German women about ninety years old, and then some. But she's got some corking notes, just the same-y—which is convenient."

Then the German professor A B C X Y Z ran down as slowly as possible, and the students ran out as fast as possible, and John Jacob heard some one say at his elbow: "Will ye be lending me yer fountain pen?"

Of course it was the Diggeress, and John Jacob stopped before searching for his pen to take in the illuminating fact that she was extremely poor in the matter of years, possessing only seventeen or eighteen at the most and extraordinarily rich in the matter of eyes—and Gott sei Dank! no fraulein at all, but a broad speaking Scotch lassie.

"Come along, that's a good man," encouraged the girl, "or McL, and McM, and McN will never get this telegram in time for their sailing the morn's morning. They've booked with the 'Titanic,' d'ye see—maiden voyage and all that, and the boys'll be looking for something worth while."

She addressed the message to J. M. McLeod, Esq., T. B. McMaster, Esq., J. G. McNider, Esq.

"Thanks," she said, absently holding the pen out to him and re-reading the address with care.

"Shall I send it for you?" asked John Jacob, politely.

"You're no thinking I'm delicate?" suggested the girl, abruptly.

"Not at all," answered John Jacob, with a grin. "I only thought to save you the trouble. Invite me to go with you to the telegraph office, and I'll invite you to come with me to a cafe in the neighborhood where we can get a bully cup of coffee and real chocolate cake with whipped cream on it—the national craze after sausage, beer and cheese."

The girl's big brown eyes grew luminous. "Ye can drink yer coffee yer sel', my good man, but it would be r-r-rare to get a cup o' tea!"

"Good!" grinned John Jacob, proceeding to pilot the expedition, "it's tea for us."

"Whatever would McL say," exclaimed the girl as they fought their way through the students munching

huge sandwiches of bread and sausage, "could he see the frivolous look o' them!"

"And who is McL?" asked John Jacob, grinning again.

"Think o' yer no knowing McL!" said the girl with a deeply regretful look stealing into her eyes. "Why, McL's the very best sport ye'll meet in a day's march—and McM and McN. Why, my good man—I'll no be saying there's no such a thing as a r-r-real sport in Deutchland, but I'm thinking it's no an impartial distribution o' the real thing to put three such sports in wee Kilmarnack. Ah, wait till I tell ye!" and her eyes grew brilliant and soft.

And they had to wait for the crowds of students swept them relentlessly from court to street, which they attempted to cross, although it was busy time in Unter den Linden. And even safely the other side, conversation was impossible, for the Guard was changing, and broke into music as the band greeted Royalty represented by the Imperial Palaces. So, on the whole, conversation was quite impossible until they had established themselves comfortably in a very pleasant little cafe which overlooked the great, busy thoroughfare.

John Jacob ordered post cards.

"Let me introduce you," he said, "to this hearty German custom. I'll write a word of greeting to my mother, and you'll just add yours. See?" "Oh, but it's great!" cried the girl enthusiastically, as she wrote swiftly: "Greetings from Scotland. "And we'll send one to McL, and McM and McN," she added eagerly. "Here, this one of the Brandenburger Tor. ("Ye'll no believe it," she wrote hurriedly, "but I think I've found a r-r-real sport even here, but it's not a German he'll be") and here she paused to regard her companion attentively. "What sort of a foreigner are ye? American?"

"But Americans are not foreigners to Scotch people," he expostulated.

"My good man," she said, calmly, "if an American's no a foreigner—what is he? There, now add yer w-w-word to it and be quick. I want to see yer name."

He obeyed promptly, frankly amused and showing it.

"John Jacob Beverley," she read thoughtfully; "it's a bonny name, John Jacob," she remarked deliberately. "A r-r-real bonny name, and the boys will be gratified when they read it to know that I'm out bummeling wi' a man just as they told me to do."

"What did they tell you?" asked John Jacob, interested.

"They said I was no to be making gir-r-rl friends," answered Miss Scotland, calmly.

"What a funny notion," observed John Jacob.

"No," contradicted Miss Scotland, "not peculiar at all, John Jacob. They are a dangerous lot, an' ye can take my word for it."

"But you are one—shall I run from you?"

"Don't be shooting out yer neck, my good man," advised the girl, calmly. "Wait till I tell ye. But before I do, will ye explain what's wrong wi' the looks o' me? Is it my hat ye'll no be liking?"

"Hat!" repeated John Jacob vacantly. "Hat? Why, it's a corker; it's a dandy," admired the American fervently.

"McL and McM and McN thought it was r-r-r-ripping," confessed the girl. "Come along, then—what's wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong," answered the man, hurriedly. "Quite the opposite. It's your eyes, you know—I've never seen such large brown eyes in my life."

Miss Scotland rose immediately and walked deliberately to a mirror and surveyed her slim, uncorseted self in piquant hat and loose fitting coat with such a straightforward and unflinching gaze that surely it rebuked the reckless extravagance of beauty in the very eyes themselves.

"I'm no seeing anything wrong wi' my eyes," she remarked calmly, seating herself again. "They're just honest Scotch eyes and—mayhap ye'll no

be having them in America. Do ye know many women, John Jacob?" she demanded, suddenly.

"About as many as I do men," grinned John Jacob.

"And what do ye think o' them? Come, hurry up—I want to know."

"Why some of them are not very agreeable, most of them are fine, a few are splendid, and one—I love!"

"Then I'm sorry for ye, John Jacob, I'm r-r-real sorry, and there's my hand on it!"

"But why?" puzzled John Jacob.

"Because, my good man, McL did it—loved a woman, d'ye see? McM and McN told me about it, and she's promised him honor bright that she's marry him, and she broke her wor-r-rd, and married another laddie, and McL was wild. Of course he would be, ye know—that is, you would know if ye knew McL, and he took leave o' the folks in his town and went and lived in a tumble-down castle that he'd inherited from his mother, and then McM and McN came and joined him there, and they rigged up a laboratory and pursued the science of geology. And one day a wee bit of a bairn toddled into the lab., all alone, and looked the three over, and then sat down contentedly and said: 'I'm thinking I'll bide a wee.' And the morn's morning out on the moor the body of a frail, delicately reared lady sort of a person was found stiff in a frozen death, and never a wor-r-rd was learned of the child, and McL swore that they'd raise her and educate her and keep her quite isolated from women, and though ye'll no be believing it, John Jacob, I'm the wee bairn who's never seen a woman to talk to till I came to Berlin day before yesterday, and I'm thinking I'll be r-r-real careful and avoid all conversation wi' them, because ye can take it from me, John Jacob, they are not straight."

"And McL and McM and McN brought you up without the advice and without the help of any woman?" remarked John Jacob, incredulously.

"They did—and oh, laddie, it was r-r-rare. The long walks of our geology rambles, the grey mists, the grand mountains, the glorious appetite, man, that'll no be satisfied till ye've eaten a mutton pie and had a cup o' tea at Maggie Johnson's. Then there's the log fire, laddie, and McL wi' his bagpipe, and McM, who can no recognize one tune from the other, and yet no celebration is complete till McM has sung 'Archie McClelland's Awa' in the Hills,' and McN—ye'll go a long day's march before ye'll hear the like o' the stories McN tells. It was r-r-rare, boy, 'twas r-r-rare, and I'll no be saying that I don't miss it," and the brown eyes of the girl got a trifle bigger and even a wee wistful withal. And John Jacob said: "And where are the fellows?"

"They've gone to America to a geological convention with some discoveries they've made, and they sent me to hear lectures in Berlin at the university, and I'm no to be friends wi' a woman—and so—that's all, John Jacob, and it was not half bad, the tea—and I'll be going. Yer'll no forget about the woman, will ye?" she said coaxingly, and John Jacob promised.

In thinking it over, he decided that he ought to interest his fiancee in the little Scotch girl, and to this end he invited them both on a picnic.

"Of course, you can't expect me to be willing to share with a stranger, and a woman at that, one of the few days I have with you," quoth the fiancee.

And Miss Scotland said: "I can't be bothered blethering wi' women, laddie, and McL and McM and McN would be so vexed. And when ye're quite fed up wi' yer Annie Laurie, ye will be glad that ye didn't trouble to make us acquainted. And, laddie, I want to ask you—do ye know anything about women's clothes?"

"Not much," answered John Jacob, helplessly.

"It's a r-r-real pity," she answered regretfully. "I want to know if it hurts to wear a corset. I saw such comical things in the show windows, and there was the name plain as day,

so no one could never make a mistake, corset. If you don't know yersel', Laddie, just ask Annie Laurie, will ye?"

"Ask Annie Laurie?" exclaimed John Jacob. "Why, Miss Scotland, she'd never forgive me for the impertinence."

"Then it's worse than I thought," remarked Miss Scotland promptly; "if a human being takes offense at being asked any necessary question about anything, *anything*, then that per-r-son is not straight. McL and McM and McN say that all women are constitutionally a bit perverted morally, and they were so afraid I might become so that they used to discuss the ethics of the question—the general question—and they proved that nothing is wrong to answer that is honestly asked. So if Annie Laurie is the kind of per-rson who can't answer a question, then she'll not only break her promise, but she'll do it in a way that'll break yer heart. And I'm sorry for ye, John Jacob. Ah, ye should hear McL and McM and McN talk about being straight, Lad! And better, we should see them be it! And ye will see them, because I'm going to invite ye to the tumble-down castle, and ye'll find all I say is true."

"I'd far rather hear them deliver themselves of their opinion about being in love," suggested John Jacob with a grin.

"Then ye can just bide awa' from the castle," answered the girl, her eyes flashing dangerously. "It's a perfectly sane, normal household, John Jacob, ours is, and there's fun to be had, and there's wisdom and there's ethics, but we ha' no time for silly blether. I mind that McL said once when I asked him what love was, that it was sentimental bosh if yer could talk about it, and if ye couldn't, then it was a fundamental priciple, and ye'd no be reducing it to a definition. So since ye can't talk about it, we didn't, and I'm thinking you'd do well not to mention the matter to McL and McM and McN.

Well as a matter of fact, John Jacob got no opportunity to mention anything to the three friends of the little Scotch Lassie, for the next day after this conversation, the news was flashed round the wide earth that the *Titanic* had finished her first and only voyage with a headlong plunge twenty thousand leagues under the sea.

Although John Jacob had several acquaintances aboard the ill-fated ship, his first thought was for McL and McM and McN and the little Highland Lassie.

As he read the accounts so familiar now to all the world, he pictured to himself the three friends in the situations that must have succeeded each other swiftly in that quickly played tragedy, and finding himself appalled and dismayed at this glimpse of human agony, he felt weak and powerless enough to try to comfort the girl who must see continually in her mind the death throes of all those whom she held dear, struggling frantically from this life and into another.

She did not come to lectures and when the class was over he went to her pension and asked for her. The German maid of all work admitted him stolidly and banged with heavy hand on a door.

It was opened presently and in the small aperture appeared the great, great dazed and glazed eyes of the lassie whose face was scarcely more than an outline.

"Lad!" she whispered, "it's no true. Ye've come to tell me they were all saved in the life boats, haven't ye?"

"No," he answered miserably, "they were not saved."

So she fell a limp little rag just inside the door. He picked her up and laid her down on the little bed that occupied three-fourths of the space in her wee room, and he made no effort to restore her to a consciousness that would return soon enough with its horrors of realization. To the American student already a professor in one of the big colleges in the Middle West, the meagerly furnished room with its Scotch trophies crammed his throat with a suffocating, hurting lump. A bunch of withering heather, a man's torn cap—McL's perhaps, a worn

glove, the property probably of McM's and a geologist's much used pick with McN scrawled on the handle in evident haste. On the walls a great collection of photos and John Jacob could very well understand as he looked into the faces of those canny Scottsmen just how straight and strong they had been to rear a girl person as they had done. This respect for them was increased, when, as he was turning from the little corner he noticed a picture that betrayed a secret. The Lassie herself sat before the great living-room fire toasting bread, and each of the Scotchmen from his position watched her and—there was no mistaking the look in the eyes of each—that is, no one could mistake it save the Lassie herself, "and so,—and so, —and so," thought John Jacob, "since that was the case, perhaps the least bitter end of that sad little history was the twenty thousand league plunge under the sea, and the morn's morning may be breaking happier otherwise."

Then the wee Scotch Lassie came back to the black loneliness and emptiness of consciousness.

"Dinna bide, John Jacob," she said, weakly. "The lads would ha' me be a sport, and I'll no greet, but I must be by mysel' till I get it all through my head, for 'I grudge them right sair, to the Land o' the Leal.' "

And John Jacob patted her on the shoulder and said: "Be a sport, Scotland, and America'll stand by you!"

And America did stand by her, and not only America and the American, but the Swede, the Russian, the Austrian and the couple of Italians did their private and national best to cheer up the pathetic little figure who showed her sorrow only in her great, wide, childish eyes. They *bummeled* in all the beer gardens within a radius of twenty miles of Berlin, and they joked and teased and jollied each other, and sometimes they thought, they even believed, that the Scotch Lassie had forgotten and had been comforted.

In all this, the fiancee of John Jacob may have been a bit neglected, which does not matter, but what really concerns us is that she thought she was neglected, which matters a great deal to this story, for one day John Jacob came to the Rock Lecture a changed John Jacob, and when class was over the Scotch Lassie said: "And will it be true, Laddie? And has Annie Laurie broken her promise?"

"It'll be true and it is true," smiled John Jacob, wanly.

"Never ye mind, Lad," she coaxed, "never ye care: she was no worth at all, John Jacob, and I'm thinking ye are well rid o' her. There was McL—" Then suddenly, without any warning at all, her brave voice broke.

"I'm thinking I'll be having catarrh in this climate," she explained, carefully accounting for her break.

"But ye can take it from me, John Jacob, women are no to be trusted, and love is a silly school-girl's notion, and ye'll be much better off to let it be. Ye're bound to get fed up sooner or later, and it's a bad business."

So the days came and went until the vacation time, and then one Sunday the little Scotch Lassie said: "John Jacob, I canna' bide a day longer in Deutschland. I must ging awa' to the hills the morn's morning, and I want as many of the lads to come as will."

But each of the Bummel Club people had planned to go home. "All but me," said John Jacob, "and I'll come with pleasure."

"Then that's enough!" cried the little Scotch Lassie. "Do you know, John Jacob, I'm r-r-real glad ye're coming alone. It will be cozier and—nicer."

"Have you thought, Scotland, dear," said John Jacob, "that it would be pleasant for us two to live together in the castle, and—everywhere?"

"I have," she answered promptly; "and can't we?"

"We can, if you will marry me."

A troubled look crept into her eyes.

"I don't know anything about marriage, John Jacob—do you?"

"Neither did Eve when she met Adam, but it all came perfectly right, and they married each other just be-

cause they were like us—all alone and needed each other."

"It seems to fit us, John Jacob," she observed, after a bit, "though it's never occurred to me that we'd have to marry. I lived with McL and McM and McN, and didn't have to marry them. Are ye quite sure that we must?"

"Yes," answered John Jacob, positively; "it's against our law not to. I'm a foreigner, you see, and an American."

"What would I have to promise, John Jacob, if I should marry you?"

"I don't know how it goes in Scotland, Lassie, but in America all brides have to promise to love, honor and obey."

"But, John Jacob, I don't know what love is!" she cried, a bit impatiently.

Then John Jacob took her two hands and held them tightly clutched in his. "Lassie, I know what love is, and I know what marriage is, and if you're willing that I should know for us both, and promise for us both, I'll take all the responsibility, may I?"

"And will ye take the responsibility o' my breaking such the promise that you are going to make for me?"

"Yes, for if you break it, it will be my fault, for it will mean that I have failed to make you happy."

"To make me happy—nay, my ain puir laddies, ye've no need to trouble to make me happy. I'm planning how I can make you happy!"

"Then that makes it all right," answered John Jacob, smiling radiantly. "And when will you begin your task, Lassie?"

She opened her great eyes wide with astonishment, and answered: "Why, just as we planned, Laddie, the morn's morning. Is it no soon enough.'

LEST THE GOD GO

Heart, little heart of mine, be still.
We are too glad to-day.
Heart, little heart of mine,
Do not cry out that way
With joy; but, oh! walk softly, softly, so.
Dear little heart, I pray.

Hush, little heart of mine.
Let us cast down our eyes.
Hush, heart, little heart of mine,
Pray you, be wise, be wise.
For from the heart that welcomes him,
List! I have heard Love flies.

Hush, heart, and let us veil
Our joys in vestures gray.
Heart, heart, little heart of mine,
Let us look down, this way.
And oh, perchance, if we walk carefully,
The good god Love will stay.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

THE VESERITO

By Gus Seel

THE two men drained their coffee cups and rose simultaneously; an oil lamp shed sallow rays over the emptied breakfast dishes; the pale gray of early dawn filtered through the window.

"Did you and Juan get the Rincon fence fixed yesterday?" asked George Westerling, caporal of the Coyote Ranch, as they walked towards the corrals.

"Yeah," responded Arthur Lytton, cupping his hands to light a cigarette.

"Well, I reckon you better ride the south pasture to-day, and see if you can pick up some skins. Chula got five outa the Laguna Larga yesterday, and if you do as well, I'll have enough for a load."

They followed a narrow trail, winding through thick, dry grass, to a small gate hung in barbed-wire fence. Two hundred yards on their right lay the corrals and cattle sheds; to their rear were the modest ranch house and great barns; still further back, in a wooded valley, the humble dwellings tenanted by the ranch hands.

Far beyond the net work of corrals, the eastern sky was crimsoning. A Mexican boy, mounted upon a wiry Spanish mule, was herding the remuda, led by a white bell-mare, into the largest corral. Several vaqueros, with coiled riatas, stood about.

Westerling and Lytton entered the big corral by the gate near the shed. The vaqueros began selecting their mounts.

"How's that cut on the Conejo's shoulder, Arthur?" inquired Westerling.

"I'm goin' to look at it. I was hoping to ride him."

The loop of his riata trailing over the sand, Lytton went toward the group of horses milling in a corner. Three vaqueros were pulling as many unwilling beasts toward the long shed. A dark-bay horse showed his head with distended eyes, flaring nostrils, and quivering ears. The Conejo ducked with experienced cunning, but the unerring noose settled about his neck. Lytton, leaning back on the riata, dragged him out into the open. The remaining horses began a mad dash about the corral fence to where Westerling waited with four vaqueros.

Lytton took a half-hitch about the powerful snubbing post in the center of the corral. He brought a bottle of black medicine from a dusty shelf in the shed, and applied the ointment to a nasty cut in the Conejo's shoulder. Having done so, he slipped the noose.

Again he approached the squirming mass of horses; again the riata shot out, ensnaring a tall, raw-boned, iron-gray animal. He pulled the horse over to the shed.

"Conejo's still in pretty bad shape, West," he said. "I'll have to use this blamed Porfirio to-day— Hold still, you unfortunate hijo de Diablo," he thundered at the restive iron-grey.

"Lupe tells me that the cattle are droppin' right smart in the Upper pasture, so I'm goin' to send him up there,' said Westerling, as he tied a latigo strap. "This has sure been one h——l of a winter! I reckon we'll lose all of 2,000 head. Tell Juan to fix you up a snack; you'll be out all day, an' then some."

"Say, the Chiquito tells me he saw a colt with the paint mare this morning." Westerling paused, and looked rather queerly at Lytton, who was fastening his spurs; then he added:

"If you see Miss Nellie, I guess you'd better tell her. I expect she'll want to send for 'em."

His chaps and spurs buckled on, Lytton straightened up. "Ar-right," he grunted.

He swung into the saddle and rode off, jabbing the rowels into the gray flanks.

Westerling looked after him with a grim smile.

"Quien tiene, Arturo, Maestro George? Parece poco triste, no?" quoth a swart-visaged vaquero, gazing dubiously after Lytton and his galloping horse.

"Quien sabe, Jose?" answered Westerling. "I think he got—what you call it?—too much crazy 'bout one girl—quien sabe?"

Westerling laughed; and the white teeth of the vaquero showed in a responsive smile.

At the fence surrounding the ranch house, Lytton dismounted, and walked with a jingle of spurs and a rustle of chaps to the kitchen door. Inside, a very fat and very placid Mexican cook lazily sat dozing and smoking a cigarette.

"Gimme a snack, Juan," ordered Lytton, shortly. "Hurry up about it, too. I gotta get down to the south pasture."

He entered his bed-room, and took down a heavy revolver with a belt of cartridges.

Retracing his steps to the kitchen, he picked up the "snack," composed of a pone of bread, a hunch of roast beef, a dried apple pie, a paper of pepper and salt, and a paper of coffee and sugar—all neatly wrapped in a clean cloth. He replenished his stock of matches, and filled his heavy, canvas-covered canteen.

Directly the gaunt Porfirio was carrying him over the prairie in the direction of the south pasture at a swinging trot.

It was a congenial task which had been alloted Arthur Lytton for the day, and ordinarily would have elicited from him a cheerful whistle, or a rollicking song. But this morning he rode glumly, with knitted brows; his honest gray eyes were dark.

He came presently to the gate opening into the big Bovedo pasture, the cream feeding-ground of the Coyote Ranch. The landscape spread out in endless, hazy distance, long, rolling, russet-clad hills. Lytton broke away from the wagon trail, laying a course across the virgin prairie to the little-used gate leading into the south pasture.

The sun was about half an hour high in the crimson and gold east. Field larks, doves and occasionally a covey of quail scuttered from beneath the steady steps of the iron-gray horse. In the far distance could be heard the tinkling of a cow-bell, the heavy bellowing of some old bull, and now and then the eerie, dismal wail of a coyote. The atmosphere was of dazzling clarity, with just a touch of frostiness. The deep sapphire of the heavens presaged a magnificent day, not too hot, not too cold. Arthur Lytton should have been grateful for the tingling vigor in the air, the smooth, powerful stride of his horse, and the fresh, stimulating odors of awakening life in the prairie; but he rode sullenly, with gaze fixed sternly ahead.

Yes, there was a girl. She lived ten miles beyond the south pasture at Santa Clara, the ranch-home of old Tom Destin, her father. Miss Destin was a young lady, for whom the word "unusual" hardly suffices. The daughter of an old Texas pioneer, she had, all her life, lived close to the heart of things. She could manage a spirited broncho with the facile hand of a hardened buster. She had been known to rope, throw and tie a long-horned steer in less than forty seconds, which, as you may know, is going some. Yet she had studied four years at a young ladies' school in San Antonio; could play the piano indifferently well, and sing splendidly.

It was in the matter of singing that Miss Destin and Arthur Lytton had met on common ground. Lytton was the possessor of a mellow, baritone voice. Miss Destin had heard him

singing the mournfully sweet "La Golondrina" one evening at dusk as he rode into Santa Clara to deliver a message from Westerling to old man Destin. Forthwith she took pains to see what manner of man was this new employee of her father's. She was favorably impressed by the clean-limbed sinewiness of him, as well as his rugged, handsome features. He had been asked to the family supper, the first cow-puncher on record to be the recipient of such honor. Later he was invited even into the sacred precincts of the Destin parlor, where Miss Destin insisted upon his singing to her accompaniment.

Thus they had become acquainted. Arthur Lytton had nothing to conceal concerning himself. He was neither an Eastern college youth, banished from the ken of his fellows for misbehavior, nor was he an exiled son of a rare old English aristocracy. He had been born on the Cibolo Creek, near San Antonio; his father was a horse dealer. He had punched cows from Texas to Montana, and, falling in with George Westerling at a baile in Brownsville three years previous, had accepted Westerling's invitation to work for him on old Tom Destin's Coyote Ranch.

The progress of young Lytton into the good graces of both old man Destin and his wife had been rapid. They viewed the increasing intimacy between the handsome young puncher and their only daughter without alarm. They cherished no hectic ambitions for the girl's future.

Nellie Destin and Arthur Lytton had drifted by pleasant and tranquil stages from a delightful comradeship to a ripe, warm friendship. They were both absurdly young, absurdly healthy and absurdly vigorous. They had been content in the enjoyment of the manifold simpler pleasures of existence, offered in abundance by the daily life on the great ranch. Then came the awakening that broke to each the thrilling and eternal knowledge.

At a dance in El Sauz the previous Saturday night, Lytton, innocently transgressing, had danced thrice in succession with a blue-eyed, fluffy-haired little blonde from Corpus Christi, who was visiting her relatives, the Radcliffes, at El Sauz. Never in his life had the young man experienced a more uncomfortable four hours than during the long gallop through the moonlight to Santa Clara with the justly indignant Miss Destin. She had not even permitted him to assist her to alight, nor to unsaddle her horse, when they arrived at the ranch.

"No, thank you, Mr. Lytton," she had said, with tense politeness, her red lips piquantly curved. "It's too bad you didn't stay in El Sauz with Mamie Billings. She might have had something for you to do."

"But, Nellie, I swear I didn't mean nothing," he had begun.

"That'll do, Mr. Lytton. I said good-night," she had retorted.

And, never a word of love having passed between them, the jarring, painful shock of that night had dazed Lytton.

This morning, like every other morning following the catastrophe, he rode sullenly, was quick to exhibit temper or impatience, and prone to profanity on slight provocation. A cottontail rabbit, scurrying away, was followed by a bullet from Lytton's .44, which snipped a flick of cotton from the rabbit's snowy tail. It was an open shot, and the miss annoyed him grievously. The language in which he made a serious effort to incorporate his feelings, was positively shameful.

Toward nine o'clock he came to the gate in the south pasture, and shortly was threading the mazes of a mesquite motta.

As Westerling had forcefully stated, it had indeed been a miserable winter on the cattle. One bitter, dry norther after another had sapped the moisture from the soil, and the grass was dry and yellow, affording poor nutriment. The ranchman usually figures ten acres to support a single head of stock the year round. The Coyote Ranch was not over-stocked. The best of its feeding grounds, the Bovedo pasture, had

been reserved for the fattening of 5,000 odd head of three year old steers; as they were now grazing therein, the balance of the range was relieved by so much. Nevertheless, the mean, dry winter had taken a heavy toll in cattle. Westerling had employed thirty extra hands under a straw boss, and these labored constantly at cutting prickly pear and burning the thorns therefrom. Daily they fed upward of a thousand head of starving cows, calves and bulls, adding a little cotton-seed to offset the effects of a straight diet of succulent nopal leaves. Yet the vaqueros continually brought in word of cattle dying from starvation. For these, no recourse was left the worried caporal except to send his spare vaqueros to ride the pastures; each hide means several dollars saved.

So Arthur Lytton, with his skinning knife tucked away in a saddle pocket, rode gloomily through the chaparral mottas, and up dry arroyos, his keen, gray eyes alert, now and then frightening some lean, cadaverous animal that looked at him dumbly with large, sorrowful eyes, and, as often as not, with nose and mouth full of thorns, a bloody foam oozing from the throat.

He debouched from a dense thicket into a small glade, when he came suddenly upon a slim, black horse, saddled and bridled, nibbling lazily at the sparse grass. Under a spreading mesquite tree, a young woman, in jaunty, peaked hat, corduroy riding habit and tan boots, was bending over a small calf.

Lytton checked Porfirio harshly, the beast rearing under the tension of the curb. The girl looked up and flushed.

She was remarkably pretty, with healthily tanned skin. She wore a crimson tie, passed through a massive gold finger-ring, set with a large ruby.

"Well, are you going to sit there all day? Get down off that horse and come here!" Miss Destin had a way of getting things done quickly when she used that tart tone.

Lytton dismounted, dropping the reins.

The calf was truly a pitiable sight. Its tender nose and mouth bristled with spines. The furry coat clung loosely to the out-standing ribs.

"Hand me your tweezers."

There was a wicked glint in the dark-brown eyes of Miss Destin. She looked him over as coolly as though he were the meanest peon. He handed the tweezers to her without a word, and crouched on his heels close by, watching her deftly remove the thorns.

"Pobre little veserito," murmured Lytton. "He'd 'a' soon been coyote meat if you hadn't come along, Miss Nellie."

Miss Destin bent closely over her work without looking up.

"Guess its mamma musta went over th' Great Divide," continued Lytton, encouraged by her silence. "It don't look like it's more'n 'bout eight days old."

No reply. Lytton poured some granulated tobacco into an amber-colored paper, rolling a cigarette. He puffed quietly for a few moments, observing the operation soberly.

"I got some news for you, Miss Nellie," he remarked.

"Well?" she queried from under the rim of her hat.

"Bonita's got a new colt. West said I'd better tell you."

Another silence. The nimble fingers drew out thorn after thorn, the calf lying passive, with soft, dark eyes rolling, its pitiful sides heaving.

"What color is it?" The voice conceded nothing.

"I don't know. The Chiquito saw it this morning when he was driving in the remuda."

"You tell George Westerling that I want him to take care of Bonita and her colt at the ranch. I'll send for them."

"West 'lowed as much. He sent after 'em this mornin'."

There was a pause, while the tweezers worked incessantly.

"Arthur."

"Hunh?"

"Go get your canteen, please. I want to give this poor little thing a drink."

Lytton arose with a creaking of chaparros, and crashed through the brush to the side of the iron-grey. In a moment he returned.

He placed his felt sombrero on the ground, pressing the crown in, forming a considerable cavity. Into this he poured about half a gallon of water, sweetening it with a pinch of sugar.

Miss Destin maintained an uncompromising silence. She turned the silken nose of the veserito, now entirely freed of the cruel thorns, into the water. It drank greedily, though awkwardly. The half-gallon disappeared as if by enchantment.

Lytton refilled the hat, and added more sugar. Again the little calf gulped heroically, then gasped comfortably, and made an effort to get up. As it did so, it emitted a tiny bleat.

Almost immediately, faint and distant, there came an answering low!

"Lawsie," murmured Lytton, who sat cross-legged, "I hope this dadgummed thing's mamma don't come stormin' up."

"I—I—I thought sure the mother must be dead," she faltered.

"Most generally they are," assured Lytton, complacently. "But sometimes the old mamma cow goes off to water, leaving young Mr. Calf tucked away in the brush tolerable safe from the coyotes, and sometimes when she gets back she finds the youngster has acted like bad youngsters sometimes do—chased off on its own account. Then she most generally has a dickens of a time findin' the young hopeful."

An ominous crashing of brush sounded to the right of them, apparently about fifty feet away. They started to their feet.

Coming directly upon the two grazing horses appeared a wild-eyed cow, head and tail erect, and mouth frothing!

Both horses bolted into the brush.

Lytton and Miss Destin stood irresolutely, the calf between them wobbling upon its four skinny little legs. The cow snorted.

Lytton drew his gun.

"No, no, Arthur, don't—don't kill the poor creature," begged Miss Destin.

Regretfully, Lytton replaced the revolver in the holster, and the cow, having made certain of the identity of the calf, charged straight at them!

Grabbing Miss Destin by the arm, Lytton dragged her around the big mesquite tree just as the cow rushed by. The frenzied animal stopped and turned; the calf came staggering toward its benefactors.

Lytton did some strenuous thinking. In another second the furious cow would charge. The horses had disappeared. He cast a despairing look overhead.

Quick as thought, he caught Miss Destin about the waist, and, lifting her high, shouted: "Catch the fork!"

Miss Destin's athletic training stood her in good stead. As she swung herself into the safe haven of the mesquite branch, she heard the rush of the maddened animal beneath, saw Lytton dodge behind the tree out of harm, and saw the calf knocked spinning.

Lytton made haste to climb up beside her. Below, the mad light was dying from the eyes of the forlorn cow-mother; eagerly she licked the delicate fur of her truant offspring.

Then, as the calf struggled to its feet, the cow nosed it off without a glance at the two human beings perched above.

Lytton lowered himself. Miss Destin, disdaining aid, dropped beside him. They caught their mounts easily and soon were in the saddle. They halted, looking at each other shyly.

It was very still; the sun was directly overhead; warm, crystalline, sunlit air filled the bosky reaches of the motta. Their horses champed on the steel bits, moving restlessly. An oriole flashed by with a flutter of wings and a riot of color. A woodpecker, drumming upon a distant tree; a redbird, warbling in dulcet strains to a prospective mate; the sharp, musical call of a chaparral cock—all served merely to intensify the delicious stillness pervading the woodland.

Miss Destin drew a Mexican quirt through a gauntleted hand. Lytton scratched his head thoughtfully, then pulled his wide sombrero low over his eyes.

"Where might you be goin', Miss Nellie?" he inquired at length.

"Ridin'."

"If you don't mind, I'd—that is—I thought——"

"Well?"

"The Twin Wells ain't over five miles from here, and I thought that maybe—that is—if you didn't mind—why, I'd ride——"

Miss Destin's brown eyes met the gray ones for a moment rebelliously; then Miss Destin's long, black lashes fell discreetly, and Miss Destin's voice—very low and sweet—said:

"Why, that would be real kind of you, Mr. Lytton."

They took a stock-trail through the motta, single file, the two ranch horses traveling at a long, easy, distance-covering trot.

For the first time in a week, Lytton's gray eyes sparkled, and a tremulous smile flickered about his strong lips, as he watched the trim feminine figure ahead.

No word passed until they came to the twin wind-mills, and let their horses drink.

Miss Destin spoke softly, her countenance averted.

"Have you any lunch with you, Mr. Lytton?"

"Shore! Old Juan put me up quite a snack. I was goin' to ride the pasture here to-day."

"Yes, I know. I told George Westerling to let you do it."

Lytton stared at her. "You—told West?"

Miss Destin smiled demurely.

"Certainly; you don't think I wanted you to stay away forever, do you?"

"Hunh!" Lytton's snort conveyed unbounded amazement at this confession of feminine subtlety.

"Do you see that big huisache over there, Arthur?" asked Miss Destin, sweetly.

"Uh-hunh."

Lytton found himself looking into remarkably pretty features, with brown eyes that twinkled mischievously, smiling scarlet lips, and healthily tanned cheeks, now underlaid with pronounced red. She looked away. Her voice floated back to him as she turned her horse.

"It would be awfully nice to have a little picnic over there, don't you think, Mr. Lytton?"

An hour later, the remains of their lunch, littering a large bandana handkerchief spread on the turf between them, Lytton leaned indolently on his saddle.

Miss Destin, bareheaded, sat on a dead tree trunk that Lytton had found for her.

"Gee, but it's shore good to be alive!" murmured Lytton, drowsily, his eyes meeting those of Nellie Destin, tenderly.

"Arthur!"

Miss Destin leaned toward him with parted lips.

"What is it, honey?" Lytton roused himself to a sitting posture.

"Promise me you won't never, never pay attentions to any other girl."

Half-laughing, half-sobbing, her head pillowed upon his broad shoulder, the girl listened happily to the man's world-old assurance of eternal devotion.

FLOWER OF THE FIELD

By Eleanor Duncan Wood

FUR the last time, Jincy, won't ye?"

"Fur the last time, Joe, I kaint."

The man and woman faced each other in the red glow of a Southern sunset. Against its flaming background, the pale face of the girl showed like a cameo.

Her words fell with infinite sadness, but the man's handsome, boyish face grew red with anger.

"All right," he said, hotly, "if it's come to the point where a puny kid kin come between us, I ain't got no more to say."

The girl's voice broke in a sob.

" 'Tain't that, Joe, God knows 'tain't that. But he ain't got nobody but me, my pore baby."

"He's got his father, ain't he?" Joe Lambert questioned doggedly.

"Him!" flamed Jincy. "What mortal good is he to anybody livin'? Drinkin' and carousin' 'round same as ever, and poor Mary not five weeks dead. My land, what did she want with him?"

"Same as women folks allers want with that triflin', no 'count kind. Just let 'em have a pair of black eyes and play the fiddle, and they kin git any girl they've a mind to. Only I reckon Jim Catlin didn't. Folks 'low he wanted you before ever he courted your sister. I know you never let on, but that's the way they put it up."

A quick flush warmed the clear ivory of the girl's skin. "Folks ain't got no right to say that word," she said hotly. "Mary was younger than me, and a sight prettier and pearter. I won't have 'em sayin' she was second choice, when he don't amount to nothing nohow. And the baby's her baby, and I'm all he's got, and I kain't leave him."

"Ain't I told you time and agin, I'll take him, too?"

"Yes, an 'twas like you honey. But 'twouldn't be right to saddle another man's child on you, and him a-livin'. I kin take in sewin'. And I wouldn't keer a mite if jest you wouldn't be mad."

"Well, I'm mad all right," the man answered stubbornly. "And if you're figurin' on my stayin' here and playin' second fiddle to that blamed kid, you're dead wrong. I'm goin' to beat it. And it won't be no land trip. I'm goin' to sea, and I ain't got no ruthers as to ships; jest so long as she gits me clean away from the Bluegrass. I want to keep on goin' till I kain't even think of it or you."

He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and turned to leave her, but she held out her arms appealingly. "You ain't never goin' like that, Joe. Think how long I've loved ye, honey. Kiss me jest once for good-bye."

He shook his head, though he did not trust himself to meet her eyes, eyes that had always reminded him vaguely of the darkest of wood violets. "No," he said, slowly, " 'tain't no use. I don't bear ye no grudge, you nor the kid, neither. But I won't kiss ye, and I won't never come back."

The sun of a third summer had kissed the low-lying meadows of the Bluegrass into a sea of bloom. Jincy, looking out from the cottage window on the swaying billows of red clover, sighed a little as her thoughts ran back over the years. The struggle for existence had been hard, and she had at last been forced to give up her needle work. Country born and bred,

she pined like the baby for the fresh air. So when Solomon Crabtree, a bachelor, a pensioner and "huggin' sixty," offered to give the child and herself a home in return for her services as "housekeeper," she gladly and gratefully accepted.

She smiled as she thought what a wide field of labor that convenient title had covered. The old pensioner with the lame leg had driven a shrewd bargain. Jincy had worked in his truck patch like a man, and had peddled his fruit and vegetables from door to door in the country town, with the baby perched beside her on the high seat of the spring wagon. Incidentally, she had also milked and churned and cooked and scrubbed from sun up till sun down.

" 'Tain't nothin' but play for ye," Solomon had grumbled. "I hope ye know a good thing when ye see it, and I hope, too," here he leaned forward on his cane, with his lame leg bent a little to one side, "you ain't looking for me to leave ye nothin' when I die. I ain't never goin' to do it. I've got as many as six female relatives up in Indiana, stylisher and better managers than what you be, and I'm goin' to leave what I've got to one of the layout, so's she kin keep up the name and be a credit to me."

She had never answered him back, though she had wondered inwardly how she was expected to display any vast amount of style in her threadbare gowns and out-of-date headgear. These were forlorn, even among her own humble class of "poor whites," who attained to and expected little. But health and strength came back to her with the outdoor life, and her nursling grew rosy and dimpled in the pure air.

The end of it all, as she supposed, had come two weeks before, with the pensioner's last illness. She had nursed him faithfully, looking for nothing in return, and scarcely taking time to think what would become of her and the child. At the last, however, the old man's tardy sense of justice was too strong for even his love of style as personified by his Indiana relatives. "You've been a good gal to me, Jincy, and I'm goin' to leave ye the farm and fixin's. Try to be a leetle mite stylisher, but don't spend no more than ye can help."

And he had been as good as his word. To-day found Jincy possessed of twenty acres of good ground, with its neat cottage and outbuildings, stock and poultry sufficient, the spring wagon before mentioned, and five hundred dollars saved from Solomon's pension. Not a fortune, certainly, but enough with careful management to keep the wolf at a safe distance from the door.

And Jincy, too honest to pretend greater sorrow than she felt, was deeply thankful for her good fortune, and lighter of heart than she had been for many a day.

There was the sound of a heavy step on the little porch, and a shadow blotted out the sunshine flickering through the open door. Looking up, she saw the handsome, dissipated face of Jim Catlin, her baby's father.

"Good-evening. Thought I'd drop around and see how you and the kid was comin' on." He spoke uncertainly, with a smile which he strove in vain to render easy and assured.

Jincy rose to her feet on the instant. "Why air you here, Jim Catlin?" she demanded. "Solomon wouldn't 'low ye on the place. It's mine now, and you ain't no welcomer."

"Kain't a man see his own child?"

"Not when he's treated it like you."

"Don't be so hard on me, Jincy," he whined; "I allers did like ye best. You ain't forgot that, shorely. If you would only half try, you could make a man of me yet."

"Of you," the girl echoed, with inexpresisble scorn. "There ain't nobody livin' or dead kin do that. I ain't forgot how you married my pore sister and treated her so bad she was glad to die. I tell you, now, and it ain't the first time, either, there ain't scarcely room in the world for both of us, and I wish ye'd go and stay at the other end from me."

Jim Catlin's black eyes narrowed. "Along with that highfalutin' chap as left you in sight of your weddin' day?" he sneered.

Jincy's cheeks flamed, and her breath came quickly. "He never done it. He quit because I wouldn't leave my sister's child to die, as I knowed he would ef 'twas left to you. Git out of my house, Jim Catlin, and don't never dare to come back."

The man's dark face had grown sinister and dangerous. "Not so fast, my lady. I'll go, but the kid goes with me. The law's on my side, and I'll take him if it's only to spite you, and beat out of him some of your foolishness."

At the thought of a blow falling on that tender flesh, the blood reeled to Jincy's brain. Her face grew strangely white, and her eyes blazed like those of a tigress giving battle for her young. She made a quick step forward and caught up Solomon's old army pistol from its place on the mantel. Then leveling it at Jim Catlin's heart, she spoke steadily and slowly.

"You may be telling me the truth, and the law may be on your side. But God's on mine. I lost my sister and the man I loved. I ain't goin' to lose no more. You listen to me. If you ain't out of here by the time I count ten, I'll kill ye. If you ever come back and I know it, I'll kill ye. And if I don't know it and you steal my child away from me unbeknownst, law or no law, I'll foller you to the end of the world and shoot ye dead." Then she began to count, "One, two—" but before she had reached "three" he was going, and by the time "ten" was reached, he was safely out on the dusty road, and shaking his fist at her with impotent rage.

"Jest you wait, and I'll be even with you," he shouted.

And Jincy waited.

All night long she sat on guard by her baby's crib, with the old pistol clenched in her fingers. The darkness hemmed her in, and the world was lonely as her heart, the faithful heart that could not learn the word "forget." More than once she stretched out yearning arms to the silence, whispering, "Honey, how kin I watch always? Joe, honey, if you was only here." But there was no answering voice, and the slow tears dropped unheeded on the old pistol, and told the bitterness of hope deferred.

Just after the early summer dawn, there came a succession of knocks on the outer door. Jincy did not open it, but called out warily: "What's wanted?"

"Jest stopped to tell ye," said a familiar voice, "that ornery scamp, Jim Catlin's, done gone and got hisself drownded. Powerful little loss, too. Got roarin' drunk, and went out in a skiff by hisself. Found it bottom side up about a hour ago, and they've jest got his body. I 'lowed I'd stop and tell ye, as long as ye'll have the kid to keep for good and all."

Jincy thanked the well meaning neighbor, and making her way to the little crib, caught the sleeping child to her breast. "You're all mine, now, honey; mine and his'n, if he ever comes back." Then with a storm of hot tears that caused the blue eyes to open sleepily: "Baby, baby, pray to the good Lord not to let me be too glad."

The hours passed, and by degrees relief gave way to a feeling of depression, and that black cloud we call a presentiment shadowed Jincy. The night set in starless and dark, and she went to bed early to get rid of herself. But in spite of her exhaustion she could not sleep, and toward midnight she rose and began to pace back and forth in the little room. The four walls seemed a prison, and with a sudden, imperative longing for air, she flung wide the shutters. From out the night came a call, faint as from incalculable distance, pain-fraught, compelling: "Jincy, Jincy, come to me!"

She stretched out imploring arms to the darkness. "Where, Joe, where?" But the night held her like a pall. "Only tell me, honey, and I'll come—no matter where." Again she listened, straining her ears to bridge the silence.

At last, realizing that no further word would come to her, there slowly formed in her soul a fixed purpose, a purpose so strong and all-dominating that it left her no choice but to set about its accomplishment at once.

Quickly she dressed in the black gown that was her best, and put a few garments in Solomon's old carpet bag, as in a vague way she knew was customary with travelers. She buttoned the pensioner's purse with its legacy into her bosom, and having made all safe about the house, made her way, with the sleeping child in her arms, to her nearest neighbor's.

When at last aroused, the good woman was voluble over Jincy's insanity, as she regarded it. "Why, of course, I'll take care of the baby. He won't be a mite of trouble. But you've never been ten miles from home in your life. You'll be robbed and murdered afore you know it. Where you goin' anyhow, Jincy? You won't tell? Well, may the good Lord take keer of you, for if you ain't clean crazy, I never seen nobody as was."

But Jincy, deaf to all remonstrances, and with a last kiss for her baby, was already on her way through the darkness to the lonely little village station. The lone man in charge had evidently been enjoying a protracted nap, but she felt that as an official he must be an encyclopedia of information. Nor did he fail her.

"Wharabouts was Joe Lambert the last time I heerd tell of him. If that don't beat bobtail. Why, woman, don't you never read the papers? Joe, he done took up as much as a quarter of a column, right lately, fine print, too. All about how he got his arm chawed off by a shark a-tryin' to save an emigrant's baby his fool ma had let drop overboard. Happened somewheres with an outlandish name. He saved the kid all right, but he's laid up in some New York hospital. Wait a minute until I get my specs. Mebbe I can find it for you."

So it came to pass, when the night train came thundering down on the little hamlet, it stopped for a moment to take on board a solitary passenger, a passenger who grasped firmly a large and attenuated carpet bag, whose heart beat furiously against Solomon's old pocket book, but whose dark eyes were steadfast and unwavering.

Joe Lambert lay wearily on his cot in the long ward of the hospital. His youth and strength had helped him through the worst, and he knew from scraps of conversation overheard between the doctors and the soft-voiced Sisters of Charity that he might now be reckoned out of danger. But life looks black to a man with a living to make and only one arm to work with. The slow tears forced themselves to his eyes as he pictured himself going through the years crippled, and only capable of odd jobs, who had always made a hand with the best.

A wave of homesick longing swept over him. Oh, to be once again in the Bluegrass, that dear land whose call sounds always in the ears of her wandering children. To feel the clover, soft beneath his feet, and listen to the music of the cardinal in the great elm above his head! He buried his face in the pillow.

But he was a manly fellow, and was already adjuring himself to brace up, when there was the sound of an opening door, and a quick step that back in the Bluegrass he would have sworn was Jincy's. And looking up, he saw her, very pale and way-worn in her dusty black gown, but with the light of a dauntless love in her tired eyes.

She had seen him first, and now, as unconscious as if they had been alone upon a desert, she came and knelt beside him, putting her arms about him and laying her cheek to his.

"How?" he began, but she laid her finger on his lips. "Hush, honey, you mustn't talk! Just hurry and git strong. I've come to take ye home."

She pressed her lips to his thin hand. Then: "I can't stand it without ye any longer. I need ye and the place needs ye, and the baby needs ye to show him what a real father is. His'n is dead, so he ain't got nobody

but you and me. And my, but there's a world of work a-waitin' for ye. Horses and cows to look after! You see how it is! I kain't git along without ye, noway."

Joe hid his eyes for a moment against Jincy's dingy sleeve. When he spoke, it was huskily: "Jincy, you ain't foolin' me a mite. You're jest tryin' to make me feel fit for somethin', but to be knocked in the head. But I won't tell ye no lie. If I'd a-kept my arm, the chances air I wouldn't never have gone back. Not that I didn't love ye. I jumped for that kid because, someway, its mother looked like you. But I was mad and stubborn, and I wouldn't give in. I'm bein' paid for all my meanness. Even if you do throw yourself away on a poor chap who kain't more than take keer of hisself, let alone somebody else."

His voice broke, but Jincy's arms drew his humbled head to her breast, with the beautiful tenderness of a mother for a suffering child.

"Honey," she said solemnly, "kain't ye understand I'm sorry count'n your arm, but a little thing like that don't make no difference to shore nuff love. The whole world ain't nothin' to me without ye. You're all there is for me and baby. Come home, Joe, come home."

When they at last reached the Bluegrass, the fence corners were bright with golden rod and the iron weed flaunted its purple along the road. The baby, too big to be called a baby now, welcomed them riotously at the cottage door, and Jincy gathering him hungrily to her breast, covered his sun-burnt face with kisses. Then, still holding him fast, she laid her free arm about her husband's shoulders and smiled up at him through a mist of happy tears. "I reckon I'm the richest woman in all this world," she said.

INCENSE OF HIGH IDEAL

"Crooked chimneys send the smoke up straight."—Bulgarian Proverb.

Men, mark the Chimney! Cobble stones awry,
  Drunkenly leaning! Poor and pitiful,
Nor dream the Master-Builder there on high
  Bends all-compassionate above the city—full
Of futile altars, straining towards the sky.

What of the Smoke? Behold it darkling soar
  Nearer and ever nearer to the blue!
Incense of high ideal, reaching for
  The Supreme Good, throughout the ages true
From the first aeon; rises more and more.

And I, though weak and crooked, yet have part
  In that majestic ritual of the years.
And joy that wayfarers from field or mart.
  Weary of foot, and sodden with their tears
May warm them at the hearth-fire of my heart.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

PEPPER OF THE PINES

By Mrs. Harry Michener

IN THE EARLY fall he appeared in the butternut tree that stood a few yards from the front door—a handsome, impudent red squirrel, the exact replica in miniature of a red fox, and with all the fox's cunning. A bountiful supply of nuts lay thickly on the ground, and as many more still hung in the tree. Three tall pines stood so close to the house that their plump branches touched the eaves, and the squirrel at once decided to find a place to store his nuts somewhere in the house; a red squirrel prefers a house to a hollow tree any day for his winter quarters. The pine branches gave him easy access to the roof, and he spent several days trying to find some cranny under the eaves by which he could enter, and when he had satisfied himself he could not get in that way he started to gnaw a hole in the roof.

We drove him away by pelting him vigorously with his own nuts, but as often as he was driven from the roof he persistently returned, and at last we tried to scare him off by firing a revolver at him. We did not want to kill the lively little fellow, so used blank cartridges, but he seemed to know it, and scampering to the top of the tallest pine he would chatter and scold, reviling us, no doubt, in choice squirrelese. No sooner did we go indoors than he was back on the roof again. Patience and forbearance ceased to be virtues at last, and we used ball cartridges. When the bullets clipped the pine tassels too close to him for comfort he abandoned his efforts to get into the house, and carried his nuts into a drain-pipe running transversely from the eaves to the ground. There was a hole in the pipe near the top just big enough to admit him, and after we had so plainly discouraged his designs on the roof he was crafty enough to conceal his intentions, and if he saw us watching him when he was carrying a nut across the roof he would immediately drop it and retire to the pine, where he would proceed to groom his coat and wash his face with an air of the utmost innocence. Never by any chance did he let us see him carry a nut to the drain-pipe twice in succession by the same route.

If he carried one across the roof from the pine, the next he would take up the pipe, or by the circuitous way of the fence and the kitchen extension at the back. If he was observed he would take the nut to the ground and astentatiously bury it in the garden, but when he was sure no one was watching he would quickly dig it out again, pick it up in his mouth and hike for the drain by the shortest way. So cleverly did he double on his own tracks and mislead us that we had no idea of the whereabouts of his storehouse until we discovered the pipe was stopped up and called in a plumber. The plumber took it loose and found it packed with butternuts.

We did not want to rob our furry little friend of his food supply, so we threw the nuts back in the extreme end of the lot by an old outbuilding, while he sat in the pine-top and watched us and scolded. But he made up his mind it was too much trouble to carry them all back to the house again, so he tore a hole in the shingle roof of the outbuilding and stowed them all inside.

Many of them were stolen however by a family of gray squirrels that

lived among the silver birches by the river.

The gray squirrels found the butternut-tree too, as did another red squirrel, and then our squirrel abruptly quitted his preparations for winter to defend his preserves from the intruders. Every day he fought battles with the gray and red strangers, always coming off victorious. We knew when a strange squirrel was near by the prolonged and furious chattering he would set up as soon as he sighted the marauder. He would sit on the branch nearest to the ground, twitching his tail angrily up and down, and prepared to give chase the instant the stranger approached near enough. Once he overtook the red interloper, near the top of the pine, and both clinched and came tumbling to the ground. Neither was hurt, but our particular squirrel bounced to his feet and hot-footed it after the intruder, who fled for dear life, and returned no more, having evidently had enough of the teeth and claws of the peppery one. After witnessing several of these battles in the tree-tops, we christened him Red Pepper, which we soon abbreviated to Pepper—he was redder than I ever saw any other of his species, and his temper matched his coat. One big, fat, friendly gray squirrel got in the habit of coming to the back door for nuts when Pepper was elsewhere or asleep, but he was always careful to scoot for the safety of the birches by the river the instant he heard the challenging chatter of Pepper, or caught sight of his bushy red tail hoisted over his back like a battle-flag, as he scampered along the garden fence to defend his own domain. Once the gray squirrel was surprised and cut off from his river refuge. There was no time, either, to run up the pines, so he fled around the house and along the path to the front gate. He did not much care where he went, as long as he got away from the red demon behind him. Pepper caught him under the gate, and a clawing, biting ball of gray and red fur rolled out into the highway. When the gray squirrel broke Pepper's half-Nelson, he made a leap for the nearest tree, shot up it, and through it to the next, and the next, and the last I saw of him through a field-glass he was on the next block, and still going. He never came back. After this, Pepper evidently concluded it was not safe to leave his favorite haunt for any length of time; so, being denied lodging in the house, he began carrying his supplies into the pine trees, carefully and laboriously depositing his nuts and fallen cones on interlacing twigs, or where the branches crossed and formed secure little "pockets" for his treasures. Every time a storm with high wind tossed the boughs to and fro, the ground beneath was scattered with the contents of Pepper's larder, and he had to carry them up all over again. This he always did with an untiring patience that should be earnestly recommended to the consideration of easily discouraged humans. Though we put pecan and hickory nuts—which we bought for the purpose—on the fence post and doorstep every morning, and he took them, he refused to establish friendly relations, and always scampered to the very top of the pine if so much as a curtain fold moved at the window. Probably he remembered the revolver shots earlier in the winter, and distrusted us.

After the holidays, when deep snow covered the ground, his stores must have been exhausted, for he commenced to gather all the bits of bread we threw out to the birds, and carry them into the tree. At sunrise on bitter mornings he would sit on a broken branch close to the body of the pine, with his tail folded over his back to protect him from the cold, and nibble a dry crust contentedly, though he had scorned such fare when nuts and pine cones were plentiful. He always selected the side of the tree farthest from the wind, and sat as close to the trunk as possible. Before there was so much as a haze in the heavens, we knew when a storm was near, for Pepper always redoubled his activity, scouring the snow-drifts in every

direction for anything eatable to carry up to his tree-top cache. After a near-blizzard, mindful of the birds, we put out almost half of a square of orange cake that had grown a trifle stale. The snow-birds and sparrows had not feasted more than a few minutes on the cake when Pepper spied it, and came scuttling down to it. The rich, yellow icing was a treat, for he sat up in the snow and gorged himself on it until he was sticky with sugar all over his face and paws. When he had stuffed until he could stuff no more, he set about carrying the dainty off to his tree cupboard. He got a good grip, and though the cake was five times his own size, he lugged it over the snow to the foot of the nearest pine, but there his troubles began. Twice he tried to scale the tree with the big piece of cake in his mouth, but could not keep his hold on it for more than a couple of feet up the trunk. The last time he had to drop it, he did not go down after it again at once, but retired to the fence post to study out this problem in engineering. After cogitating over it for fully ten minutes he returned to the attack, seized the cake, and went up the tree backward. This time he got higher than a tall man's head, but had to let go of it before he got into the crotch of the pine, where he could have deposited it securely, to enjoy it at his leisure. Three times he went up with it, backing carefully inch by inch with his tail folded flat on his back out of the way, but every time he struck a snag in the shape of a projecting twig, and before he could go around it, "plump" went the prize in the snow. Then he gave up, and bit off chunks, which he carried up and tucked away in his numerous hiding places among the boughs. But he found this method didn't gibe with his notions of economy—too much of the cake came away in crumbs that were lost in the snow or gobbled up by the hungry birds, so he dragged it off to a snow bank and buried it. Then he came back and ate up all the fragments, and retired to snooze in the tree-top.

Pepper did not come down next morning as usual, but made a languid appearance late in the afternoon, sitting on his favorite fence post, but declining the bits of bread and meaty hickory nuts we scattered on the door step. Life to him had all at once lost its savor, and he was too grouchy to even make his toilet. "He is noo feelin' well the day," said the Scotch gardener. For half an hour he remained on the fence-post motionless, and apparently pondering some momentous question. Then, as if he had made a sudden resolve, he leaped to the ground, ran along the fence, and over it, scurried across the road, and disappeared under the opposite hedge, and that was the last of Pepper.

Colonnade, Court of Four Seasons

The World's Most Wonderful Exposition is Ready

By Hamilton Wright

AFTER several years of prodigious labors the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, where forty nations will join with America in celebrating the completion of the most stupendous and successful engineering work in history, is ready. The most expert administrative talent, the greatest architects, the most famous sculptors and artists of the day, have contributed their inspirations toward the brilliant and beautiful exposition that now rises upon the shores of San Francisco Bay, a giant shell wherein are shown the results of the world's best efforts in recent years.

At the outbreak of the war in Europe, thousands of persons asked, how will the war affect the Exposition? Quicker than a flash came the reply of the nations. The Argentine Republic increased its vast appropriation of $1,250,000 by one-half million dollars; the Netherlands added three hundred thousand dollars to its fund for participation; Italy and Portugal took first official action for national representation, while Japan applied for increased exhibit space, as also did Cuba. Not one of the forty nations that accepted the extended invitation to participate officially withdrew from the Exposition. To-day, their giant pavilions form an attractive section of a colossal gathering of the world's nations.

It early became evident that in addition to a display of more than eighty thousand single exhibits and groups of exhibits, some of which are presented at expenditures of from one-

An Entrance to the Court of Four Seasons.

half million to one million dollars, and in addition to a series of unusual productions shown upon the Zone, the amusement center, there would be an extraordinary series of events embracing every range of human interest. Among these are the great live-stock exhibition, with premiums and prizes aggregating more than one-half million dollars and entries of domestic animals from every civilized country in the world; an international polo tournament from March 15th to May 1st, 1915; a motor boat race for the cruiser type of motor boats, the largest motor boat race ever held, six thousand miles, from New York, along the Atlantic seaboard, through the Gulf, the Panama Canal and thence on the Pacific to the Golden Gate; a yachting regatta, for which President Wilson, King George of England, and Emperor William of Germany have offered trophies; the two supreme events of the automobile world, the Grand Prix and Vanderbilt Cup Race, held upon the Exposition grounds, the most spectacular automobile race in the world, amid the most brilliant setting ever conceived; the course describes a circuit of five miles in each lap over the broad boulevards that encircle the Exposition from the Golden Gate to the Avenue of Progress, which is an extension of Fillmore street, the business center of San Francisco in the fire days of 1906.

There will be international swimming matches, water polo, military tournaments, boxing, wrestling, cycling, track events, the modern Pantheon, dumpbell contests, fly casting contests, international lacross, football, sheep dog field trials, and a hundred and one events, each premier in its class. A spectacular pageant, in which representatives of all the nations within the wide sweep of the Pacific Ocean, will exceed the famed Durbar of India in magnitude. These events will be held upon a scale of comprehensiveness and magnitude and brilliancy never hitherto equaled or even approached.

The plan of the Exposition was determined by the impressive surround-

Palace of Machinery

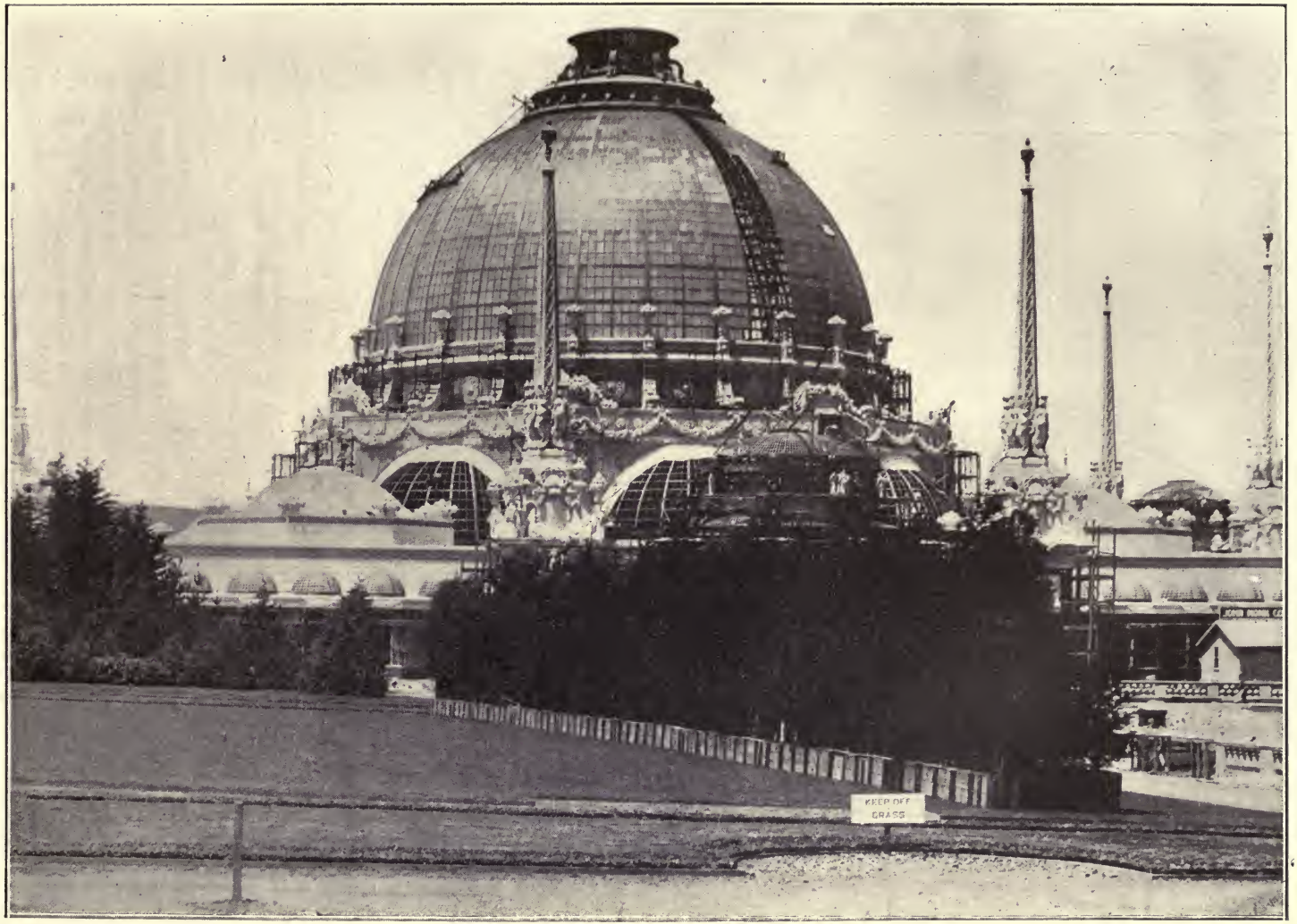
West Facade, Palace of Education

ings of the site. In the cases of the expositions at Chicago and St. Louis, the locations chosen were plains, with little or no rising ground in the neighborhood. But at San Francisco the site at Harbor View, a huge basin which opens out to the north on San Francisco bay, presents vivid contrasts, in the height of its surrounding hills, in distant mountains, in low-lying ground, part of which was filled in by dredges, and in the harbor, with its great islands. Encircling the site, which extends along the shores of the bay for fifteen thousand feet, and is one-half mile in greatest width, the rim of the hills rises on the south, east and west three hundred feet; to the north is San Francisco Bay, with its huge islands and shipping, and beyond —four or five miles distant—the hills of Marin County rise upward from the water in great hogbacks, towering fiinally into the thousands of feet. As the traveler enters the Golden Gate, he views, almost directly to the southwest, the level Exposition site, set as the floor of an amphitheatre, with its encircling hills, which rise in successive stages from 300 to 900 feet.

With such a setting, the Exposition must be planned for contrast, the architects felt. Daring and originality were called for in the architectural scheme. And so the buildings were designed in great groups to produce from afar a single supreme architectural effect. The result strikes a new note in the architecture of expositions. While the design as a whole represents the collaborative work of many famous architects, yet each of the courts, secluded and set apart, was designed by a separate architect or group of architects. The plan affords the widest individual freedom and no clash with the architecture in its entirety.

It is upon the central portion that rise the vast main exhibit palaces, the marvelous Oriental city which in its architecture, sculpture, color and landscaping, is unlike any exposition that the world has ever known.

The architecture of this main group is wonderful and beautiful, and the flanking groups, the concessions group upon the east, and the pavilions of the



Horticultural Palace

Facade of an exhibit on avenue connecting main courts.

nations and buildings of the States upon the west, and nearest the Golden Gate have been brought into harmony with the architectural theme of the central group. The buildings of the central group are surmounted by stupendous domes, each 100 feet in diameter, and 160 feet in height, colored copper green by the master hand of Mr. Jules Guerin, like the domes of some vast mosque in Constantinople. As a whole, the group, with its huge minarets, tower gateways and pinnacles, presents the loftiest and most impresive skyline ever beheld in a single architectural effort. The entire group lies between two superb paralleling esplanades, set with rare trees and shrubs, fountains and statuary, one along the harbor, 400 feet in width —known appropriately as the Marina; another, lying between the main exhibit group and the hills of the city, designated as the semi-tropical South Gardens.

Eight of the eleven vast exhibit palaces of the main group are placed in parallel positions to form a rectangle, four of the palaces facing north upon the Marina and four facing the semi-tropical esplanade on the south. The walls of the buildings are interconnected by colonnades and stupendous gateways, so that from afar the visitor who comes through the Golden Gate will gain the effect as of almost a single structure, with its flashing domes and brilliant colors; and differing from the characteristic type of the walled city, such as presented by the "Intermuros" in Manila only by the fact that there is no outside wall, the interconnecting facades of the buildings forming the surrounding outside wall of the group.

The decorations of this tremendous facade throughout its entire course around the group have been exquisitely accomplished by Mr. W. B. Faville of San Francisco. Piercing the group from north to south in its center is the inimitable Court of the Universe, designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White of New York. This court, 750 feet east and west by 900 north and south, exclusive of its forecourt open-

Avenue of Progress, looking south. Machinery Hall on the left. Mines and Metallurgy and Varied Industries on right.

ing upon the Marina on San Francisco harbor, is the largest of the courts, and is planned upon a monumental scale. At its south entrance rises to a height of four hundred and thirty-five feet, ascending in vast terraces like a modern tower of Babylon, the great Tower of Jewels, designed by Messrs. Carrere and Hastings of New York. There are seven of these huge terraces, and crowning the topmost terrace is a heroic group of figures supporting a globe, typifying the world. The visitor entering the main gates of the Exposition passes directly beneath the tower, which is cleft by a 125 feet high arcade.

The walled city is divided north and south by two other main courts, on the east of the Court of the Universe by the great Court of Abundance, designed by Mr. Louis C. Mullgardt, who took part in the design of the Fisheries Building at the World's Columbian Exposition, and upon the west by the Court of the Four Seasons, designed

by Mr. Henry Bacon, whose achievement in the design of the Lincoln Memorial has attracted almost universal attention. Appropriately the locations of the east and west courts, and also their themes will carry out the note of the Exposition in celebrating the meeting of the Orient and of the Occident through the great canal at Panama.

South of the Court of Abundance a smaller court, known as the Court of Flowers, is cut like a niche into the rectangle of eight buildings and opens out upon the South Gardens; a court of similar size, the Court of Palms, lies south of the Court of the Four Seasons.

This superb group of eight palaces faces upon San Francisco bay for three thousand feet, and is twelve hundred feet north and south. In its center is the huge Tower of Jewels, dominating the architecture of the Exposition, and flanked on the east and west by tower gates, domes and minarets. The outside walls of the buildings are 65 feet in height, with vaulted naves 110 feet in height running through their centers, intersecting with the great copper-green domes 160 feet in height. From the harbor, the visitor sees the mighty walled city, with its skyline as high as the average eight story city block, and its lofty spires and minarets rising far into the heavens.

Flanking the central rectangle on the east is the Palace of Machinery, the largest single structure at the Exposition, covering eight acres and rising 136 feet. From a distance, this great building seems as almost a part of the central group; upon the west and nearest the Golden Gate the group is flanked by the Palace of Fine Arts, of steel and concrete, describing an arc 1,110 feet in its outside edge, with a great central dome 165 feet high as its most conspicuous motif. Between the Palace of Fine Arts and the walled group lies a great lagoon, the central feature of an Italian court which will be the sixth and last of the court effects of the Exposition.

As the visitor views the buildings from the harbor opposite the center of the city, the main group, including the Palace of Machinery and the Palace of Fine Arts, is seen to extend 4,500 feet east and west. Six of the principal buildings of the group will not be generally visible from the harbor. These will be the four buildings of the walled city that will face upon the South Gardens, Festival Hall, which is in the South Gardens nearly opposite the Court of Abundance, and the Palace of Horticulture, which lies almost directly south of the Court of the Four Seasons. The Palace of Horticulture, of Saracenic architecture, is one of the most magnificent structures upon the site. A great glass dome 186 feet high and 152 feet in diameter, is its most striking feature. At night, this vast glass sphere will be played upon from within by colored searchlights, transforming it into a vast soap bubble, gleaming with all the colors of the rainbow. In the building will be exhibited rare plant life of all sorts. Trellised vines in its interior will adorn the walls and many flowering varieties will be shown.

Great massed banks of flowers, palms, olives, oranges, flowering vines and rare shrubs present one of the Exposition's most unique charms, and will mark a brilliant advance over anything ever attempted for a world's exposition. But it is only one of the ways in which the Exposition stands alone, brilliant and unique among the great expositions of history. In the preparation of the Exposition, the artist, and the illuminating engineer, have co-operated to bring about a harmonious result.

The Exposition will not be for a single day without its vast blaze of floral color. The flowers are set in great massed banks and always flowers whose blossoming season is past will be replaced by others. No other exposition has ever presented floral life in so unique a way, and the opportunity is being utilized to the fullest extent to render the grounds a semi-tropical paradise.

An important feature of the architecture in so far as the planting of flowers is concerned is that the courts were designed so that there are no shadows. The courts, open to the traveling sun, are sheltered from the wind and the most delicate flowers are planted in their open spaces.

South of the main group of exhibit palaces, in the semi-tropical South Gardens, a single field of flowers will cover twenty-five acres. The colors, and the flowers, will be changed each month; one month there will be a crop of brilliant red; the next dark blue; the next green, all colors refracted by nature's prism throughout the months of the Exposition.

The color of the palaces is a faint creamy white, applied to the walls and colonnades. But from the summit of the hills the visitor beholds spread beneath him a vast blaze of color, brilliant spots here and there melting together as in some giant Persian rug. A great mass of red roofs, the shade of Spanish tile, huge domes of copper-green as those of Constantinople, and golden groups of statuary, are seen spreading over the vast expanse along the shores of San Francisco harbor. And contrasting with the color scheme are the vibrant tints of nature, the blues and greens of the harbor beyond, the white track of the steamers, the soft browns of the summer hills, the great wreath of fog that binds the summit of Mt. Tamalpais like a turban.

The sculpture at the Exposition carries out the note of the celebration in commemorating the opening of the Panama Canal, the meeting of the East and West. From the moment the visitor enters the main gates, the various groups of statuary will be seen in sequence, naturally presenting the imaginative themes suggested by the opening of the canal at Panama, although not necessarily in categorical order.

TOKYO VIGNETTES

By Gertrude Emerson

Arrival.

I WAS UP at daylight and out in the prow of the boat, where the wind blew so that I had to hold close to the railing to keep from being knocked back among the anchor ropes and cables. The film of land already stretched along the horizon ahead, veil of what mysterious possibilities! And around and past me a thousand little fishing boats were swarming out to sea, some of them like old Norse sailing vessels, with their prows swinging high in air—except that innumerable fishing-poles played in and out over their sides and turned them rather into fantastic centipedes of the deep. Bare brown men were pulling in fish with hoarse cries faster than they could let down the poles, and everywhere were flashing streaks of silver as the wet fish were drawn out of the shining sea. Then the veil of land took definite shape, and cloud-like mountains rose here and there, and we steamed slowly around a protecting arm into Yokohama Bay. The meaning of the word Port flashed into my understanding: German steamers, French steamers, riding at anchor; tramps; the great red hulls of ships in dry-dock; an ominous battle-cruiser; a crowded passenger steamer crossing our path with deep whistling, outward bound; two others coming in; countless sailing boats, creaking sampans, and the launches snorting alongside!

Interminable waiting and merciless heat! Then we landed. The customs house, a ride in a rikisha to the station, half an hour in a sweltering train, and at last Tokyo! There were unintelligible directions and a hurried parting, and I faced the Unknown with a high heart.

We plunged into the intimacy of the narrow streets, where children with poor little shaved babies lopping over their shoulders stared after us, or shouted things in an alien tongue, where men passed up and down balancing baskets on long poles, crying strange wares. The crowds shuffled in bare feet through the dust of the way. The shops all touched hands. The blue plates of silver fish repeated themselves so many times that it seemed to me that I must be traveling in a circle. I caught a glimpse of two men weaving a mat by pulling the straw through their toes, knotting it, slipping in a fresh piece, with a pre-

Street scene.

cision and dexterity of machinery. An old woman was pounding rice in a stone mortar outside of her shop. Suddenly a sharp clamor drowned out all the minor cries and sounds, and we passed where there was a vision of the bodies of half-naked men gleaming above fires and striking metal on metal. My heart sickened in me! The crowds, the sights, the smell of the fish—they grew intolerably loathesome! I closed my eyes.

We turned a corner on one wheel and bumped down an alley narrower and more crowded than the others, and came to a stop at the end. There was a gate with three granite pillars, and a name in Japanese and English; inside, a narrow walk with the house on one side and a tall fence with camphor trees on the other, and a milky electric lantern, like a white moon, written over with Japanese characters. The silence was intensified by the shrilling of cicadas. They, too, were alien. Was it only this morning that I arrived?

The House.

Suddenly the lattice-barred house-gate slid back with the echo of a tinkling bell, and a little Japanese maid appeared in the opening. With a quick glance and an unexpected flutter and commotion, she disappeared again, and I was left standing for the third time on the threshold of expectation. Then came sounds from above, and exclamations, and the friend who was yet but a name to me—in English and in Japanese—came running to welcome me to the house. My steamer was a day early. I was not expected until to-morrow! How had I found my way? But I was home at last!

Shoes off in the entrance! Two maids and the house-boy were down on their hands and knees on the white mats, bowing to me, and we somehow understood that we were giving each other greeting. Then one opened the paper doors, and we two went into the room. Was I outside, after all? I was looking into a little triangular garden that hung over the roofs of the

Valley Street, Tokyo

city, a garden with no grass, but with the faint green of moss painted on the hard ground. Here and there white faces of trailing morning glories and chrysanthemums stared back at me through the strange blue twilight that had fallen. And the garden seemed filled with roots and the trunk of a vast cedar tree that towered out of sight. A miniature bamboo fence marked a sharp edge, and below were roofs of temples and houses, and a long street. A haze of light hung over it, and all around open yellow doorways and rosy windows and lanterns starred the dusk. Then I was aware of a strange sound like a gnawing on pebbles that floated up to me from the street, the shuffling of the many feet, mingling with the cries, and suddenly the fanfare of distant bugling that rang out. I liked my house! With an uncertain feeling about my heart, a breaking of tension and a kind of quivering I could not account for, I turned to examine its white, spotless rooms, with the sliding paper partitions, and walls opening to the outdoors on two sides.

Garden of the Imperial residence

The Way of the Gods.

Everywhere lanterns, as for a festival, tossing in the wind, and great torches of gas flaring up toward the stars! Motionless, a double row of soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder. Down the center of the road leading from the Palace came the armies silently marching, save for a faint clinking of swords, and many priests in gray robes and white sandals bearing torches and strange symbols of an ancient worship, trees covered with fluttering strips of the sacred rice-paper, lotos flowers with blossoms of gold and moon-silver leaves gleaming as they caught the reflection of light. Then far away a sound as of music, the most mournful I have ever heard. As it came near, it was like a reedy wailing, swelling into clamorous grief, ghostly rending of hair. The multitude swayed forward with lowered eyes. The funeral car came on, followed by the riderless horse, and the Emperor passed on the Way of the Gods, out onto the bridge and over the moat, into the outer darkness. Still the music sounded, fainter and fainter, dying away with convulsive sighs.

Shrine of the River of the Sun.

Down the "back-stairs" cut around the cliff beneath the garden, out between two tiny shops, one where they make fans and the other where a man and his wife sell you bowls of hot rice for a cent, into Valley street, around the next corner into the Place of Flat Graves, and up the opposite hill, and you come to the Shrine of the River of the Sun. It used to stand on the very site of our house, but a sacred White Snake came to live in the hill, and the shrine was long since moved. Stone slabs laid unevenly together with open ground on either side lead to a long flight of steps, chipped and worn by the passage of many feet.

Cherry blossom time

The wind blows the dead leaves into the corners, and often old, cast-off sandals of pilgrims lie half-revealed among them. At the top, two Celestial Dogs stand guard. They have stood guard over a hundred years, and now the green mould has grown over their eyes and blinded them, so that they cannot tell whether you are an enemy or a friend whose steps sound among the rustling leaves.

Children play here. There are always the three little daughters of the priest, with their shy friendliness, but there are others, too, for the compounds of the temples and shrines are the play-grounds of the poor. Sometimes mothers, with their babies strapped to their backs, stand talking on the steps. Sometimes a blind masseur feels his way with his stick, and sits there to rest, playing his melancholy "sign" from time to time on a bamboo flute.

The compound itself is full of very ancient trees, and the dark earth, like the Celestial Dogs, is covered with mould. Here and there, great arches or gates of bronze in the shape of the mystic Shinto symbol span the walks, and there are stone basins under the beautiful spreading roofs where you wash your hands in water from the River of the Sun. In front of the shrine dwell some white rabbits in an open cage. Farther off, at one side, is the bell, cast in bronze and configured with strange writings and flames that curl upward from the edge. When the priest strikes it, he must swing the battering ram that hangs by chains from the roof. Strange echoes awake, and sometimes in the spring I have seen a shower of petals fall fluttering to the ground with the sudden jarring of its bronze voice. There is another bell before the shrine that you ring by pulling a long cord. It is to attract the attention of the gods. People come all day and jerk the rope,

mutter a prayer, clap their hands, throw a coin into the box, and go away. Up above, an inscrutable fox of stone watches them, and in the center of the shrine, mounted on a lacquer stand with red tassels, is the metal mirror. Know thyself, it says; but its face is clouded, and it does not tell the truth. At night when the white lanterns are lighted and set on either side, it shines luminously through the dark, and the monkeys come and let themselves down in a long chain from the trees, to see if the fox sleeps, and they can steal it away, but he is ever vigilant. Other lanterns swing in the wind outside, and send the spirits of darkness scuttling over the roots into far corners. From the priest's house comes the sound of laughter. Once the door opened abruptly, and one of the little girls ran out, her long sleeves blowing out behind her in the wind. She stopped when she saw me, and then came close and looked up with curious questioning. Suddenly she thrust a broken dahlia that she had held in her hot little hand into mine, and ran away again, with an elfin laugh.

Crows.

All day they circle and circle around our tree. In the fall they used to fly through the air with orange persimmons that they had stolen from the Temple Garden, or figs that were hidden under the great leaves of the tree belonging to the man and woman who sold the rice—they were very poor, and they hated the crows for stealing their figs. When the fruit was gone, they came and picked away all the little lace-like leaves of our scarlet maple. But now there is nothing to eat, and hungry and very fierce, they fly and fly through the falling snow. They perch on the branches, and their black wings glisten like satin as they shake off the wet flakes. Their little eyes turn restlessly. Their beaks open. Their bodies quiver convulsively, and a hoarse cry is torn from them. Far away on the opposite hill is an answering echo, and they are off once more on the wing.

The Leper.

He was lying prostrate in the dust of the road by the bridge. He uttered no sound, and he was so much the color of dust that I nearly stepped on him. A slight movement, an imperceptible swaying forward to kiss my feet, and I saw in time that this was a living thing. Somehow I found the part of his hand that remained, and put into it the money. The fingers could not hold it, and the coin dropped into the dust. I saw that he was crying. One or two other pieces of money thrown by the people hurrying across the bridge lay by his side. Now and then he made a futile effort to drag himself on top of them, or bent again before passing feet. Scarcely any one noticed him. A friend touched me on the arm. "The government does not want you to give anything to beggars," she said. She had lived a long time in Japan.

A Street Fair.

I came home to-night by way of Cherry Gate and Monkey-Music street —up a long line of people, shoving, crying, chatting, laughing. They were having a street fair. Along both sides the booths were crowded together, some of them very pretentious, with awnings and strips of cloth flapping over the front, others with huge oiled-paper umbrellas stuck in the ground, and the light shining through them from lanterns swinging around the edge, yellow or deep red. Some were like little houses with windows, and sprawling black letters painted on them told you to buy hot fish and rice cakes there. And others were nothing but clothes spread out on the ground, with the owner sitting Buddha-wise in the center surrounded by his wares, his yellow face starting strangely out of nothing, in the flare of an acetylene gas jet. A group had gathered around a booth where some one was haranguing on patent medicines, holding up bottles high in the air for the curious multitude to gaze upon, but the crowd moved on again when he had finished, and was ready for them

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo

to buy. Children watched, open-mouthed, a little man whose magic fingers were transforming green rice-paste into marvelous birds and flowers and tiny human beings. When he had finished one, he stuck it on a fine stick and added it to the row in front of his window, unless some one bought it, and beat on his flat drum to attract attention. Women bargained over remnants of kimono cloth spread out in piles on the ground, and the babies on their backs dangled scarlet lanterns in the shape of boats from long willow sticks. All up and down the fair one saw those lanterns bobbing. Some booths were not popular, and the owners of these sat motionless while the throngs streamed carelessly past. A woman was selling school note-books; only a single student, with a bottle of ink swinging at his waist, stopped to turn the leaves of one. Next to a line of gaudy masks strung up between monkey-masks, devils, foxes, the fat-cheeked, luck-bringing O Kami san—an old man sat crouched over a few pitiful bits of broken porcelain. Beside the stone gateway of a straggling temple compound, a woman with two children whined and wailed to the accompaniment of a samisen—singing beggars.

Where the sunset had been, the sky overhead was a pale vivid green, and wild clouds were banking and racing in the south. It was still daylight up there, though the crescent moon was out in the patch of green; but down below it was night, and the candles and lanterns gleamed like many fallen stars.

The wind blew in sudden gusts, and all the draperies lifted together, and the ribbons swirled and tangled, and a tray of little gilt Buddhas went down in a heap. Everywhere confusion, and strange contradiction!

"Pony Bob" and His Comrades

Of the Pony Express 1860-1861

By Mabel Baird

A SHORT time ago a man once famous throughout the United States for his courage, endurance and skill, died in the city of Chicago. This was "Pony Bob" Haslam, the Pony Express rider who carried the news of Lincoln's first election up the Platte Valley in 1860. He was one of the last of that daring band who, a little over half a century ago, bore the mail from the western border of the railroad communication of that day onward to the Pacific. His death brings back to the American people the remembrance of those venturesome pioneer days, of the thrilling associations which cluster about the short history of the Pony Express, and of the conditions which necessitated the wonderful riding which has never been surpassed, if equaled, in this, or any other country.

Owing to the gold discoveries of 1849, the State of California was born almost in a single day. With thousands of newcomers on the Pacific Coast, it was often of the greatest importance to get their mail to them in the shortest possible time. The ocean route was much too long and circuitous to suit the demands of the mining population. The Butterfield Overland Express, which began its work in September, 1858, gave the California news in less than twenty-five days from Missouri, but California wanted more than that. Mail from the Atlantic seaboard, by the Panama route, took at least twenty-two days. By the completion of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad to the latter place in 1859, a rail connection was established from the Atlantic Coast to the Missouri River. But between this spot and the Pacific Coast there intervened almost two thousand miles of a region uninhabited, save by hostile Indian tribes. The problem of carrying the mails across this wilderness in a shorter time than that taken by the other routes, was the problem of Western mail carriers.

In the winter of 1859, Mr. Russell, of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, proprietors of the Overland Stage Line, met Senator Gwinn of California, while he was in Washington. Senator Gwinn was extremely anxious that a quick line for the transmission of letters be established, and since he was acquainted with the fact that the firm was already operating a daily coach from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, he urged Russell to consider seriously the propriety of starting a Pony Express over the same route, and from Salt Lake City on to Sacramento. He promised that if the firm would do this, and maintain the system for a year or two to demonstrate that the excessively heavy snows of the Sierras were not an impassable barrier to continuous travel, he would see that the government did not permit its being a financial loss to them. He also suggested that a railroad would soon follow the same route and that increased immigration would be the result.

After a lengthy consultation, Russell consented to make the attempt, provided his partners would agree.

Indians stampeding horses of pioneers.

When he returned to Leavenworth, the headquarters of the firm, Colonel Majors and Mr. Waddell at once decided that the expense would far exceed any possible revenue from the undertaking, but since Russell had, at least in part, committed himself to Senator Gwinn, they felt that they must stand by him, and so work was begun on the Pony Express.

On the overland stage line operated by the firm, stations had been located every ten or twelve miles, which were at once utilized for the operation of the express; but beyond Salt Lake City new stations had to be constructed, as there were no possible stopping places on the proposed route. In all, there were about one hundred and ninety of these stations. The system also required five hundred horses, two hundred men to take care of the stations, and eighty experienced riders. Saddles, bridles, spurs, arms, food and other necessary supplies increased the initial expense to about one hundred thousand dollars.

In less than two months after the promise of the firm had been given to Senator Gwinn the first express was ready to leave Sacramento and St. Joseph. The remarkable plan had thus far been kept secret, but on March 26, 1860, the following startling announcement appeared in the New York Herald and in the Missouri Republican:

"To San Francisco in Eight Days." By the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company.

"The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3d, at 5 o'clock p. m., and will run regularly weekly thereafter, carrying a letter mail only. Telegraph mail will be transmitted over the Placerville and St. Joseph wire to San Francisco by the connecting express in *eight days*. Letter mail will be delivered in *ten days* from the departure of the express."

So on the third day of April, 1860, Russell superintended the start of the Pony Express from St. Joseph, Missouri. An arrangement had been made with the railroads of New York and St. Joseph for a fast train which was

Indians hunting buffalo in the early '50's.

scheduled to arrive at the proper time, bearing the mail bag already made up for California. When the Hannibal train reached the St. Joseph depot, an enormous crowd had gathered to see the first pony started. The mail bag was tossed to Russell, who fastened it to the saddle, and at the firing of a cannon, the impatient pony and his rider, Johnny Fry, dashed through the shouting, excited crowds in a whirlwind of dust. Only a moment's time was required to reach the Missouri River ferry, where a boat was waiting; soon the muddy stream was crossed, and amid the whistling of locomotives and steamboats, the clanging of bells, cheering and handkerchief waving, the dash for Sacramento began in earnest.

On the same day, and about the same hour that the black pony raced out of St. Joseph headed for the sunset, a white pony dashed away from Sacramento towards the sunrise. The first two stages, of ten miles each, were covered in fifty-nine minutes. On reaching Folsom, a change was made, and the rider hurried on to Placerville, fifty-five miles distant. There he connected with the rider "Boston," who took the route to Friday's Station, crossing the eastern summit of the Sierra Nevada. Sam Hamilton next fell into line and pursued his way to Genoa, Carson City, Dayton, Reed's Station and Fort Churchill. Here "Pony Bob" Haslem took the trail from Fort Churchill to Smith's Creek, one hundred and twenty miles, through a hostile Indian country. From that point, Jay G. Kelley rode to Ruby Valley, and from there Richardson raced to Deep Creek. So we might follow the daring riders in their mad rush toward the Missouri. Suffice it to say that ten days after the departure from Sacramento, the last rider triumphantly raced into St. Joseph. All records had been broken, and the time across the continent had been curtailed by eleven days.

The westward journey was made in even shorter time. The entire population of Sacramento awaited the first messenger. The principal streets were decked with flowers and bunting, brass bands were playing, and a large and noisy crowd waited in the outskirts. Heavy wagers had been laid as to whether the express would arrive on time. All eyes were turned towards the old immigrant road. A

cloud of dust was seen, the cheering began, and just ten minutes before the appointed time, the rider drew sudden rein in the midst of the throng. The trip had been made in nine days and twenty-three hours! The tired rider was at once surrounded and congratulated. He and his pony were bedecked with flowers, and were escorted to the swift river steamer which was to bear him to San Francisco. It is stated, however, to the shame of the crowd, that most of the hairs of the pony's tail were pulled out as souvenirs. The souvenir hunter, like the poor, we have always with us.

The messenger arrived in San Francisco at midnight, but in spite of the hour, a long procession followed him to the company's office, where he delivered the first mail, which consisted of a message of congratulation from President Buchanan to the Governor of California, a small bundle of newspapers, a few bank drafts, and some important business letters to merchants and bankers.

So the pony express was begun. Its immense importance was soon realized. It was largely employed by the government, merchants and traders. The great newspapers of both New York and the Pacific Coast were also ready patronizers of the system. The issues of their papers were printed on tissue manufactured purposely for this novel way of transmitting the news. On the arrival of the pony from the West, the news brought from the Pacific and along the route of the trail was telegraphed immediately from St. Joseph to the East. No silly love missives nor frivolous correspondence found their way by the Pony express; business letters only, that demanded the most rapid transit and warranted the immense expense attendant upon their journey, were carried.

It was, indeed, a luxury to patronize the express, for at least five dollars must be paid in advance for every letter weighing half an ounce. The letters were written upon the thinnest tissue paper procurable. Hundreds of them made a package no larger than an ordinary writing tablet, but this package was often worth nearly a thousand dollars in postage. The rate, however, was soon reduced by the post office department to one dollar per half ounce. Even with this reduction, the transmission of letters was expensive. Each must be enclosed in a ten-cent government stamped envelope. The "Pony Express" stamps, each worth one dollar, were then affixed. In addition, the regular government stamps, which were ten cents per half ounce, were also placed on the envelope. A total charge of twenty-five dollars for a single bulky letter was not at all unusual. The postage on official papers was sometimes fifty dollars, and while China and England were at war, the reports from the British squadron in Chinese waters sent to London by way of the Pony Express, usually cost one hundred and thirty-five dollars each.

Those were pioneer days, however, when men were more careless of expense than they are to-day. Men were seemingly also more careless of physical danger. Seldom in the history of the world has there been an enterprise which required more courage, or offered more risks to those engaged in it, than the Pony Express. To use the language of the newspapers of the time, it "simply invited slaughter upon all the foolhardy young men who had been engaged as riders." Nevertheless, many young men were eager to enter the service, men noted for their lithe, wiry physiques, bravery and coolness in moments of great personal danger, and endurance under the most trying circumstances of fatigue. These requirements were necessary for those who cared for the stations, but they were absolutely essential for the men who were to ride over the lonely route. It was no easy duty; both horse and man were strained to the limit of physical tension. Day or night, in sunshine or in storm, through floods, hail, snow, mud, dust and broiling heat, the rider must speed on. Sometimes his path led across ravines, gullies, creeks and

rivers; sometimes over parched stretches of sand and alkali, through blinding clouds of dust; sometimes hugging the brink of precipices, sometimes passing through weird and rugged canyons where watchful Indians lay in ambush.

At the stations the rider must be ever ready for emergencies; frequently double duty was assigned him. Perhaps the one who was to relieve him had been murdered by the Indians or badly wounded; then the already tired expressman must take his place and be off like a shot, although he had been in the saddle for hours. Two examples of this are furnished by the famous rides of "Buffalo Bill" and "Pony Bob." The former made one trip of three hundred and eighty-four miles, stopping only for meals and to change horses, and the latter traveled three hundred and eighty miles within a few hours of schedule time because the other riders refused to brave the dangers from the hostile Indians. The average journey of each rider was, however, much shorter than this. Each one rode three animals in succession, traversing three "stages," and traveled at least thirty-three miles. Some of the most daring, however, often rode four or five "stages," changing ponies at each station. Originally a few of the "stages" along the route were twenty-five miles apart,

A rider of the plains in the early '50's.

but subsequently these were shortened into ten and fifteen miles. The distance was determined by the physical character of the region.

The "ponies" employed in the service were fleet California or Mexican mustangs, as sure-footed as mountain goats, as quick and full of endurance as their riders. They were capable of traveling at a marvelous speed over rough country. They were fed and housed with the greatest care, for their mettle must never fail the test to which it was put. Usually, ten miles at the limit of the animal's pace was exacted from him, and he came dashing into the station flecked with foam, nostrils dilated, and every hair reeking —while his flanks thumped with every breath.

Fort Laramie at the time of the Pony Express.

Neither the pony nor the rider were handicapped with any superfluous weight. The mail bags were two pouches of leather, impervious to rain, sealed, and strapped to the rider's saddle before and behind. They never contained over twenty pounds weight. Inside the pouches, to further protect their contents from the weather, the letters were wrapped in oilskin and sealed. The pockets themselves were locked, and were not opened between St. Joseph and Sacramento. The saddle, bridle and leather pouches together weighed only thirteen pounds. The arms of the rider were limited to a revolver and knife. The venturesome men often had need of these weapons, for the dangers from Indians were very great. Only two months after the establishment of the service, an Indian raid took place which nearly put an end to it. Several tribes of the Northwest, the Bannocks, Pi-Utes and Shoshones, went on one of their periodical outbreaks west of Salt Lake, and while on the war-path they burned a number of the company's stations, ran off considerable stock, and murdered several station keepers and riders. If the firm had not been made up of such determined men, this would have ended operations, for it cost about seventy-five thousand dolars to re-open the line.

The danger and excitement to which the employees were subjected can never be told in all of its detail. They were remarkable men even for their extraordinary times—mere boys, most of them—few over thirty years of age; small, slightly built, all weighing under one hundred and thirty-five pounds —yet unequaled in energy, endurance and agility. They were also different in character from the ordinary plainsmen of those days. The latter as a class were usually boisterous, profane and fond of whiskey. Russell, Majors and Waddell were temperate, God-fearing men, and tried to engage no man who did not come up to their own standard of morality. Each man when he entered the service signed this pledge:

"I agree not to use profane language; not to get drunk; not to gamble; not to treat animals cruelly, and

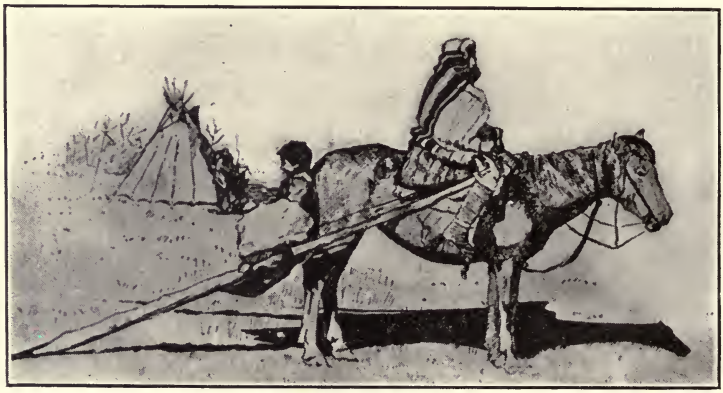
not to do anything incompatible with the character of a gentleman."

For the most part they kept this pledge, and were held in high regard by all. The one notable exception was Jack Slade, who, despite the fact that Mark Twain found him a mild-mannered, coffee-sharing gentleman, was a notorious desperado and cold-blooded murderer. He was finally hanged, after he had killed over a score of people.

The rest of the men were faithful to their employers, and loyal to their comrades. The list of their names is long, and contains those of many of the famous guides, scouts and couriers of the West.

Probably the most highly paid of all the riders was William F. Cody, the "Buffalo Bill" of Wild West fame, who received one hundred and fifty dollars per month—the rest about one hundred and twenty dollars. Another was Jay G. Kelly, who carried the mail near Carson City. Charles Cliff, Johnny Fry, Harry Hoff, James Moore, Jack Keetly and Melville Baughn were names familiar on the last frontier. Perhaps the most picturesque of all was Robert Haslem—known throughout the West as "Pony Bob," a splendid rider, a cool and courageous fighter, a born pony expressman. Even after the line was discontinued, he rode for Wells-Fargo. As the Union Pacific pushed westward, his route was shortened until it ran from Reno to Virginia City. This route was only twenty-three miles long, but "Pony Bob" rode it every day in about one hour. When the telegraph line was completed, "Pony Bob" was sent to Idaho to ride the company's express route of one hundred miles with one horse from Queen's River to Owyhee River. Finally the famous rider went to Chicago, where he flitted about the wilds and jungles of that city, a celebrated Bohemian, until his death a few months ago. He was one of the last as well as one of the greatest of that noble band.

The service to the government rendered by the Pony Express, as well as that to the business men, can never be fully estimated. The Civil War broke out about a year after the system started. The Pony Express was the only way in which the people of the West could get news, and never was news more anxiously awaited than on the Pacific Coast when hostilities were raging between North and South. The first tidings of the firing upon Ft. Sumpter reached San Francisco in eight days, fourteen hours. From that time a bonus was given by the Western business men to the Pony Express Company to be distributed among the riders for carrying the war news as fast as possible. Two of the most exciting messages carried were



The Indian method of transporting loads.

the news of Lincoln's election in November, 1860, and less than a month later the last message of President Buchanan. Both were carried in eight days. The quickest trip on record was made in March, 1861, when President Lincoln's first inaugural speech was carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento in seven days and seventeen hours.

In another way, the Pony Express was of great service to the government. It proved to the American Congress that it was practical for a railroad to run trains over that route in the winter time, and as a result, the subsidy was given to Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Crocker to build the Central Pacific Road. But despite this service, Senator Gwinn was not successful in his promise to have the government make good the losses of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, which amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars. As the partners had foreseen, the enterprise proved a financial failure. It ruined the firm, so that the name "The Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company" was changed by its employees to "Clean Out of Cash and Poor Pay Express Company." As a physical demonstration, however, the Pony Express was a grand success, and fully accomplished its purpose during the eighteen months of its existence. It was finally driven out by the telegraph in the closing months of 1861, but was continued in a smaller way from the ends of the railroad until the "meeting of the rails" near Ogden, Utah, on May 10, 1869. Its service was over. The conditions which necessitated it have long passed away, but much of the quickness of their passing was due to "Pony Bob" and his comrades, whose lives form such an important chapter in the annals of the West.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows the deeds, the sacrifice, and needs
Of some brave soul, who long ago
Went far beyond the meads,
Where flowers grew
To make a road for other souls to pass
On into that wilderness
Through which life's journey leads.
We only know that some soul great
"Has blazed the trail."
That others, with less courage may not fail,
And stop along the way to cry at fate.
But will pass on, sometimes with joy, sometimes with woe,
Out again into the meads
Where flowers grow.
And they by deeds, should leave along the path some sign
Of faith and hope, for other souls to find.

MRS. F. F. HILL.

THE LOG OF A 49er

ON HIS TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN—JAN. '49 *to* JULY '49—FROM THE DIARY OF THEO. MESSERVE

WE HAVE HAD a heavy dew, or what may be called a drizzly rain, all day. What wind we have had has been from the old quarter, S. E., but we have been all but becalmed and the sails have been flapping and catching a little breeze all day. In order to create a little excitement and kill the monotony of waste time, the following announcement placed on our "bulletin" last night was noticed by the company. "Notice: All persons on board of the ship are requested to assemble en masse at half-past ten a. m. for the purpose of holding an Indignation Meeting, and express our contempt regarding the miserable fare we have hitherto abided with." The call was numerously signed by the "Growlers," and in pursuance thereof, at the appointed time the meeting gathered together. Mr. W—d—r, alias "Old Neptune," was called to the chair. He then stated the object of the meeting, something as follows: "Gentlemen: The manner in which our victuals have been served up is horrible; we have been imposed upon; there is 'grub' enough aboard, and we ought to have it; the persons who have charge of the sustenance departments do not do their duty; the manner in which our meat is cooked is outrageous," etc.

Mr. W—d—r had got so far with his remarks when along comes Mr. Pensam, one of the directors, considerably excited, and stated that Harry Woodhull, the steward in the cabin, had just refused to pass water, and his opinion was that the cabin stewards, as well as the between decks stewards, should pass water. The Captain then came forward and said that Woodhull had enough to attend to to attend to his cabin duties. The Association denied this, and resolved he should be excused no sooner than the other stewards. Complaint was also made to the Captain as regards our living. The Captain then stepped forward and said he had nothing to do with it; he stated that we had, after we were a few days out, taken all that off of his hands, and now he didn't bother his head about those affairs. A resolution was then passed unanimously to put the whole direction of cooks and cooking, stewarts and stores, in the hands and under the management of the Captain. The meeting then dispersed. The Captain then ordered Dan Brower to go into the store room and take charge there; he then ordered some of the sailors to go down in the hold and search for some pilot bread, and soon a good cask of bread was brought up. Our fare, as a general thing, since leaving Talcahuana, has been very poor; every morning for breakfast that detested, hated lobscouse. Our supper this evening indicated a decided im-

Miners working "Long Tom," sluicing gold in the early '50's. The woman in the background is the newly wedded wife of one of the miners, and reached their cabin only a few days before this picture was taken, after a trip from New York around Cape Horn.

—From an old daguerrotype.

provement; our pork was skinned, and everything seemed to be clean. This afternoon, Thos. A. Ayers put a beautiful view of the Panama on the 17th of April last upon the Bulletin, for the inspection of the company. It is as perfect a sketch as I ever witnessed, and to look at it makes a chill run over me. On that memorable day we shipped a heavy sea, and this was taken at that time. He has, I understand, made this a present to the Captain. I spent this evening very agreeably playing dominoes with Mr. Person, our president, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Chambers. At the meeting to-day a committee was appointed to prepare an order of exercises for the celebration of the Fourth of July.

July 4th.—The glorious Fourth! Independence Day! Freedom's Birthday! I arose an hour before sunrise this morning, went on deck, and from the look of the heavens I feared a gloomy if not a rainy day. The best part of the company were up before daylight this morning, on the alert, and as the sun rose from the Eastern horizon, the "Stars and Stripes" were run up to the mast head, while the band, stationed on the quarter-deck, greeted it with our National song of "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." When they concluded, three times three enthusiastic cheers burst from the company on deck. Yesterday we were twenty miles south of the Equator, and to-day we are 56 miles north; so we can say we crossed the line on this day. On the 8th or 9th of March last we crossed and re-crossed the Equator nearly 5,000 miles east of where we are now. After breakfast, an awning was stretched from the ship's boats on the cabin to the galley, making a shady deck for the company. A platform was laid in front of the cabin, which was gaily decorated with flags, and seats were placed for the audience. While awaiting the hour for the ceremonies of the day to commence, the boys gave vent to their good humor in various ways. Our second mate, Mr. Jennings,

mounted the platform and made a few quaint and ludicrous remarks, and then vamoosed. Old Tunius Palmer was then introduced to make a few remarks, which he did, to the infinite amusement of all. At half-past ten the bell was rung, and at quarter of eleven the meeting was called to order by our president, and the morning exercises commenced with "Hail Columbia" by the brass band.

July 15th.—Warm, clear day. Off our course; wind from the N. by E.; course N. W.; running W. by N. Our time begins to hang extremely heavy. Some talk about the poetical and romantic deep. The romance we haven't come to yet. We have seen most of the wonderful sights seldom seen except by those who "go down upon the sea in ships," from a whale to a flying fish, and from a Mother Carey chicken to an albatross. For my part, I would give more to see a ten acre green field, or even a small potato patch, with the edition of the morning papers, than to feast my eyes upon the wonder of the deep at once. Books, games, skylarking or debates appear to prove unavailing in driving off ennui.

July 21st.—A cloudy day; this afternoon a meeting of our Association was called on deck, to hear the report read of a committee appointed to take an account of stock on hand in the provision line. Also to make arrangements for our government upon arrival. Report says we have 18 barrels of beef; 3 of pork; some 2,000 pounds of navy bread (that no one can eat), and, as good fortune has it, two barrels of pilot bread turned up in the hunt. We have agreed to form into two watches for the purpose of discharging the ship, each watch working on alternate days until the duty is performed. We are all getting very anxious to get ashore. Our food has been miserable trash for some days past.

July 28th.—At daylight this morning we came in sight, to the windward, about 15 miles ahead, of a brig called "The Orion," from Chile, 153 days out from Valparaiso, and 55 days from Acapulco, Mexico. She is a terribly slow sailor, being badly off in sailing canvas, and covered with a very dirty bottom of grass and shells. We had our mainsail aback for two hours to allow her to keep up with us. Her second mate spoke us, and inquired if we hadn't any old sails to spare, as they were in distress for rag. Our Captain told him no. And they informed him how many days they were out. When Captain Goodspeed suggested if we could possibly do it we would let them have an old topsail, and said also that perhaps we might get some sugar from them, as we were out of that necessity. So our sails were put aback, and a boat was lowered, and Captain Bodfish and Goodspeed, rowed by Caleb Beal, went aboard of her. Soon our Captain returned and requested the Association to come together, and stated that four Americans were aboard there, who had come across Mexico, and had prayed him to take pity on them. The poor fellows were half-starved, living on weevily crackers and jerky beef, and were on a short allowance of water. The Association unanimously gave their consent to give them a free pass with us. The second mate of the brig was very anxious to come with us, and as soon as he came aboard he requested the sailors to stow him away, but Capt. Bodfish told him it was no use: it would be impossible for him to go with us, as the brig's Captain could obtain heavy damages of us for doing it without his consent. We obtained a barrel of sugar from her.

July 29th.—A warm, clear day. The barrel of sugar was divided around, and each man obtained two tumblersful. The four passengers from "The Orion" are named Mr. Dean, from East Windsor; Comm. Akerman from New York; and two brothers named Clark, from Milford, Conn. It has astonished every one to see the poor fellows go into the old horse food on board our ship. Our company is perfectly contented, and not a growler has appeared to open his head. They have a haggard, broken down appearance; sunburned faces. sunken eyes, and

A '49'er in his cabin.

look used up. They say they started with a party of 150 from New York on the 28th of March; arrived in Vera Cruz after a good run of 18 days; they there obtained mules and proceeded very well together until they arrived at the City of Mexico; there the company had a falling out, and scattered in different directions for the Pacific Coast, some leaving for San Blas, others for Acapulco, others for Mazatlan. They belong to a party of forty who came to Acapulco. A conveyance from the Mexican coast is almost impossible to be obtained.

July 30th.—We spoke the schooner Jacob M. Ryerson, bound for California from New York; sailed 4th of March; reports having a good time of it; came around the Horn in three days. A party of them came aboard, and we had lots of news to-night. They say the Panama was reported dismasted in New York. Mr. Ayers showed them some of his fine pictures of the Panama, among others those he took in Chile, which pleased them very much. They spent some three hours with us, during which time a lunch was got up, which pleased them very much. Mr. Burnam was fortunate in getting a letter from home. We received a number of copies of the New York Herald, one of which contained a copy of the President's message, and was read aloud by G. N. Whitman.

August 6th.—I arose this morning at 4 o'clock, just day break, with the expectation of possibly seeing land; saw a bark, supposed to be the one of yesterday. The wind died away just after breakfast, and we have been becalmed until dinner time, when the breeze broke afresh once more. The bark hoisted a signal to speak us, so Captain Bodfish brought our craft up on the wind. She hoisted English colors, and proved to be the English bark Christna, bound from Liverpool for San Francisco, 153 days out. We kept company all the rest of the afternoon and evening until I went to bed; I do not know how much longer. She differed 63 miles in her reckoning with us.

August 7th.—Turned out this morning at five with land hopes—found a thick, heavy fog prevailing, and not a breath of wind stirring. After breakfast the fog rose, and we found the bark of yesterday near by. At 11 o'clock Mulligan and Mitchell, with C. Beal and Tom McCarty to row, went

aboard of her. We were both lying in a calm until P. M. Three of the Johnny Bulls came aboard to see us. They had made no stoppages on the way. Mulligan brought a number of bottles of porter as a present to Capt. Bodfish.

About five o'clock we came in sight of land! Five o'clock the bark asked our captain if he had made out what land that was? He answered Point de Reyes (Cala.) They kept in our wake all the rest of the voyage. Towards evening, Bona's brass band brought out their instruments and enlivened the occasion by playing "Hail Columbia," "God Save the King," "Love Knot," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and several other favorite airs. About six p. m. the bark came alongside and inquired of Capt. Bodfish if he intended running in to-night. He answered: "No." We told them to alter their course to E. by S. and run 15 miles. At 7 a. m. a deep, impenetrable fog set in, so that one could hardly see half the length of the ship. About dark our captain ran up and said to the bark: "I shall lay-to in a quarter of an hour. When the moon rises, I will set up two lights as a signal that I am going down on the bar to anchor."

The port of San Francisco has been entered before by our captain, and as charts of the place are not to be obtained, it is a very difficult port to make; hence the falling in with us by the English bark is a fortunate thing for her. While Captain Bodfish was talking to the bark's captain, we were much surprised by a loud order of "Helm hard down!" when lo and behold, on our other side, not ten yards from us, was a brig coming down on us in the fog. She proved to be the brig Walcott of New York, she having left New York on the 16th of January. Another brig has been in sight all the afternoon. We have had a great number of whales playing around the ship all day.

August 8th.—I arose this morning at 5 o'clock; a very heavy fog, which cleared up a couple of hours after daylight, and the bark appeared close by us. Land to be seen on the larboard quarter. Everybody is in high glee at the prospect of getting ashore, and have been busy cleaning up their clothing and faces for a visit ashore. The wind has been very light during the morning. The bark has been alongside within speaking distance since the fog lifted, so that she could see us. From Point de Reyes we have land to our left for twenty or thirty miles.

We entered the Golden Gate, or narrows of San Francisco, at four o'clock p. m. In the latter part of the afternoon, a heavy wind blowing, so we went in humming. At 4:30 p. m. the shipping came in sight to us, when such a shout of joy as rent the air from the warm hearts aboard seldom is to be heard. At 5 p. m. we dropped anchor off Telegraph Hill. About two hundred ships are riding at anchor.

I went ashore about 7 o'clock, and stopped a couple of hours. Saw lots of money at gambling houses. The news from the mines is generally good; lots of gold, but hard work to get it. Provisions cheap; flour $6 a barrel here. Everything goes smoothly and peaceably; money too cheap to fight for and not worth the while. The land has a very barren appearance, and not a green thing or a tree to be seen.

(*Finis.*)

Rustlers of the Kootenai Range

By W. McD. Tait

THE FOLKINS came from Nova Scotia in the days when cattle barons first began to use the prairies of Western Canada, as ranging grounds. Their bunch was small at the beginning of their operations, but good winters, plenty of water, and rich prairie grass prevented any depletion in the breeding stock, and in a few years the herd covered all the range land between the Indian Reserve and the Rocky Mountains. There were no fences in those days, and wild steers fed up to the door-yards in Fort McLeod.

It was spring time, and the IV outfit, as the Folkins ranch came to be called, was making a careful count of its stock. Collie and Hez, sons of Jim Folkins, were particularly interested in their yearlings. The boys had been given cows when they were babies, and had brands registered in their own names. When they grew big enough to look after their increase, they selected a little run at the forks of two rivers, near the home ranch, cut out their cattle at the fall round-up, and herded them in their own little stamping ground. They knew to a steer how many they had, but for some reason or other they had not been tallying for a month or so, and when the general count was on, they found six head missing. There was little chance of their straying out of the range that grazed the father's stock, but they were nowhere to be found. Many theories as to their disappearance were discussed and dismissed as impossible.

Finally, Jim Folkins let out one day that rustlers were at work in some of the big bunches, and that more dressed beef was being shipped from the fort to the towns in the Pass than the buying of certain ranchers and butchers would warrant.

The fall before after the final count there had been ninety-eight calves in one of the bunches of the IV outfit, out of a possible one hundred and ten; two of the twelve having simply disappeared, the probable prey of the rustlers. Folkins felt that he was paying for his boldness in openly accusing the Brown boys during the round-up of the last season. A secret count of Brown's herd revealed the fact that the increase for two seasons far exceeded even a fair expectation.

Of course, as every rustler must have reasoned, depredations of wolves and coyotes would account for the loss of calves, and any excess might easily be explained by bills of sale. At any rate, absolute proof was demanded before a suspected thief could be brought to justice. The summary dealings of many years before, when snap judgment carried many a cow or horse thief to his deserts, no longer prevailed.

A conference of big cattle owners in the foothill country revealed the fact that several herds had been cut into, and they were as certain as Folkins that the Brown family were the rustlers. But like Folkins, they realized that to save themselves from serious embarrassment they must, in some manner, get absolute proof that old Bennie and his boys were the thieves.

A plan that had been forming in Jim Folkins' mind for some time took shape, and he determined on his own account to ferret out the guilty parties. He suspected that a considerable portion of the dressed meat shipped out

by Brown Brothers from their butcher shop in Macleod had been stolen; but, of course, to prove it was practically impossible. Nevertheless, he felt that a careful watch at the station might, if systematic, develop facts that would ultimately lead to good clues. Accordingly, he took Collie and Hez into his confidence, and fully explained his plan. The boys were to alternately keep watch of the depot at Macleod, and secretly to ascertain the amount, probable age, and destination of the beef that was shipped out by Brown Brothers.

This was comparatively easy; for the only two trains that stopped for express in the Pass towns crossed at the fort, and one trip a day covered both. Then some one had to call for mail, and it was no hardship for the Folkins boys to carry out this part of their father's plan. It was thought that a month's quiet observation would show the usual methods of the rustlers.

Folkins had revealed his plan to two neighboring stockmen, both of whom were certain that the Browns had preyed upon their herds. They were to learn through their range riders the source and amount of the daily supply of beef, and to discover, if possible, the rapidity with which the Browns' fat steers disappeared. They had little assurance of the success of the plan, but felt it to be the only logical way to proceed.

It was soon discovered that the only persons shipping dressed beef out of Macleod were the Brown Brothers. Collie and Hez, alternately, made the long ride to the depot, and rode casually past at a distance just as the trains were pulling in. One glance at the trucks, loaded for shipment, sufficed to compute the number of quarters; from the position of the trucks on the platform it was a simple matter to determine the amount going each way. It was found that three times a week, regularly, an average of four beeves at a shipment went westward to the Pass; once a week as many went to the towns on the prairie east of the Fort. It was learned, also, that the meat invariably reached the depot after dark, and was immediately loaded on the trucks.

The boys reported their finding daily to James Folkins, who, with the information gained from the other men in his confidence, soon reached the conclusion that much more beef was being shipped out than Brown Brothers' market killed at their slaughter-houses. It was certain, therefore, that the excess came from their ranch in the foothills, and it was known that it could not be their own beef.

Usually the Folkins boys rode past the depot without dismounting. One morning, though, Collie, expected his father in on the East-bound express, and took this as an excuse to tie his pony to the fence and saunter upon the platform. He noticed the usual truckload of meat at the west end, so walked idly toward it. There were three full beeves quartered. Collie looked at them for a moment, then leaned against the truck to wait the arrival of the train. Presently the West-bound, with the right of way, rumbled in on the main tracks. After the agent had run the truck up to the car, Jack Brown, old Bennie's eldest son, slouched out of the depot and was helping to load. Just as the last quarter but one was tumbled through the door, Collie was amazed to see a brand showing faintly on the yellow meat. The letters BR, the Browns' brand, were legible, standing out in purplish-red outlines, similar to an old scar.

The full meaning of the discovery flashed into Collie's mind at once. Involuntarily, he leaped toward the truck and peered intently at the remaining quarter.

Jack Brown saw Collie's sudden interest. "What's the matter, kid?" he demanded roughly. "Anythinn' wrong with that meat? Say, what're you hanging around here for, anyway?"

"Waiting for my Dad. He's coming in on the East-bound," replied Collie, vexed that he had not been more careful.

"He is, eh? Well, what's wrong

with that beef?" Jack Brown demanded a second time.

"Nothing wrong!" replied Collie, carelessly. "Just thought I saw an old wire-cut."

Brown did not press his query, but leaped from the truck and strode off down town, as if satisfied with the boy's answer.

Jim Folkins came in on the next train as expected, got his horse from the livery-stable where he always kept it when away on such trips, and rode off with Collie.

"Dad," broke out the boy, after going nearly a mile in silence, "how deep does a brand burn? Ever more than skin-deep?"

James Folkins was familiar with the lad's seeming irreverent questions after long periods of abstraction, so he was not surprised.

"That all depends on the man, Collie. Some declare that simply burning off the hair will kill it, and make a lasting brand; others are not content till the seared flesh comes off with the iron. Our own way, to burn till the brand shows cherry, is a medium between the two extremes. The first is uncertain, the second needlessly cruel; ours, neither. Why do you ask?"

"Does the brand often show on the flesh under the hide?"

The elder Folkins laughed tolerantly. "I don't think so, my boy, although I've heard a dozen cranks declare that a good brand ought to be more than skin-deep. I've never seen such a thing; but as a matter of fact, I've never paid the least attention. I should give it as my opinion, though, that there might in some cases be a slight indentation under the brand, but illegible in determining the real marks."

"I was sure I saw a brand on one of the quarters shipped out this morning. The light was poor, but I could see some purplish-red lines that looked exactly like a brand—sort of like an old scar."

Folkins was instantly attentive. "Now there might be something in it, after all. Could you make out the figures?"

"It looked like BR."

"Their own brand," said Jim. "I'm not much surprised, for they burn deep. That may be worth watching, Collie," he observed.

"If one brand will show through, others will, too. I'm going to keep my eyes open. There must be stuff going out with other marks on it, besides the BR."

"Be very careful that you don't let them see you, Collie," cautioned the father. "Once they find out we're watching them, they'll be on their guard."

For several weeks Collie kept watch at the depot, dodging in to examine the trucks only when it was evident that none of the Browns were around. During that time, he found an occasional quarter upon which marks were discernible, though in each case so indistinct as to be illegible. Some of the marks were but a faint, colorless depression, scarcely distinguishable even to a keen observer. There were several times that Collie imagined he could trace the faint outlines of a BR.

Some time later, it occurred to him that if he could examine the meat when the boys took the trouble to help with the loading, he might find a reason for their attention. In all cases when the marks had been at all legible, there had been none of the boys about the depot, and those marks had always been the Brown brand. Since they themselves must have noticed the brands, there was a possibility that only that bearing their own would be guarded till started on its destination, and away from suspicious observers.

So the next trip Collie made to the depot, he tied his pony at some distance away, and went cautiously toward the building. He could never be sure that the boys were not somewhere about, so he always waited till the trains came in. He could not afford to be caught spying among the trucks. When it appeared that the agent was alone, Collie would saunter

across the platform, carelessly observing the loaded meat. As usual, he was afraid to venture out in the open, so loitered back of the section house. The trains came in, and he saw the agent come out alone and push the truck at the west-end to the car door. Collie was satisfied that no one was there, so he slipped over to the platform and examined the truck at the east-end. To his amazement and satisfaction, the first quarter that he saw bore a brand plainly discernible from his place at the end of the depot, twenty feet away. It was that of a neighbor rancher, and was well known to Collie. The boy had taken every precaution to disarm the suspicion of the station-agent, so dared not step away from the hiding place behind the building. In his excitement, however, he could not restrain a step forward, hoping to see other accusing marks.

In this position, he was startled by a heavy step behind him. Collie whirled about, to be confronted by the coarse face of Jack Brown leering at him from the corner.

"See something this time, kid?" came a snarling voice.

Collie straightened and tried to appear unconcerned. In his startled surprise, he was unable to reply at once. Brown strode up to the truck and shoved a heavy finger against the purple lines.

"That's what you're here for, is it? That's what I caught you staring at before, eh?" He advanced menacingly toward Collie, who shrank back toward the corner of the building, fascinated by the hate that gleamed in the cow-boy's eyes.

"So you've been spying around here ever since waiting for this. Well, what are you goin' to do, now you've found out somethin'?"

By this time he had reached Collie, and seizing him in an ugly grasp, he crushed him against the wall of the depot.

"What are you goin' to do about it, you whelp?" Brown shook his victim roughly, cursing as he did it.

"Look here, you spy," went on the rustler, "I've got no time to fool with you; but just one word: Your dad's got you here sneakin' around this beef —layin' for us. You think you've found out somethin'; but if you squeal one word of what you saw or what I say, I'll kill you. I'll know by what your dad does, so be careful. The first move he makes, I'll kill him like a dog—see? Then you go the same road. If you want to save your hides, stop spyin' around and keep your mouth shut." With this brutal threat, Brown hurled Collie savagely away from him.

Collie arose to his feet from where he had been thrown, turned and saw the half-frightened look on the agent's face, then went quietly to his horse.

On the way to the ranch he fought the battle of his life and for his life. After months of perservering search, absolute proof had been discovered against the thieves that for months had been a menace to the whole Kootenai range, but at the same moment his lips were sealed by threats against his own and his father's life—threats that he knew only too well would be made good, eventually, should this matter be pushed. As he fought for an answer to his own problem, he realized that each moment of delay meant everything to the value of his evidence. None but himself, Jack Brown, and the station agent knew of the discovery. Meanwhile the branded quarters, the real proof, hastened to the block. A few hours meant the effacement of all proof. The rustlers would see that the like did not occur again.

Suddenly it flashed up Collie that Jack Brown's dire threat would be effective for only the brief period that fear bound him. A day's delay and action would be impossible for all proof would be gone. A speedy resolve drove doubt and fear from his mind. He spurred for home and told his father everything.

"Never mind, my boy," said Jim Folkins, approvingly. "you have done well, those threats are idle.

Times have changed since that sort of outlawry had its day."

Within two hours the Mounted Police had intercepted the branded beef, and learned that Folkin's neighbor had not sold a hoof to local buyers for ten years. A quiet search of the Brown ranch discovered more than a hundred hides at the bottom of an old lake. These ranged in age from hours to years, and were marked by a score of different brands, the Folkins' numbering into the twenties. That night Old Bennie, and his three sons were arrested, along with the agent at the depot.

At the trial the cogs of the law ground relentlessly, fed by a dozen witnesses, a number of hides, and a piece of the preserved quarter of beef. The two Brown boys who conducted the meat market, were found guilty of rustling, and sentenced to three years imprisonment behind the iron doors at Stoney Mountain.

Old Bennie growled impotently under the fearless progress of the machine he could not bluff, and when passing out of the vestibule, voiced a passion that might yet have to be reckoned with: "I'll get you yet, Folkins, and that kid, too."

RONDEAU OF DISBELIEF

Now gods are dead, the golden bowl
That held life's awful wine, the soul,
  Is broken, in the foul dust spilled
  The beauty wherewith once 'twas filled;
And sacred bell is none to toll.

No Heaven above Earth as the goal
Of man imperishably whole;
  Star-stuff the fadeless field he tilled,
    Now gods are dead.

Oh, wonder of Beyond, that stole
A wind mysterious o'er this shoal,
  Thy music is forever stilled;
  Ambition's fiery heart is chilled;
Gray ashes, doom of reddest coal;
    Now gods are dead.

HARRY COWELL.

Three Men and Two Women Whom Jesus Loved

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." John 11:3.

ALL MEN who have any knowledge of Jesus esteem Him—Christians, Gentiles and Jews. All men, whatever their religious convictions, are ready to admit the surpassing personality of the great Nazarene and His "wonderful words of life." It is as respects his Messiahship that they differ. However, we submit that if He was not the special servant of Jehovah, the Son of God, as he claimed, sent into the world on a special mission, then He must of necessity have been either a deceived man or a wicked impostor. His wonderful personality and words of justice and wisdom and love contradict the thought that He was either ignorant or a deceiver. Hence the only tenable ground is that He was a deceived man or else that He was indeed the Son of God, who acted and spoke and performed miracles under Divine direction and power. We hold that the evidence of His teaching overwhelmingly corroborate the truth of His claims. But here we make a distinction between the claims which our Lord Jesus made for Himself and other claims which have been made for Him without His sanction and without apostolic or other inspired corroboration.

Let it not be supposed that we are forgetting the length and breadth of Jesus' love for all humanity, and a special love for all of His disciples; yea, for all who love righteousness and seek, as did He, to do the Father's will. In keeping with this was His prayer for His disciples on the night before his crucifixion, in connection with which we read: "Jesus, having loved His own, loved them unto the end." (John 13:1), And again, His statement, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John 15:13.) And again His query: "Who is My mother, and who are My brethren? And he stretched forth His hand to His disciples and said, Behold My mother, and My brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of My Father, which is in Heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother." (Matthew 12:48-50.) These expressions give us a glimpse of the length and breadth of the love of Jesus. But for the present occasion let us consider those persons whom Jesus is said to have specially loved.

"Jesus Beholding Him Loved Him."

The rich young nobleman who came to the Lord said, Rabbi, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit the Kingdom of God? Jesus saith unto him, Thou knowest the commandments; . . . and he said unto him,

Master, all these have I observed from my youth. Then Jesus beholding him, loved him. Jesus lovingly admired the young man who was thus desirous of being in full accord with the Heavenly Father's will. That young man had very much of the Master's own Spirit. He wanted to do right, and he desired to have the gift of God, eternal life. He thought that he must have merited this by his faithful attention to the law. Yet he knew that he had not attained to eternal life, that the death sentence was still upon him. He sought counsel of the greatest Rabbi, the greatest Teacher. That Teacher loved so earnest a spirit and proffered him advice on what he still lacked of coming fully up to God's requirements of those who will be granted a place in the Messianic Kingdom, which in "due time" is to bless Israel, and, through Israel, all the families of the earth.

In no uncertain terms, the Master gave the young man to see that while he has been keeping, probably to the best of his ability, the commandments of the decalogue, he had only imperfectly discerned the meaning of the Divine requirement of love for his neighbor as for himself. The young man was very rich. And to fulfill the requirements of the Law to love his neighbor as himself would have meant —not the hoarding of wealth, nor necessarily the distribution of it all, but the wise use of it in the interest of his fellowmen. But to gain a share in the Kingdom would require even more than this. He must take up his cross and become a follower of Jesus —walking in the steps of full obedience to the Divine will. The price was too much for the young man, and he went his way. Jesus merely answered the question, but did not urge the young man to thus present himself a living sacrifice to God and His service. Indeed, in no case did Jesus ever do more than invite—never did he urge. On the contrary, He advised, Sit down first and count the cost of discipleship.

What could we surmise respecting the eternal destiny of this young man who had been striving so earnestly to keep the Law and to gain eternal life, and who turned from Jesus and declined to take up the cross and follow Him? Could we suppose that Divine Justice would send such a man to eternal torment under these conditions? If there were such a penalty over him, shall we suppose that Jesus would have allowed him to go without urging him strenuously, without at least warning him, that by his course he was making the choice of eternal torment? Can we suppose that our Master knew that all the people whom He addressed and who failed to accept His Message would consequently be consigned to eternal torture, and that He let them go without urging the matter upon them? We could not so think! Thank God! We are gradually getting free from the bondage of error fastened upon us by those who mistranslated certain words in our Bible.

We get the proper view when we remember that Jesus' Message at that time was "The Gospel of the Kingdom." He was merely inviting whoever might have the ear to hear and the heart to appreciate the privilege of becoming associated with Himself in the glorious Kingdom for which He told His disciples to pray, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven." What the rich young man lost was the special privilege of becoming a joint-heir with Christ in that Kingdom which, in due time, will be established and whose mission will be the blessing of Israel and the world. It will bring to them "Times of Restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began."—Acts 3:19-21.

"He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick."

Our text stands related to a very wonderful incident in our Lord's ministry. Jesus with His disciples was about three days' journey from Bethany, the home of Lazarus, Martha and Mary. But they knew His where-

abouts, for He was a special friend and their home was His home whenever He was near Jerusalem. Lazarus became seriously ill. But the two sisters, Martha and Mary, feared nothing, since they had such great confidence in Jesus, even to belief in His ability to awaken sleepers from death. They thought it proper to send the Master word respecting Lazarus, but not proper to dictate to Him what should be done in the case. Rather they left to Himself to decide whether He should speak the word and rebuke the disease, or whether He should come to Bethany and take the sick by the hand and say, Arise. The simple message they sent was, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick." The beautiful, childlike, simple faith which they exhibited must have been very precious in the Master's sight. Nevertheless, Jesus said nothing, and did nothing in the matter for three days. Then He said to His disciples, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." They did not grasp His meaning until He said to them plainly, Lazarus is dead; and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there. I am glad because it will give Me an opportunity to demonstrate to you and through you to all who shall be My disciples in the future the great power of God that is vested in Me in respect to the Resurrection of the dead.

All Bible students surely have noticed how frequently in the Scriptures the word "sleep" is used as a poetical synonym for death. "Abraham slept with his fathers." "David slept with his fathers." Prophets, priests and kings are said to have slept with their fathers, whether good or bad. Likewise, the New Testament uses the same figure of speech. We read that St. Stephen, the martyr, stoned to death, "fell asleep." St. Paul speaks of the Church as falling asleep in death, and refers to all of our friends, good and bad, who go down into death, as being "asleep in Jesus." He tells us that we need not sorrow for them as others who know not the Resurrection hope.

All who fall asleep in death because of Adam's transgression and its death sentence have in Jesus a Divinely appointed Redeemer, who in God's due time is to awaken all the sleeping hosts of Adam's race. "All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and come forth." They that have done good (who have secured Divine approval as worthy of eternal life) shall come forth unto the Resurrection of life (full perfection); and they that have done evil (that have not secured the Divine approval as being of eternal life) shall come forth in the resurrection for judgment (John 5:28, 29) or trial, for discipline, for correction in righteousness during Messiah's reign of one thousand years.

Coming forth in that judgment time, or trial time, all the willing and obedient will eventually be lifted out of sin and death, while those disobedient to the light and opportunity will be again consigned to death—Second Death, everlasting extinction.—2 Thess. 1:9.

We have read our Bibles too carelessly in the past, and have given too much heed to those who, with fewer opportunities than ourselves, grossly misinterpreted its teachings. What did we think respecting this word "sleep," anyway? Did we suppose that the good "sleep" in heaven? We were told that the bad would go to a place too warm for sleep. But our own brains and our own Bibles we never thought of using in connection with the subject. Now, when we hearken to the Word of God, how plain, how simple, how reasonable, are its teachings! The dead are dead—not alive. However, in view of God's Plan that there shall be a Resurrection of the dead "in due time," he speaks of the dead not as extinct like the brute, but as merely asleep. They are waiting for the morning—the glorious morning of Messiah's Kingdom, when "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in its beams," when Satan shall be bound for a thousand years and deceive the peoples no more. Instead of the reign of Sin and Death, the rein of

Righteousness and Life Everlasting shall begin. How beautifully the Scriptures answer the question where the dead sleep: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake."—Daniel 12:2.

"Lazarus, Come Forth."

Jesus and His disciples turned their steps toward Bethany. Poor Martha and Mary meantime were sorely disappointed. Not for a moment did they suppose that their mighty friend would allow this trouble to come upon them —that He would neglect to come or to use His power to save Lazarus from dying. So grief-stricken and so heart-broken were they that Martha, only, came to meet the Master, and her first words were those of gentle reproach, reminding Him of their disappointment in Him: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here (if Thou hadst come when we sent Thee word) our brother had not died."

What message of comfort did Jesus express? Did He say, Martha, Lazarus is far better off in Heaven! He is with the angels! He is singing and very happy! Surely you would not bring him back to earth again! Were these the words of Jesus? No! He merely said: "Thy brother shall rise again." He thus implied that her brother was not alive, but really dead. How could he rise again if he had not ceased to live? Martha's reply indicates that she understood the teachings of Jesus and of the prophets. She said: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." But Jesus wished to draw her attention to the present and to have her ask Him, even at this time, to call Lazarus back from the sleep of death. So he said: "I am the resurrection and the life. You, Martha, recognize Me as the Messiah, the Son of God. You believe that eventually when the resurrection does take place, God's resurrection power will be exercised through Me. And now I am here with you. Why do you not ask Me to exercise some of this power in advance? Where have you laid him?"

Martha finally caught the thought, but replied, "No, no, Lord, it is too late now. By this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days. If you had come when I sent you word, or even had gotten here within a day or so, there would have been some hope; but now it has gone too far for that, for decomposition has set in. No miracle could possibly reorganize broken down tissues." But Jesus insisted that they show him the place. When He came to the tomb, what did the Master do? Did He command Larazus to lay aside his crown and harp in Heaven and bid the angels good-by and come back to earth-life? No! Did He call for him to come up from Purgatory, the location of which nobody knows? No! What did He say? Addressing the tomb, He said, "Lazarus, come forth!" And what occurred? The dead one came forth. He was not alive at all! He was dead!

The Beloved Family.

We read again: "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus." Some have thought that they discerned Lazarus amongst later disciples of Christ—possibly Barnabus. But anyway, he was one whom Jesus loved, even though he was not one of the Apostles who followed with the Lord. And Martha had come down to us as a synonym of bustling, energetic hospitality, "busied about many things." Yet surely she was loving and loyal to the Master. Jesus loved Martha, and we may be sure, therefore, that He loves all of similar character. But He loved Mary also. And we do not forget that when she gave up some of her housework that she might sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him, the Master declared that she had "chosen the better part." This was the same Mary who anointed the Master with the precious spikenard ointment five days before His burial. Martha and Mary both loved and were loved of the Lord, yet, evidently, Mary's love and the form it took was specifically approved of the Master.

Finally, we come to John, the loving disciple, of whom it is said that he was "that disciple whom Jesus loved." What a glorious testimony was John's! We remember that he and his brother loved the Lord so dearly that they desired that in His Kingdom in the future they might be next to Him, one on His right hand, the other on His left hand. We remember that the Master answered that only by drinking of His cup of shame and ignominy, and by being baptized into His sacrificial death could they hope to sit in His throne at all. And we recall how loyally they agreed to these terms.

In proportion as we are desirous of having the Master's approval and smile, let us seek to cultivate His character-likeness. The Apostle tells us that such copies of God's dear Son are to be honored with a share with Him in His Kingdom-glory on the heavenly plane. To such will come the honor and privilege of blessing and uplifting mankind in general—to an earthly salvation in Paradise restored—by and by. As we note the special features of character which called forth the Master's love, we shall more and more be able to copy them in reaching our goal.

"The True Story of Ramona, Its Facts and Fictions, Inspiration and Purpose," by Carlyle Channing Davis and William A. Anderson.

This volume is all its title claims regarding "Ramona," a novel that did more than anything else in this country to ameliorate the condition of the Indians. As a book written for a set purpose, it ranks next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its vitality and emotional powers continue powerful enough to draw thousands of visitors to Southern California annually to acquaint themselves with the scenes so vividly portrayed by the gifted author. To-day her book is part of the history of the State, a handbook of the life and period it describes. So broad and intense is this interest in the characters and their environments that numbers of efforts have been made to furnish more personal and intimate data regarding them; it remained for the authors of the "True Story of Ramona" to cover this demand satisfactorily. Mr. Davis was fortunately a close friend of Helen Hunt Jackson during her residence in Colorado, and, after his interest in "Ramona" was awakened, he had many and confidential talks with her regarding the original characters in the story, the growth of its purpose, and the way the theme was written. Later he visited all the points she had so vividly described to him, and, wherever possible, original photographs were taken. Mr. Wm. Anderson is a prominent attorney of Los Angeles, and, like Mr. Davis, has long been a close and ardent student of facts and legends regarding the composition of the novel. Their "True Story of Ramona" is of prime value because of the complete ground it cov-

ers, and the verity of its statements, all obtained from original sources. The characters are all identified, their real names given, and in most instances photographs of them. Many fictitious tales have been given out by unscrupulous or by deceived writers regarding the originals of many of the characters; some of these fictions have been exposed by the true story given in this volume. The book is very freely illustrated with photographs of the leading characters, and with views of Camulos rancho, the missions, and other interesting scenes. Some of the pictures are taken from old plates which were made years ago, and which have recently been discovered. To those who love "Ramona" and the noble and distinctive work of Helen Hunt Jackson, this book will prove a great gift and an illuminating friend.

Price, $2.00. Published by Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

"The Value of An Ideal," by William Jennings Bryan.

After considering the ideals of an individual, a calling, a profession, Mr. Bryan proceeds to ask and to answer as follows:

"What of our political ideals? The party, as well as the individual, must have its ideals, and we are far enough from the election to admit that there is room in all parties for the raising of the party ideal.

"How can a person most aid his party? Let us suppose that one is passionately devoted to his party and anxious to render it the maximum of service; how can he render this service? By raising the ideal of his party.

"If a young man asks me how he can make a fortune in a day, I can not tell him. If he asks how he can become rich in a year, I know not what to answer him, but I can tell him if he will locate in any community and for twenty-five years live an honest life, an industrious life, a useful life, he will make friends and fasten them to him with hooks of steel; he will make his impress upon the community, and the chances are many to one that before the quarter of a century has elapsed his fellows will call upon him to act for them and to represent them in important matters.

"And so if you ask me how we can win an election this year, I do not know. If you ask me how we can insure a victory four years from now, I cannot tell, but I do know that the party which has the highest ideals and that strives most earnestly to realize its ideals, will ultimately dominate this country and make its impress upon the history of the nation."

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"How It Happened," by Kate Langley Bosher.

The queer combination of frolicsome spirits and premature sadness that may be in the heart of a repressed child, the clear truthfulness and unselfish affection that in some children shame their elders—these qualities Mrs. Bosher sees and renders as few others have done. Carmencita loved dancing and happy times and pretty clothes and those joyful happenings that make life seem like a fairy tale come true. But she couldn't have any of these things because her father was only a blind harp-player and "poverty-poor." She hated ugliness and cast-off clothes, and the smell of boiled cabbage, but she had to endure them. So she laughed and danced a good deal, prayed frequently, and occasionally got mad and stamped her foot.

The brightness in her life centered chiefly around Miss Frances, a settlement worker. As Christmas drew near, Miss Frances grew somewhat melancholy, and told Carmencita that she had no home to go to. As a matter of fact, there was a man who wanted Miss Frances badly—the more so as Christmas approached—and an Arabian Nights turn of luck brought Carmencita and the forlorn Stephen Van Landing together on the city streets. They struck up an instanta-

neous friendship, and then Carmencita's prayer that something wonderful would happen began to be answered in a bewildering way. Stephen was bewildered, too; he only knew that he was following kindly impulses that were new to him—and that he wanted Miss Frances. A good deal had to happen before he found her, but he did at last—after his heart had undergone a considerable change, and after Carmencita had told Miss Frances just what she thought. Even then Carmencita didn't understand how it all happened; she only knew that she had prayed and that she was "awful thankful."

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Civic Righteousness and Civic Pride," by Newton Marshall Hall, D. D., Minister of the North Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., author of "The Bible Story," etc.

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Cloth; 12mo; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35. Sherman, French & Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

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The work is not intended to treat of psychology as a science, but of its practical application in religious work and moral training. The ideas and methods here presented carry the incontrovertible weight of signally successful use in the author's own work as pastor of several of the largest churches in the South, as a lecturer, author, professor and presiding elder in the Kentucky conference. The book is, indeed, proof of its own theories; carefully written, in striking and illustrative language, surefooted, thoroughly original, and wholly practical, it brings a convincing message to teachers of the young and to religious leaders in young people's work as well as to preachers and forward-looking laymen.

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